

BORIS PASTERNAK

SAFE CONDUCT

an autobiography and other writings



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C O N T E N T S

Introduction by Babette Deutsch	vi
Safe Conduct (Autobiography)	13
Selected Stories	
Aerial Ways	148
Letters from Tula	166
The Childhood of Luvers	179
Selected Poems	260

INTRODUCTION

by Babette Deutsch

The biography of a poet is found in what happens to those who read him. Pasternak says this in speaking of the effect upon him of another poet, Rainer Maria Rilke. It is in key with their shared way of seeing the world as process, of seeing the artist as one who transforms, by the power of his emotion, the physical events his senses perceive into that which the spirit greets.

This view was fostered by the circumstances of Pasternak's personal history. His father, Leonid Pasternak, was a celebrated painter, his mother, Rosa Koffman-Pasternak, a great musician. The Moscow in which their eldest son, Boris, was born, in 1890, surrounded him with more than the usual marvels, invited him to more than the usual adventures of childhood. Music was literally in the air he breathed, especially the ecstatic music of the family friend, Scriabin. Among the portraits that occupied his father—who years later would paint such diverse transformers of the world as Lenin, and Einstein—were those of Leo Tolstoy and Rilke. The boy's encounters with these two, however brief or tangential, were significant. As the adolescent Yeats had been a naturalist, so the child Boris was a passionate botanist. This too, of course, contributed indirectly

to his poetry. Much of that poetry took the form of prose, but never adopted its pedestrian gait.

A perfectionist, the young Pasternak, because he lacked absolute pitch, abandoned music for law. An intellectual gourmand, he abandoned law for philosophy, Moscow for Marburg. Headed by the ardent neo-Kantian, Hermann Cohen, the Marburg school fed the young man's hunger for the discipline of science, for a generously inclusive idealism, for socially oriented ethics. The one element of Cohen's thinking that he could not accept, though he was himself a Jew and his father's work did not ignore Jewish themes, was the old philosopher's attachment to their common heritage. A trip to Italy taught him "the tangible unity of our culture," re-emphasizing his sense of the vital continuum of all art.

Then came the war. "Boys of my age," he says in his autobiography, "had been thirteen in 1905 and were nearly twenty-two before the war. Both their critical ages coincided with the two red dates in their country's history." Because, having broken a leg in his boyhood, he could not go to the front, he served the war effort in a factory in the Urals.

Before he left Moscow the young poet found himself on the fringe of other battles. The self-styled Futurists had declared war on the past with an impudence equalled only by their energy. Experimenting with rhyme and metrics, syntax and vocabulary, they scorned alike the academic dodos and their own contemporaries at home and abroad, even their Italian progenitors. The most gifted of their leaders, Vladimir

Mayakovsky, won from Pasternak, who was a few years his senior, a love just this side of idolatry. It was a devotion able to leap the gulf that was to separate a poet frankly apolitical from the man who became the laureate of the Communist regime. Mayakovsky shot himself in 1930. Pasternak, though at one time accused of belonging to the "internal emigration," lives to bear witness to the power that has always protected the eager and the doomed, that even at the outbreak of the first world war, "behind the trees along all the boulevards . . . stood on guard, a power terribly tried and experienced, a power that followed them with wise eyes. Art stood behind the trees, an art which discriminates so wonderfully in us that we are always at a loss to know from what non-historical worlds it has brought its skill to see history in silhouette." He has borne witness to this power in his lyrics, his stories, his translations from such poets as Verlaine, Goethe, Shelley, Shakespeare, in the frankness of his speech before the Board of the Union of Soviet Writers in 1936, most recently in his big novel, *Dr. Zhivago*. He bore witness in paying tribute to the genius of Mayakovsky, whom at the height of his prestige Pasternak confessedly could not understand, and in acknowledging, with mingled pain and admiration, that "his strangeness was the strangeness of our times of which half is as yet to be fulfilled." When he writes of this poet it is as if Mayakovsky were for him a symbol of the violent disruptions, the catastrophes and the births that Russia has endured in the past half century, yes, half century and more, for the February and November

revolutions were partially shaped by the abortive revolution of 1905, which furnished material for a quasi-epic by Pasternak. "I returned to Moscow soon after the February revolution," he says. And in the next sentence: "Mayakovsky came down from Petrograd and stayed in the Stoleshnikov mews. In the morning I went to see him in his rooms." Presumably the two young men spoke of the political upheaval. It is certain that they talked about the future of Futurism, which Pasternak wanted his friend to send to the devil publicly; it is certain that they read and discussed a new poem.

Pasternak's brief autobiography is dedicated to a poet of a totally different temper, Rainer Maria Rilke. That he is able to embrace the work of both is an expression of more than a brave catholicity of taste. It belongs to his view of culture as a living mosaic, of art as infinitely precious because it is perpetually presenting a fresh image of humanity, conceived with a passion like physical passion and endowed with a newness that "inwardly resembles a new promise." He says something of the sort in *Dr. Zhivago*. This novel includes a sheaf of lyrics purporting to be by the physician and poet whose name gives the book its title. It is hard to believe, at first, that they were actually written by his creator. The poems to which Pasternak had accustomed his readers are each a cluster of laminate, proliferous images, transforming and thus re-creating reality. The metrics may be traditional, but the rhymes, as I have tried to indicate in my versions, are oblique and apocopated. If those early lyrics sug-

gest kinship with other work, it is with that of Hopkins or Dylan Thomas, rather than that of Mayakovsky or of Rilke. The latter, in the spring of 1926, was writing to Leonid Pasternak of "the young fame of your son Boris," saying that the last thing he had tried to read in Russian "were poems of his, very *beautiful* ones . . ." The lyrics by "Dr. Zhivago" are also beautiful, but in a fashion totally unlike that of Pasternak's previous pieces. These are simple in syntax and, even when symbolic, relatively modest in imagery; at least one is so direct and subdued that it recalls poems by such old masters as Tu Fu and Po Chü-J. •

Pasternak possesses the gift, essential to durable writing, of particularizing even seemingly trivial events in such a way as to enhance them, so that they take on universality, while drenched with the here and now. His conviction of the large integrity, the powerful radiance of art — painting, music, poetry — is confirmed for the reader by the recognitions that he is continually inviting. When he speaks of the history of culture, of the relation between the known, which "makes its appearance as legend, folded into the rudiments of tradition," and "the unknown, new each time" which "is the actual moment of the stream of culture," one is reminded not only of Eliot's insights but of the epilogue to Lu Chi's fourth century poem on the art of letters, the utility of which, he says, "extends over a thousand miles and nothing can stop its course; . . . penetrates a million years, the ferry from one to the other. Looking one way, it hands down the laws to the ages to come; looking the other way, it examines

the symbols made by the men of old . . . and daily it is new." When Pasternak confesses his youthful love for "that instinct with the help of which we like salangane swallows build the world — an enormous nest, put together from earth and sky, life and death, and two times, the ready to hand and the defaulting," a nest sustained by the strength of imaginative energy, he is kindled by a fervor like that which illuminates Wallace Stevens' notes in prose and poetry "toward a supreme fiction." And when Pasternak adds apologetically, "But I was young," going on to assert the importance of "the experience of real biography," one is reminded of Stevens' insistence that "The real is only the base. But it is the base." The significance of the real is expressed metaphorically in a poem by the hero of Pasternak's novel. Ostensibly about March in the country, it points to the pungent dung-heap as the source of the glowing, burbling activity in farmyard, cowbarn, and stable. Throughout his work, and notably in his recent novel, there are pages that astonish and delight as would an encounter with any of the poets mentioned above, as also with such others as Pushkin, Joyce, Valéry, Demetrios Capetanekis.

It is not the grandeur of his themes that gives his performance scope and depth. Like lesser lyricists, he writes about nature, about love: a raindrop clinging to two flowers at once, the quality of the moment before a thunderstorm, the first glimpse of mighty mountains, a kiss, a parting. An event as usual as a girl's crossing the threshold of puberty furnishes him with matter for a story. If, as rarely, he writes a poem

with political implications, it is to assert a truism that needs constantly to be reaffirmed: that the vitality and the virtue of poetry, as of every art, lies in the poet's ability to realize his own experience, large or little, in his independence of dictatorship, from the left and from the right, in his gift for linking the past with the future by work that is as old as sunrise, and as new. Pasternak's pages offer refreshment because of the simplicity of his approach — a simplicity of heart, he has a subtle intelligence — and because the intensity of his feeling never disorients the completeness of his candor. His early work shows the vigor and sensitivity of youth; the later shows a compassion bred of more intimate understanding of the human condition in all its sad ambiguity. It shows the strength that enables a man to endure this knowledge. His poetry and his prose belong to that incredible organism which grows out of our lives and on which they depend for survival, the organism to which he gives the name of art.

SAFE CONDUCT

Autobiography

PART ONE

I

AN EXPRESS TRAIN was leaving Kursk station on a hot summer morning in the year 1900. Just before the train started someone in a black Tyrolean cape appeared in the window. A tall woman was with him. Probably she would be his mother or his elder sister. The two of them and my father discussed a subject to which they were all warmly devoted, but the woman exchanged occasional words with my mother in Russian, while the stranger spoke German only. Although I knew the language thoroughly I had never heard it spoken as he spoke it. And for this reason, there on a platform thronged with people, between two bells, this stranger struck me as a silhouette in the midst of bodies, a fiction in the mass of reality.

On our journey, nearer Tula, the couple reappeared, this time in our compartment. They talked about not being able to rely on the express stopping at Kozlovka-Zaseka, and they were not certain whether the guard would tell the engine-driver in time to pull up at the Tolstoys. From the talk following this, I concluded that

they were on their way to Sophia Andreyevna, because she was going to Moscow for the symphony concerts, and she had been to see us not long ago—an endlessly important theme which was symbolised by the initials Count L. N. and played an obscure role in our family yet one discussed to saturation point, though without suggesting the personality of a man. It was seen too far back in childhood. His grey hair, afterwards renewed in my memory by the drawings of my father, Repin and others, had in my child's imagination long been assigned to another old man whom I saw more often and probably later—to Nikolai Nikolaevich Gay.

Then they said good-bye and returned to their own compartment. A little later the rushing embankment was suddenly held in check by the brakes. There was a glimpse of birch trees. The buffers snorted and knocked against one another along the whole stretch of railway track. With relief a cloud-piled sky tore itself from the whirlwind of singing sand. Skirting the grove, an empty carriage and pair, flinging itself forward as though dancing the russkaya, hopped up to meet the passengers who had just got down. The silence of a road-way which had nothing to do with us was yet disturbing momentarily, like a shot. It was not for us to stop here. They waved their handkerchiefs in farewell. We waved back. We could just see how the coachman with his long red sleeves helped them up, how he gave the lady a dust apron, and raised himself a little to adjust his belt and gather in the long tails of his coat. In a moment he would start. Meanwhile a bend caught us up, and the wayside halt, turning slowly like a page that has been read, vanished from sight. The

face and the incident were forgotten, presumably forgotten forever.

II

Three years went by and it was winter out of doors. The street was foreshortened by at least a third with twilight and with furs. The cubes of carriages and lanterns sped along it silently. An end was put to the inheritance of conventions interrupted even before this more than once. They were washed away by the wave of a more powerful right to succession—that of personalities.

I shall not describe in detail what preceded this. How in a mode of feeling, reminiscent of Gumilov's "sixth sense," nature was revealed to a ten-year-old. How botany appeared as his first passion in response to the five-petalled persistence of the plant. How names, sought out according to the classified text, brought peace to eyes of flowers that seemed filled with scent, in their unquestioning rush towards Linnaeus, as if from nonentity to fame.

How in the spring of 1901 a troop of Dahomeyan Amazons was on show at the Zoological Gardens. How for me the first sensation of woman was bound up with the sensation of a naked band, of closed ranks of misery, a tropical parade to the sound of a drum. How I became a slave to forms, earlier than one should, because I saw in these women the form of slaves too soon. How in the summer of 1903 in Obolenski where the Scriabins lived next door to us, the ward of friends of ours who lived beyond the Prot, was nearly drowned. How the student who rushed to her aid met his death, and subsequently she herself went mad after several attempts at suicide from

the same steep place. How later, when I broke my leg, in one evening ensuring my absence from two future wars, and was lying motionless in plaster of paris, the house of these friends over the river caught fire and the shrill village fire alarm, shaking feverishly, rang like mad. How, taut like a kite in the sky, the jagged conflagration beat upon the air, and suddenly, wrenching the splintering latticework away with the chimney, dived head over heels into the layer of purple grey smoke. How my father's hair turned grey at the sight of the circling glare which reared in a cloud above the forest road from two miles off, as he galloped with the doctor that night from Maloyaroslavitz, and was filled with the conviction that this was the woman dear to him, being burnt with three children, and with a 100-lb. weight on the plaster of paris, which she could not possibly lift without running the risk of crippling the leg for life.

I shall not describe this, my reader will do that for me. He likes fables and horrors and looks upon history as upon a tale which is continued without end. It is impossible to tell whether he wishes the tale to have a reasonable conclusion. He likes those places best beyond which his walks have never extended. He is submerged in prefaces and introductions but life opens for me only in the place where he is inclined to balance accounts. Not to mention the fact that the inner parts of history are stamped on my understanding in the image of impending death, in life too, I lived wholly only on those occasions when the wearisome preparation of parts was over, and having dined off the finished dish, a complete feeling burst into freedom with the whole extent of space before it.

And so, it was winter out of doors, the street was foreshortened by at least a third with twilight, and the whole day was in a rush. Falling behind the street in the whirlwind of snowflakes the lanterns raced in their own whirlwind. On the way from school the name Scriabin, all in snow, tumbled from the concert bill on to my back. I brought it home with me on the lid of my school-satchel, water trickled from it on to the window sill. This adoration struck me more cruelly and no less fantastically than a fever. On seeing him, I would turn pale, only to flush deeply immediately afterwards for this very pallor. If he spoke to me my wits deserted me and amid the general laughter I would hear myself answering something that was not to the point, but what exactly—I could never hear. I knew that he guessed everything but had not once come to my aid. This meant that he did not pity me, and this was just that unanswerable indivisible feeling for which I thirsted. This feeling alone, the more fiery it was, the more it protected me from the desolation which his incomunicable music inspired.

Before his departure for Italy he came to take his leave of us. He played—that one cannot describe—he had supper with us, he started philosophising, became ingenuous, joked. I kept feeling that he was inwardly very bored. They started saying good-bye. Good wishes re-echoed. Into the general heap of parting benedictions fell mine like a clot of blood. All this was said on the move and the exclamations crowding in doorways gradually descended to the hall. There everything was repeated with a resumed impetuosity and with the hook of his collar, which would not slip into the tightly sewn loop for a long time. The

door banged, the key turned twice. Walking past the piano, which still spoke of his playing with the whole fretted lighting of the music-stand, my mother sat down to glance through the études he had left, and only the first sixteen bars of the prelude had fallen, together, full of some surprised preparedness, not to be rewarded by anything on earth, when I rolled downstairs and without a coat or hat, ran along the dark Myasnitzkaya to make him come back or see him just once again.

This has been experienced by everyone. Tradition has appeared to us all, it has promised us all a face, and it has fulfilled its promise to us all in different ways. We have all become people according to the measure in which we have loved people and have had occasion for loving. Tradition, hiding behind the nickname of the medium in which one finds oneself, has never been satisfied with the compound image invented about it, but has always sent us some one of its most decisive exceptions. Why, then, has the majority passed away in the guise of a blurred generality, barely tolerable and bearable? It has preferred the faceless to faces, frightened by the sacrifices which tradition demands of childhood. To love selflessly and unconditionally, with a strength equal to the square root of distance is the task of our hearts while we are children.

III

Of course I did not catch him up, but very likely I did not even think of that. We met again after six years on his return from abroad. This date fell full upon my adolescent years. And everyone knows how boundless adoles-

cence is. However many decades accrue to us afterwards, they are powerless to fill that hangar, into which they fly for memories, separately and in crowds, day and night, like learner aeroplanes for petrol. In other words, these years in our life form a part which exceeds the whole, and Faust who lived through them twice, lived through the absolutely unimaginable, which can be measured only by the mathematical paradox.

Scriabin arrived and the rehearsals for "Extase" began immediately. How I would like now to change this title which smells of a tightly wrapped soap carton, for one more suitable! The rehearsals took place in the mornings. The way there lay through melting gloom, along Furkasovsky and Kuznetsky which lay submerged in icy bread in kvass. Along the somnolent streets the hanging tongues of the belfries sank into the mist. In each a solitary bell clanged once. The rest remained in friendly silence together, with the full restraint of fasting metal. Nikitskaya Street beat egg in cognac at the end of Gazetnoy Street in the echoing abyss of the crossroads. Noisily the forged sledge-runners rode into the puddles and the flintstone tapped under the walking-sticks of the members of the orchestra.

The concert hall resembled a circus during the hours of the morning cleaning. The cages of the amphitheatre gaped empty. Slowly the stalls filled. Driven against its will in the sticks into the winter half, the music slapped its paw from there upon the wooden front of the organ. Suddenly the public would begin to appear in an even stream, as though the town were being cleared for the enemy. The music was let loose. Many-hued, breaking into infinite fragments,

multiplying itself lightning flash on flash, it leapt the platform and was scattered there. It was tuned up, it raced with a feverish haste towards harmony and suddenly reaching the pitch of an unheard-of blending, broke off at the very height of its deep sounding whirlwind, dying away and straightening up along the footlights.

It was man's first settlement in the worlds, revealed by Wagner for fictive beings and mastodons. In one place a lyrical dwelling not fictitious arose, materially equal to the whole universe which had been ground down for its bricks. Above the fence of the symphony burned Van Gogh's sun. Its window-sills were covered with Chopin's dusty archives. The inmates did not poke their noses into this dust, but actualised the best testaments of their fore-fathers in all their arrangements.

I could not hear this music without tears. It was engraved on my memory before it lay on the zincographic plates of the first proofs. There was nothing unexpected in this. The hand which wrote it had been laid upon me six years back with no less weight.

What had all these years been but the succeeding transformation of the living imprint, given up to the will of growth? It was not surprising that in this symphony I met an enviably fortunate contemporary. Its proximity could not fail to be reflected on people near it, on my occupations, on my whole way of life. And this is how it was reflected.

I loved music more than anything else, and I loved Scriabin more than anyone else in the world of music. I began to lisp in music not long before my first acquaintance with him. On his return I was the pupil of a com-



poser even now alive and well I had only to go through orchestration All sorts of things were said, but the only important thing is that even if only antagonistic things had been said I could not imagine a life not lived in music

But I did not possess absolute pitch That is the name given to the gift of knowing the pitch of any sounded note The lack of a talent which did not have any real connection with general musical sense but which my mother possessed entire, gave me no peace If music had been my profession, as seemed the case to an outsider, I would not have been interested in this absolute pitch, I knew that outstanding contemporary composers did not possess it, and that it is thought Wagner and Tchaikovsky did not command it But for me music was a cult, that is it was that ruinous point to which everything which was most superstitious and self denying in me gathered, and because of this, each time that my will grew wings on an evening's inspiration, I hastened to humble it in the morning, reminding myself again of my so called defect

All the same I had several serious works Now I was to show them to my idol I set about making arrangements for a meeting, one so natural in view of the friendship of our respective homes, with a characteristic excess of effort This step, one which would have seemed importunate to me in any circumstances, grew before my eyes into a kind of sacrifice in actual fact And on the appointed day, making my way to Glizovsky, where Scriabin was living for the time being, I was taking him not so much my compositions but a love which had long outgrown expression and my apologies for my imagined lack of tact to which I admitted I had been led unwillingly The crowd I number 4

squeezed and jolted those emotions, bearing them mercilessly to the terrifyingly approaching goal along the brown Arbat which was being dragged to the Smolensky by shaggy and sweaty cows, horses and pedestrians, knee deep in water

IV

I appreciated then how well trained are our facial muscles. Unable to breathe properly from nervousness I mumbled something with a dry tongue and wished down my icipes with frequent swallows of tea so as not to choke or make matters worse in some other way.

The skin began to creep along my jaw bones and the protuberances of my forehead, I moved my eyebrows, nodded and smiled and each time I touched the creases of this mimicry upon the bridge of my nose, creases ticklish and sticky like cobwebs, I discovered my handkerchief clutched convulsively in my hand and with it again and again I wiped the huge beads of sweat from my brow. Behind my head spring bound by the contours, rose smokily over the whole mews. In front, between my hosts who were trying with redoubled talkativeness to guide me out of my difficulties, the tea exhaled in the cups, the samovar hissed pierced by its arrow of steam, and the sun, misted with water and minure, circled upwards. The smoke of a stump of cigar wavy like a tortoiseshell comb, pulled its way from the ashtray to the light, on reaching which it crawled reptilely along it sideways as though it were a piece of felt. I don't know why, but this curling of blinded air, the steaming waffles smoking sugar and silver burning

like paper, heightened my nervousness unbearably. It subsided when going across to the salon I found myself at the piano.

I was still nervous when I played the first piece, when I came to the second I had almost recovered my control, during the third I surrendered myself to the pressure of the new and unforeseen. Accidentally my gaze fell on the listener.

Following the progress of the performance, first he raised his head, then his brows, finally ill flushed, he got up himself and accompanying the variations of the melody with the elusive variations of his smile glided towards me on its rhythmic perspective. He liked all this. I hastened to finish. Immediately he began assuring me that it was clumsy to speak of talent for music when something incomparably bigger was on hand and it was open to me to say my word in music. Referring to the phrases which had flashed by he sat down to the piano to repeat one which had particularly attracted him. The harmony was complicated and I did not expect him to reproduce it exactly, but another unexpected thing happened, he repeated it in the wrong key, and the flaw which had tormented me all those years splashed from under his fingers as his own.

And again preferring the eloquence of fact to the instability of guess-work I trembled and started thinking along two lines of thought. If he would admit to me 'Boys, why even I have not got it,' then it would be all right, then, it would mean that I was not binding myself to music, but that music itself was my fate. But if in answer the conversation turned on Wagner, Tchukovsky, on piano tuners and so forth—but I was afraid, approach-

ing the nerve racking subject, and interrupted in the middle of a word was already swallowing in reply "Absolute pitch? After everything I have said to you? And what of Wagner? And Tchaikovsky? And hundreds of piano tuners who have it?"

We were walking up and down the room. He would put his hand on my shoulder or take my arm. He talked of the charm of improvising, about when, why and how one should compose. For examples of simplicity to which one should always aspire he instanced his own sonatas, notorious for their complexity. He took his examples of culpable complexity from the most banal literatures of the romances. The paradox of his comparisons did not worry me. I agreed that formlessness is more complex than form. That an unguided volatility seems admirable because it is empty. That it spoilt by the emptiness of tight patterns we take just that exceptional copiousness coming after long desuetude for the maniacisms of form. Imperceptibly he came to more definite advice. He questioned me about my education and learning that I had chosen the faculty of law on account of its simplicity advised me to change without delay to the philosophical section of the historico-philological which I duly did on the following day. And while he talked I thought over what had happened. I did not break my arrangement with fate, but I remembered the bad issue of my guess. Did this incident dethrone my god? No, never. It lifted him from his former height to yet another. Why did he deny me that most straightforward reply for which I so longed? That was his secret. At some time when it would be already too late, he would bestow upon me this omitted confession. How had he

allayed his own youthful doubts? That too was his secret and it was this which raised him to a new height. However, it was long dark in the room, the lamps were alight in the mews, it was time to know when to go

I did not know as I took my leave how to thank him Something welled up in me Something tore and sought for freedom Something wept and something exulted.

The very first rush of cool street air told of houses and distances Their uproar rose skywards, wafted off the cobblestones in the general harmony of a Moscow night. I remembered my paren's, impatiently preparing their questions. However much might make my statement it would bear no interpretation except the very happiest And it was only at this point that submitting to the logic of the forthcoming recital I faced the fortunate events of the day as a fact They did not belong to me in such a guise As accomplished facts they became matters auguring a future outcome only for others However much the news I was carrying my people might excite me, I did not feel calm at heart But much more like happiness was my admission that just this sadness could not be pouied into anyone's ears, and that like my future, it would be left there below, down in the street, there with my Moscow, mine in this hour as never before I walked along the side streets and crossed the road more often than was necessary Absolutely without my being conscious of it, the world which only the day before had seemed innate in me forever, was melting and breaking up inside me I walked along gathering speed at every corner and I did not know that that night I was already breaking with music

Grecce distinguished excellently among ages She un-

derstood how to meditate on childhood which is as sealed up and independent as an initial integrated kernel. How greatly she possessed this talent can be seen in her myth of Ganymede and many others which are similar. The same convictions entered her interpretations of the demi-god and the hero. In her opinion some portion of risk and tragedy must be gathered sufficiently early in a handful which can be girded upon and understood in a flash. Certain sections of the edifice and among these the principal arch of fulcrum must be laid once and for all from the very outset in the interests of its future proportions. And finally death itself must be experienced possibly in some memorable multitude.

And this is why the incidents with an art that was generated, ever unspectacular, enthralling is a fairy tale, still knew nothing of Romanticism.

Brought up on a demand never uttered made on anyone on a superworld of deeds and problems she was completely ignorant of the superworld as a personal effect. She was ensured in a manner that became her preordained for childhood the whole scope of the extremity which is to be found in the world. And it ought to be known when she entered into maturity with giant steps both his coming out and his surroundings were accounted ordinary.

v

One evening soon after as I was setting out for a meeting of the Sirdards a tipsy society of some half score poets musicians and artists I remembered that I had promised Julian Annon, who used to read excellent

translations of Dehmel to the company, that I would bring another German poet whom I preferred to all his contemporaries. And again, as had already happened more than once before, the collection of poems *Mir zur Feier* found itself in my hands at a very difficult time for me, and went off through the mire of rain and snow on the wooden Rügulval, into the humid intertwining of days gone by, of hunting and of youthful promise to be crazed by the looks in the eyes under the poplars and return home with a new friendship, that is with the sensation of another door in the town where there were still few of them. But it is time I described how I came to have this collection of poems.

The thing is that six years before in that December twilight which I endeavoured to describe here twice, along with the noisy street which we watched everywhere by mysterious snowflake wrinkles I had been going on my knees too helping my mother to tidy my father's book shelves. The printed entrails wiped with a duster and dabbed over them four sides had already been replaced in neat rows in the dismembered shelves when suddenly from one particularly toppling and disobedient stick fell a book in a faded grey binding. Absolutely by chance I did not squeeze it back and picking it off the floor afterwards took it to my room. A long time went by and I grew to like this book, and soon another one too which came to join it and was inscribed to my father in the same hand writing. But still more time went by before I came to find out that their author Rainer Maria Rilke must be that same German whom we once left behind us on our journey a long time ago, in summer on the whirling embankment.

of a forgotten forest halt I ran to my father to check my surmise and he bore it out, wondering why that should so excite me

I am not writing my autobiography. I turn to it when a stranger's so demands it. Together with its principal character I think that only heroes deserve a real biography, but that the history of a poet is not to be presented in such a form. One would have to collect such a biography from unessential, which would bear witness to concessions for compassion and constraint. The poet gives his whole life such a voluntarily steep incline that it is impossible for it to exist in the vertical line of biography where we expect to meet it. It is not to be found under his own name and must be sought under those of others, in the biographical columns of his followers. The more self contained the individuality from which the life derives, the more collective, without any figurative speaking is its story. In a genius the domain of the subconscious does not submit to being measured. It is composed of all that is happening to his readers and which he does not know. I do not present my reminiscences to the memory of Rilke. On the contrary I myself received them as a present from him.

VI

Although my story has encouraged one to expect it, I did not ask what music is or what leads up to it. I did not do this not only because I woke up one night when I was three and found the whole horizon bathed in its light for more than fifteen years ahead and, owing to this, had no occasion to experience the problematics of music, but also

because it no longer bears on our theme. All the same, I cannot avoid the identical question in connection with art as a preference, with art as a whole, in other words, in connection with poetry. I shall not answer this question theoretically nor in a sufficiently general form, but a great deal of what I shall relate will be an answer which I can give for myself and for my poetry.

The sun was rising from behind the post office and slipping along the Kisel'noy was alighting on Neglinka. It had gilded our side and from dinnertime it was making its way into the dining-room and the kitchen. The flat was in a government building with rooms which had been altered from classrooms. I was studying at the university. I read Hegel and Kant. This was the time when at each meeting with my friends abysses would open up, and now one, now another would step forward with some newly revealed opinion.

Often we roused each other at dead of night. The one to be woken was ashamed of his sleep as if it were an accidentally discovered weakness. To the fright of the hapless domestics, who without exception were accounted nonentities, we set off there and then for the Sokol'niki, to the crossing over the Yaroslav railway. I was friends with a young girl from a wealthy family. It was obvious to everyone that I was in love with her. She participated in these walks only in theory on the lips of the more unsleeping and adaptable of us. I was giving a few tuppenny-ha'penny lessons so as not to take money from my father. In summer, after the departure of my people, I would remain entirely on my own. The illusion of independence reached

such temperance in my food that hunger was joined to everything else and put the last touch to the turning of night into day in the uninhabited flat Music, with which I was still only postponing a parting, was already becoming interwoven with literature. The depth and beauty of Bely and Blok could not but unfold before me. Their influence united with forcefulness in an original way, which exceeded simple ignorance. The fifteen year old restraint from the word as a sacrifice on the altar of sound doomed one to originality as any crippled limb may doom to acrobatics. Together with some of my friends I had connections with Musaguet.¹ From others I learned of the existence of Mirburg Cohen Nitorp and Pluto took the place of Kant and Hegel.

I am purposefully characterizing the life I led during these years at random. I could indulge these symptoms or change them for other—but those which have been cited are sufficient for my purpose. Having thrown them out, though for an estimate to indicate what my reality was at that time, I shall call myself at the point where and through what agency "well in it poetry was born." I shall not have to ponder my answer long. This is the one feeling which memory has retained for me in all its freshness.

It was born from the conflicting currents of the two trends, from the difference in their flux from the falling behind of the more truly and from their accumulation behind, on the deep horizon of remembrance.

Love rushed on more impulsively than all else. Sometimes appearing at the head of nature it riced the sun. But is this stood out in relief but seldom it can be said

¹ A literary society—Translator's Note

that thit which had gilded one side of the house and had begun to bronze the other thit which washed weather away with weather and turned the heavy portals of the four seasons of the year moved onwards with a constant supremacy which was nearly always contesting with love And in the rear on the outskirts of various distincs the remaining terrors ambled along I often heard the hiss of a depression which originated other than in myself Over-taking me from behind it frightened and complained It is said from a rest daily round and seemed either to threaten putting the braces on reality or to implore joining it to the living air which me meanwhile had had time to pass on for the id And it was in this gazing back that what is called inspiration consisted The more turgid uncursive portions of existence were realised with particular vividness, in view of the great distance of their ebb Inanimate objects acted even more powerfully These were the living models of still life a medium particularly endearing to artists Piling up in the furthest reaches of the living universe and impelling in immobility they give a most complete understanding of its moving whole like my boundary which strikes us is a contrast Their position marked a frontier beyond which surprise and sympathy had nothing to do There science worked in search of the atomic components of reality

But as there was no second universe whence one could list reality from the first taking it roughly by the forelock, it was necessary for the manipulations which it incited, to take its symbol, in the wise algebra does a symbol constructed by the same single pliancy in regard to size Still this symbol always seemed to me only a way out of the

difficulty and not a goal in itself I always saw the goal as the change over of the symbol from cold axles to hot, in letting the outlived on to the track and into the chase after life My conclusions were not very different from what I think now I worked it out then as follows We take people as our symbols so as to overcast them with weather, set them in their natural surroundings And we take weather, or what is one and the same nature— so that we may overcast it with our passion We drag every day things into prose for the sake of poetry We entice prose into poetry for the sake of music This then in the widest sense of the word, I called art, set by the clock of the living race which strikes with the generations

This is why the sensation of a town never answered to the place in it where my life passed A spiritual pleasure always cast it back into the depth of the perspective described There, clouds jostled blowing about and pushing through their crowd the converging smoke of immemorable fireplaces hung athwart the sky There, ruined houses dipped their porches into the snow line by line as though along the length of quays There, the rotting unsightliness of the vegetation was fringed over by the quiet drunken plucking of guitars, and leaving it long over the bottle and become thoroughly hard boiled, flushed respectables with their swiveling hust ands met the breaking wave of nightly cabmen at the exit and seemed to issue from the laughing fever of the hot till to the birchlike coolness of the anteroom at the baths There, people poisoned and were burnt to death, flung vitriol at their rivals in love, rode out in satin to the tilt and pawned furs at the pawnbrokers There surreptitiously the varnished smiles of a

deciepit order of things leered at one another, and there, getting out their books in expectation of my hour's lesson, my nursing second formers settled down, painted bright as saffron with imbecility And there too, the grey green half-spat over university boomed and subsided in a hundred auditoriums

Sliding the glass of their spectacles over the glass of their pocket watches the professors raised their heads to observe the galleries and the vaults of the ceilings The heads of the students showed up against their coats and seemed to hang on long cords in exact pairs with the green lamp-shade,

During these visits to town where I found myself coming daily as though from another, my heart invariably beat the faster If I had gone to a doctor he would have supposed I had malaria But these attacks of chronic impatience did not lend themselves to treatment by quinine This strange perspiration was brought out by the stubborn clumsiness of these worlds, by their native obviousness which was uncontrolled from within by anything in its own favour They lived and moved as if they were posing Uniting them into a kind of colony an imaginary antenna of epidemic pride 'me inc'ness reared itself in their midst The fever set in just at the raising of this imaginary rod It was given birth by the currents which this mast sent to the opposite pole Conversing with the distant mast of genius it called some new Balzac from those regions to its own hamlet But one had only to move away a little from the fatal rod for an immediate tranquillity to descend

So, for instance I felt no fever at Sivin's lectures because this professor was not true to type He read with a

real talent which increased as his theme grew under his hand Time did not take offence at him It did not tear itself away from his assition, did not leap into the ventilator or rush headlong for the doors It did not blow the smoke back up the chimney and bursting from the roof seize the hook of the trim coupling which vanished in the snowstorm No entering hunt and soul into the English Middle Ages or the Robespierre Convention it enticed us after it and along with us everything which we could imagine as lively beyond the high university windows, end ing only at the comic

I remained in good health too, in one of the sets of rooms in cheap furnished lodgings where with a number of students I gave lessons to a group of adult pupils No one shone here It was sufficient that not expecting a re ward from any quarter the instructors and instructed united in a common effort to move from the dead point to which life was prepared to nail them like the lecturers, among whom were some of those retained by the univers ity, they were not typical of their callings Petty clerks and office workers workmen waiters and porters they came here so that they might eventually become something else

I was not foppish in their active midst and in the rare moments when I was at peace with myself I often turned into a neighbouring mosque from there in one of the back wings of the Zlatoustinsky monastery where whole unions of florists had their quarter It was at this very place that boys who hawked flowers on the Petrovki had in their stock of the full flora of the Riviera Wholesale merchants had them sent from Nice and one could buy these treasures from them on the spot for a mere nothing I was

especially drawn to them during the change over in the school year, when I had discovered one fine evening that lessons had been carried on without electric light for a long time, and the shining twilights of March were frequenting the duty rooms more and more, and later did not even remain behind on the threshold of the lodging house at the conclusion of our lessons. The street was not covered by the low keechief of the winter night as usually happened and seemed to rise from underground at the exit with some dry tile on her bumpy moving lips. Along the steaming pavement the sprung bicycle shuffled. A, if covered by a little live skin the outlines of the incws huddled in chill tremors grown cold in waiting for the first star, whose advent it inscrutably postponed went sonnily with the same leisurely as the recital of a fury tile.

The odorous gallery was stoked to the ceiling with empty wicker baskets covered with foreign stamps under eloquent Philatelic markings. In response to the fated grunting of the door a cloud of thick steam rolled out as though to satisfy a need and for that alone one's expectations were aroused because something unutterably exciting could already be anticipated from it. In the open space opposite the entrance in the depth of the gradually sloping room the young hawkers crowded at the fortress window and on receiving the wares which had been duly checked pushed them into their baskets. In the same room at a broad table the son of the proprietor were silently stemming open the parcels newly arrived from the customs house. Bent back in two like a book the orange lining revealed the fresh core of the wicker box. The thickly im-

tertwinning tangle of chill violets was taken out all of a piece like a blue layer of Malagas dried in the open air. They filled the room which resembled a porter's lodge, with such a madding fragrance that both the columns of early evening twilight and the shadows lying in layers on the floor seemed to be cut out of a damp dark mire turf

But the real wonders were still awaiting me. Walking over to the far end of the yard the proprietor, unlocking one of the doors of the stone shed, lifted the cellar trap door by its ring, and in that moment the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves was re-enacted in all its blinding dazzling. On the dry space under the floor flaming like suns gleamed four lightning lamps and winging with the lamps, there ran a riot in huge tubs which were sorted according to colours and types hot stacks of peonies, of yellow muguuettes, tulip, and mornone. They bickered and hustled one another inviously. Wafted up with unexpected force a wave of lighter perfume wafted off the dusty fragrance of musk with it and interlaced with occasional needle of incense. This with the scent of the narcissi bright is liquor diluted to whiteness. But even here the black cockades of the violets won in that storm of rivalry. Occult and half crazed like pupils without the white of the eye they mesmerised with their aloofne. Their sweet never coughed through health filled the wide rim of the trapdoor from the cellar's depths. They cover'd one's chest with a kind of wounded pleasure. This scent reminded one of something and then slipped away, diming one's consciousness. It seemed that a conception about the earth which the spring months imposed on the theme of this scent, encouraged them to return y it by you, and that

the sources of the Greek belief in Demeter were somewhere very near at hand.

VII

At this time and for a long while to come I regarded my efforts at verse making as an unfortunate weakness and did not expect any good to come of it. There was a man, S. P. Durylin, who gave me the support of his approval even then. This was explained by his unprecedented sensitiveness. I carefully hid these signs of a new adolescence from the rest of my friends who had already seen me almost find my feet as a musician.

On the other hand I studied philosophy with whole-hearted enthusiasm, presupposing in its nearness the beginning of a future settling down to the real business in hand. The round of subjects read in our group was as distant from the ideal as were the methods employed to instruct them. It was a peculiar mix up of moribund metaphysic and cheerless enlightenment. Reconciling the two tendencies bereft them of the last remnants of meaning which might yet have remained to them had they been taken separately. The history of philosophy turned into a belles lettresistic dormitory, and psychology appeared as breezy triflings in brochure style.

The young assistant professors like Shpet, Samsonov and Kubitzki could not change this arrangement. However, the senior professors were not so much to blame for it either. They were tied down by the necessity of reading in a popular style down to the abecedarians who counted even in those times definitely not reaching the consciousness

of the participants the campaign for the liquidation of the unlettered was begun just at this time. Students who had had some sort of preparation tried to work on their own, depending more and more on the model university library. Sympathies were divided among these names. The majority were enthusiastic for Bergson. The devotees of the Göttingen Husserlites found support in Shpet. The followers of the Mirburg school were bereft of guidance and, left to themselves, sponged on the accidental ramifications of a personal tradition, still coming down from S. N. Trubetski.

The outstanding phenomenon of the circle was young Samarin. A direct descendant of the best Russian part and bound to it by different grades of family relationship with the history of the edifice itself along the lines of Nikitski, he would make an appearance about twice a semester at a meeting of son, scion or other like the son who had received his inheritance and was returning to his parents' house at the hour of the general concourse for dinner. The reader of the paper would stop writing till the links of eccentricity which he had inspired and was prolonging by his choice of a seat would climb over the creaking floor to the furthest bench of the boisterous amphitheatre. But no sooner had the discussion of the paper begun when all the clutter and squeaking which had just been dragged with such difficulty under the ceiling returned below in a renewed and unrecognizable form. Attacking the lecturer's best re-citation Samarin would pour out from the some unprompted from Hegel or Cohen rolling it like a ball along the ribbed recesses of the huge amphitheatre with such force that

ous and swallow his words, and he spoke in an innately loud voice, keeping it on that even note which was always the same, his own from childhood to the grave, a voice which was ignorant of whispering and shouting and along with a round burr inseparable from it, always revealed his stock at once. Having lost sight of him in later years, I was involuntarily reminded of him when on reading Tolstoy I stumbled into him again in *Nekhludov*.

VIII

Although the summer coffee room on the Tverski Boulevard did not have a name of its own, everyone called it the *cafe grec*. It was not shut down for the winter and then its designation became a strange puzzle. One day without any previous arrangement Leks Samarin and I met accidentally in this bare pavilion. We were the sole guests not only that evening but perhaps, for the whole season past. The weather had broken up for warmer days, spring was drawing on. No sooner had Samarin made his appearance and sat down with us than he began philosophizing, and, unringing him off with a dry biscuit, he began breaking up the logical units of his narrative with it as with a choir master's tuning fork. A slice of Hegel's infinity stretched across the pavilion, composed of alternating theses and antitheses. Probably I had told him the theme I had chosen for my final thesis and this led him to leap from Lubitz and the mother ethical infinity to the dialectical. Suddenly he started speaking about Marburg. This was the first description of the town and not of the school which I had heard. After I was convinced that it is

impossible to speak of its antiquity and poetry other than like this, but at that time this enamoured description made to the clatter of the ventilator fan, was new to me. All of a sudden recollecting with a rush that he had not come there to drink coffee but only for a minute, he startled the proprietor, nodding in a corner behind his paper, and on learning that the telephone was out of order tumbled out of the starling-loft covered with ice, even more noisily than he had entered it. Soon we too rose to go. The weather had changed. The wind had risen and was beginning to scald with the February grain. It fell to the ground in regular skeins, in figures-of-eight. There was something of the sea in its violent loops. Thus layer on undulating layer they fold cables and nets. On our way Loks started off on his favourite theme of Stendhal several times, whilst I preserved a silence which the whirlwind favoured considerably. I could not forget what I had just heard, and I regretted the little town, which I was no more likely to see, as I thought, than my own ears.

That was in February and one morning in April my mother announced that she had saved from her earnings and economised from the household expenses two hundred roubles, which she was giving me with the advice that I should go abroad for a bit. It would be impossible to imagine my joy, nor the complete unexpectedness of the present, nor my undeservingness. It must have been necessary to endure a great deal of strumming on the piano for such a sum. But I did not have the strength to refuse. There was no need to choose a route. In those days European universities were constantly kept well informed of each other's doings. I began running round the informa-

tion bureaux that same day and together with countless documents I brought a certain treasure from the Mokhovaya. This was a detailed description of courses to be read during the summer term of 1912, and printed in Marburg two weeks previously. Inspecting the prospectus pencil in hand, I would not part from it en route nor at the barred counters of official places. My agitation was catching from a mile off, and infecting societies and clubs without knowing it, I was peddling up a procedure which was quite simple enough if it was.

Naturally my programme was a Sput in one third class, and should ~~if~~ ^{be} necessary fourth class in the slowest train, a room in some cottages near the town bread sausages and tea. My mother's self-sacrifice bound me to a tenfold sacrifice. On her income, I ought to get to Italy as well. Beside I knew that a very considerable part would be swallowed by the entrance fee to the university and the fees for the separate seminaries and courses. But even if I had had ten times the money I would not have departed from my list of expense at that time. I don't know how I would have spent the remainder but nothing on earth would have made me change over to second class or incline me to leave my traces on the restaurant cloth. Indulgence with regard to my convenience and the need for comfort arose in me only in particular times. It put such obstacles in the way of a world which did not allow any fineries or luxuries into my room, that my whole character could not but change temporarily.

The snow was still melting with us, and in pieces the sky was sailing out into the water from the frozen crusts like a picture slipping from under the transfer paper, but in the length and breadth of Poland apple trees were in warm bloom, and it raced past from morning to night and from West to East, in summer sleeplessness, as some Romance portion of the Slavonic design.

Berlin seemed to me a city of young striplings who had received the day before presents of swords and helmets, pipes, real bicycles and suits, like grown-ups. I met them on first going out, they had not yet got used to the change and each one felt very important that he had received a plentiful share yesterday. In one of the finest streets Natorp's logic reader beckoned to me from a bookshop window and I went in to get it with the feeling that tomorrow I should see the author in person. During two days travelling I had already spent one sleepless night on German soil and now I had another before me.

Folding-beds in the third class are only made with us in Russia, abroad on a cheap journey one has to pay the penalty all night nodding four together on a deeply worn bench divided by armrests. Even though on this occasion both benches in the compartment were at my service I was far from sleeping. Only very rarely and at long intervals single passengers one after another, mostly students, entered and bowing silently vanished in the warm night obscurity. At each of their changes sleeping towns rolled beneath the platform roofs. The immemorial medieval age was disclosed to me for the first time. Its reality was

fresh and frightening like every original Clanging familiar names as on naked steel, the journey took them one by one from read descriptions, as from dusty scabbards, prepared by the historians

In its flight up to them the train stretched out like a chain mail wonder wrought from the ten times riveted carriage frames. The small leather corridor connections dilated and expanded like a blacksmith's bellows. Pawed by the station lights, bare in the darkness shone clear. Along the stone platforms empty luggage barrows disappeared smoothly, into the distance on wide stonelike rollers. Under the arches of gigantic passenger bridges swayed the torsos of flat snout locomotives. It looked as if they had been born to such a height by the play of their low wheels which had unexpectedly died down in full action.

On all sides its six hundred year old forefathers drew towards the desert like concrete. Quartered by the slanting beams of the woodwork the walls varied their sleepy tale. On them crowded pieces, knights, ladies and red bearded cannibals and the patterns of chequered beam, in the woodwork was repeated like in ornament on the barred visors of the helmets, in the slits of the spherical sleeves and in the criss cross cords of the waistbands. The houses came almost flush with the open carriage windows. Towards the end thoroughly shake up I lay oblivious of self on its wide rail murmuring abrupt exclamations of a delight, now far from new. But it was still dark and the leaping paws of wild vines were only just darkening against the plaster. When the hurricane burst once more smouldering of coal, deer and roses then suddenly drenched with a handful of fishes from the hands of the absurdly racing

night, I would lift the window quickly and begin thinking how impossible it was to foresee the events of the next day. But I must somehow say something about the place to which I was going and why.

A creation of the genius, Cohen, prepared by his predecessor in the Chair, Frederick Albert Lange, famous to us for his *History of Materialism*, the Marburg school attracted me by its two characteristics. In the first place it was independent, it uprooted everything from its first rudiments and built on a clear space. It did not accept the lazy routine of all conceivable 'ism's,' which always cling to their stock of omniscience at tenth hand, are always ignorant, and always for some reason or other afraid of a revision in the fresh air of age old culture. Unsubjected to a terminological inertia the Marburg school turned to the primary origins, i.e. to the authentic signatures of thought, bequeathed by it to the history of knowledge. If current philosophy tell what this or that writer thinks and current psychology of how the average man thinks it to himself logic teaches how to think in a better so as to get the right change then the Marburg school was interested in how man thinks in its twenty five centuries of uninterrupted authorship at the burning conuncerences and conclusions of the world's discoveries. In such a disposition, unhampered as it were, by history itself philosophy was unrecognisably rejuvenated and made wise transformed out of a proletarian discipline into an immemorial discipline of problem which is what it ought to be.

The second characteristic of the Marburg school derived directly from the first and consisted in its collective and exacting attitude to historical development. That repellent

condescension to the past was foreign to the school, and it did not look down on it as on a poorhouse where a handful of old men in chlamyses and sandals or perukes and long jackets utter their lying and obscure lines, excusable for the "wonders of the Corinthian order, the Gothic, Baroque or some other architectural style. The homogeneity of the structure of science was as much the rule for the school as the mythical identity of historical man. They knew history in its entirety at Marburg and were never weary of digging treasure after treasure from the archives of the Italian Renaissance, from French and Scottish Renaissance and other bidly studied schools. At Marburg they gazed at history through both of Hegel's eyes, i.e., with brilliant universality, but at the same time within the exact boundaries of a judicious resemblance. So far in trace the school did not speak of the stages in the development of the *Weltegeist* but as of the posthumous correspondence of the Bernoulli family though it knew that even thought is however distant a time, surprised in its place and it's task must be laid bare to our logical omniscience. Otherwise it loses its immediate interest for us and submits to the guidance of the archeologist or the historian of costume, character's literature, social and political tendencies and so forth.

Neither of these trait of independence and historicism tell anything about how Cohen's system was upheld but I did not mean and would never indicate to speak of its nature. Still both explain its sturdiness. They shew its originality i.e., the vital place it occupies in a tradition vital to one section of contemporary knowledge.

As one of its small component parts I rushed to the

centre of attraction. The train was crossing the Harz. In the smoky morning leaping from the wood, the thousand-year-old Goslar flashed by like a medieval coal-miner. Later Göttingen rushed past. The names of the towns grew louder and louder. The majority of these the train flung back in its way at full speed without stooping down to them. I found the name of these spinning tops on the map. Round some, ancient facts rose. These were attracted into their circling like stars meeting stars. Sometimes the horizon widened out as in *The Terrible Vengeance*, and smoking simultaneously in several orbits, the earth in the different little towns and castles began to undulate like the evening sky.

x

During the two years preceding my trip the word "Marburg" never left my lips. Mention of the town in chapters on the Reformation was made in every book on the subject for secondary schools. A booklet on Elizabeth of Hungary, buried there in the beginning of the thirteenth century, was even published for children as an "Intercessor."² Any biography of Giordano Bruno named Marburg among the towns in which he read on his fatal journey from London to his native land. And by the way, however improbable it may seem, I did not once in Moscow connect the identity existing between the Marburg of these recollections and the one for the sake of which I gnawed tables of derivatives and differentials, jumping from Maclaurin to Maxwell, who was definitely unapproachable for me. I had

² Name of an edition—Translator's Note.

to snatch up my bag and pass the inn for knights and the old post-stage, for it to strike me for the first time.

I stood craning my neck and breathing hard. Above me towered a dizzy height on which in three tiers stood the stone maquette of the university, the town hall and the eight-hundred-year-old castle. After my tenth step I ceased to understand where I was. I remembered that I had forgotten my tie with the rest of the world in the railway carriage, and it was not to be recalled now any more than the hooks, the luggage-racks and the ashtrays. Above the clock-tower clouds stood festively. The place seemed familiar to them. But they too explained nothing. It was obvious that as the guardians of this nest, they were not to be parted from it. A mid-day silence reigned. It communed with the silence of the plain stretched out below. They seemed to rise to the sum total of my bewilderment. The higher passed to the lower in a weary wave of lilac. Birds chirruped expectantly. I scarcely noticed the people. The motionless contours of the roofs were filled with curiosity —how would it all end?

The streets clung to the steeps like Gothic dwarfs. They were situated one below the other and their basements gazed over the attacks of their neighbours. Their narrow ways were filled with wonders of boxlike architecture. The floors which widened out upwards lay on protruding beams and, their roofs almost touching, they stretched out their hands towards each other over the road. They had no pavements. You could not walk freely in all of them.

Suddenly I realised, that a day must have preceded the five-year strolling of Lomonosov along these same bridges, when he first entered this town with a letter of introduc-

tion to Christian Wolff, a student of Leibniz, and still knew no one there. It is not enough to say the town had not changed. One had to realise that it might well have appeared just as unexpectedly small and medieval even for those days. And turning one's head, one could be jolted, repeating exactly one terribly distinct bodily movement. As in the days of Lomonosov scattered at one's feet with the whole grey-blue swarm of its slate roofs, the town resembled a flock of doves enticed in a lively flight towards their cot. It feeding time. I was in a flutter as I celebrated the second centenary of someone else's neck muscles. Coming to myself I noticed that the decor had become reality, and set off to find a cheap guest house to which I had been directed by Samarin.

PART TWO

I

I TOOK a room on the outskirts of the town. The house stood in the last row along the Giessen road. In this place the chestnut trees with which the road was planted and which stood shoulder to shoulder on parade, turned towards the right in full file. Glancing back for the last time at the stern hill with its ancient little town the road disappeared beyond the wood.

My room had a small ramshackle balcony which overlooked the neighbouring kitchen garden. A henhouse, made from a carriage taken off the rails of the old Marburg tramway, stood there.

An old woman, the wife of a clerk, let the room. She lived with her daughter on a meagre widow's pension. The mother and daughter were alike. As always happens with women smitten by Basedow disease,³ they intercepted my gaze which was directed thievish, at their collars. In these moments I imagined children's balloons, drawn together at the ends which look like ears and tightly tied. Perhaps they grieved thus.

Out of their eyes from which one wanted to release a little air by laying the palm of one's hand on their throats the old Pius in Pietism gazed at the world.

³ A disorder of the thyroid gland—*Translator's Note*.

And yet this type was not characteristic of this part of Germany. Another predominated here, the Middle-German, and the first suspicion of a South and West, of the existence of Switzerland and France, crept even into Nature. It was very appropriate to finger the pages of French volumes of Leibniz and Descartes in the presence of her green leafy riddles growing in the window. Beyond the fields which came up to the ingenious poultry-pen, one caught a glimpse of the Ockershauen countryside. It was a long district of long barns, long wagons and massive Percherons. From there another road stretched along the horizon. As it entered the town it was called *Baifüßerstrasse*. In the Middle Ages the Franciscan monks had been called barefoot vagabonds.

Most likely winter came to this place each year along this particular road. Because gazing out that way from the balcony one could imagine a great deal that supported this notion. Hans Sachs. The Thirty Years' War. Somnolent and unexciting scenery of a catastrophe which is historic when it is measured in decades and not by hours. Winters, winters and winters, and then at the lapse of the century, like the yawn of a cannibal, the first stirring of new settlements under the wandering clouds, somewhere far away in the wild grown Harz, with names such as *Eland*, *Sorge*, and others like these, black scorched ruins.

Behind the house at an angle, luring bushes and reflections beneath it, flowed the river Lahm. Beyond it stretched the railway embankment. In the evenings the dull snorting of the kitchen spirit-stove was violently interrupted by the repeated ringing of a mechanical bell to the sound of which the railway barrier dropped of its own accord. Then

in the darkness by the level-crossing a uniformed man would rise up, quickly sprinkling it from a can in anticipation of the dust and in that second the train rushed by, casting itself convulsively up, down and in every direction. Sheafs of its drumlike light got into the landlady's saucepans And the milk always ran over and burnt

Upon the oily waters of the Lahn another star subsided
In Ockenhausen lowed the cattle which had just been
driven in Marburg shone in an operatic glare upon the
hill If the brothers Grimm could come here again, is they
came a hundred years ago, to learn law from the famous
jurist Savigny, they would leave here once more as col-
lectors of fairy tales Assuming myself that I had the key to
the front door I set off for the town

The immemorial citizens were already asleep I met only
students. In all looked as though they were performing
in Wagner's *Meistersinger*. The houses which even in
daylight resembled a decor, pressed more closely together.
There was nowhere for the hanging lanterns flung across
the road from wall to wall to play Their light fell with its
full force upon the sound below It bathed the shuffle of
disappearing footsteps and the bursts of loud German
speech with light as pure as fleurs de lys as if even the
electricity here knew the legend handed down about this
place

A long, long time ago about half a thousand years be-
fore Iemonosov, when the first January ushered in a per-
fectedly ordinary year, the 129th one on earth, down from
the Marburg castle along these slopes came a live historic
personality Elizabeth of Hunyad

This is all so far true that if imagination reaches back

so far, at the point where it meets this scene a snowstorm rises of its own accord. It breaks out from extreme cold in obedience to the rule of the conquered unattainable. Night will set in there, the hills be clothed with forests, in the forests wild beasts will come. And human manners and customs will be encrusted with ice.

The future saint, canonised three years after her death, had a tyrant confessor, that is, a man without imagination. The sober practitioner saw that penance imposed on her at the confessional brought her into a state of exaltation. In search of penances which would be a real torture to her, he forbade her to help the sick and the poor. Here legend takes the place of history. It seems she had not the strength for this. It seems that to make this sin of disobedience innocent, a snowstorm screened her with its body on her way to the town below, turning the bread into flowers for the duration of her nightly crossings over

This is how nature is sometimes forced to depart from its laws, when a convinced fanatic insists too firmly on the fulfilment of his own. It does not matter that the voice of natural right is here invested in the form of a miracle. Such are the criteria of authenticity in a religious epoch.

As it neared the university the road, flying uphill, grew more and more twisted and narrow. One of the façades, baked in the embers of ages like a potato, possessed a glass door. It opened into a corridor which led out on to one of the sheer northern slopes. There was a terrace there bathed in electric light and with small tables arranged on it. The terrace hung above the drop which had once caused the countess such disquiet. Ever since then the town which had arranged itself along the route of her nightly descents,

had stopped short on the slope, wearing the very appearance it had assumed towards the middle of the sixteenth century The precipice which had tormented her spiritual peace, the precipice which compelled her to disobey a rule, the precipice still moved by mutacles as before, strode well in step with the times

Irom it an evening dampness wis wafted On it iron thundered sleeplessly, and alternately flowing together and fl wing apart, the sidings spluttered back and forth in the dark Something noisy was constantly falling and being raised up Till morning the waterv rumble of the dam held the even note which it had taken on deafeningly from night-fall The piercing cream of the circular saw accompanied in thirds the bulls in the slaughter house Something was constantly bursting and glowing, steaming and pouring down Something wriggled and was overt with painted smoke

The cafe was frequented chiefly by philosophers Others had their own G v, I ts and some Germans were sitting on the terrace afterwards they all received Chairs either in their own universities or abroad Among the Danes Englishwomen Japanese and all those who had come together from ill corners of the world to hear Cohen, a familiar burningly sing song we could already be distinguished He was an advocate from Bruxellson a pupil of Stanniller, a participant in the recent Spanish revolution, who had been completing his education here for the last two years declining Venetian to his friends

I alredy knew many people here and wis not shy of anyone Already I had mad two promises i I anxiously anticipated the day when I would be reading Leibniz

with Hartmann and one of the sections of the *Critique of Practical Reason* with the head of the school. Already a mental image of the latter, long since guessed at, but appearing strangely inadequate at the first introduction, became my own property, that is, it gave rise in me to a spontaneous existence, which changed according to whether he plumbed the depths of my disinterested admiration, or floated on the surface, when with the delirious ambition of a novice I wondered whether I should ever be noticed by him and invited to one of his Sunday dinners. This last always raised a person in the esteem of the people there because it marked the beginning of a new philosophical career.

I had already verified in him, how a great inner world is dramatised when it has been presented with a great man. I already knew how the crested old man in spectacles would lift his head and step back, as he held forth on the Greek conception of immortality and how he would wave his hand in the direction of the Marburg fire-station, in determining the shape of the Elysian Fields. I knew already how on some other occasion, having already stealthily arrived at pre-Kantian metaphysic, he would bill and coo and flirt with it, then suddenly clearing his throat, would give it a terrible reprimand with citations from Hume. How when he had finished coughing and made a long pause, he would say slowly, wearily and peaceably, "*Und nun, meine Herrn . . .*" And that would mean that the reprimand had been given to that century, the performance was over and one could move on to the subject of the course.

Meanwhile hardly anyone was left on the terrace. The electric light was being extinguished. It turned out that it

was already morning. Glancing down over the rails, we were convinced that it was as if the nocturnal precipice had never existed. The panorama which had taken its place was oblivious of its nocturnal predecessor.

II

About this time the sister V— arrived in Marburg. They were from a wealthy family. In Moscow when still a senior schoolboy I was already friends with the elder of the two and used to give her lessons in goodness knows what at irregular intervals. More accurately, the family paid me for my chats with her on the most unpredictable topics.

But in the spring of 1903 our final terms and examinations at school coincided, and I undertook to coach the elder V— concurrently with my own preparations for the exams.

The majority of my questions consisted of sections, which I had thoughtlessly omitted in their turn when we were going through them in class. I had hardly enough nights to go through them now myself. But still at intervals, without bothering about times and more often than not at sunrise, I ran round to V— for the lessons on subjects which always differed from my own because the order of our tests in different high schools was not in fact the same. This muddle complicated my position. I did not notice it. I had known about my feelings for V—, which was not a new one, since I was fourteen.

She was a beautiful and charming girl, perfectly brought up and spoiled from her very infancy by an old Frenchwoman who adored her. The latter understood better than

I that the geometry which I brought her darling from outside at break of day was more Abelardian than Euclidian And gleefully emphasising her sagacity she never left our lessons Secretly I thanked her for her intervention In her presence my feeling could remain inviolable I did not judge it and was not judged by it I was eighteen In any case my general make up and my upbringing would not have allowed me to give rein to my feelings

It was at that time of year when paint is dissolved in little pots with boiling water, and out in the sunlight, left to their own devices gardens warm them selves leisurely, loaded up with snow fallen from all sides. They are brim full of quiet, clear water And beyond their borders, on the other side of the fences, gardeners, rooks and belfries stand in rank, along the horizon and exchange loud remarks which can be heard over the whole town about two or three times a day A wet woolly grey sky rubs against the casement window the sky full of a lingering night Silent by the hour, silent silent and then suddenly it takes the round rumble of a cartwheel and rolls it into the room It breaks off so unexpectedly that one would think this was a game of hide and seek and that the wagon had no other business but to stop from the road and in through the window And that now it was safely "home" And the leisurely silence becomes more puzzling still pouring in streams into the great hole hewn out by the sound

I don't know why all this was imprinted on my mind in the form of a blackboard which has not been wiped clean of its chalk O if we had been stopped then if they had wiped the board till it shone moist and polished, and instead of expounding the theorem about the equal alti

tude of pyramids they had shown us in writing, emphatically, what was destined to befall us both O how stupefied we would have been!

Whence comes this notion and why does it strike me here?

Because it was spring, which was roughly completing the eviction of the cold half year and all around on earth lakes and puddles like mirrors which have not been hung, lay face upwards, and told of how the wildly capacious world was cleaned and its site ready for the new tenant. Because it was then possible for the first being who so wished, to emerge afresh and live through again all life which exists on earth. Because I loved V - -

Because even the perceptibility of the present is the future and a man's future is love.

III

But such a thing is the so called noble attitude towards women also exists. I shall say a few words about it. There is that boundless circle of phenomena which evoke suicide in adolescence. There is also the circle of mistakes made by the infant imagination childlike perversions, youthful starvations, the endless circle of Kreutzer sonatas which get written to confute Kreutzer sonatas. I sojourned in this circle and lingered there shamefully long. What does all this mean then?

It tells one to shucks and nothing save harm ever came of it. And if the same basic one can never get free of it All who enter as people into history will always pass through it. Because these smarts which make them ap-

pearance as the anteroom to the only complete moral freedom are not written by Tolstoy or Wedekind, but with their hands by Nature herself. And in their mutual inconsistency alone lies the fullness of Nature's design.

Basing matter on its resistances and separating fact from fancy with the dam known as love, she preoccupies herself with its durability as with the intactness of the world. Here comes the point of her obsession, of her morbid exaggerations. Here one can say truthfully that at every step she makes an elephant out of a fly.⁴

But no, I'm wrong, for nature makes elephants in real fact! They say that's her principal business. Or is that a mere phrase? And what about the history of aspects? Or the history of human names? And after all doesn't she prepare them all exactly here, in those places of live evolution which has been held back, at the dams, where her troubled imagination runs amok?

Could one not say then that in childhood we exaggerate and our imagination is disordered because at this time we are like flies and Nature makes us into elephants?

Holding to the philosophy that only the almost impossible is actual she has made sensation very much more difficult for everything alive. She has made it harder for the animal in one way, for the plant in another. The way in which she has made it harder for us speaks in her breathtaking opinion of man. She has made it harder for us not because we possess any automatic tricks but because we possess something which in her view endows us with absolute power. She had made it harder for us by the sense

⁴ In Russian this phrase is equivalent to our "to make a mountain out of a molehill."—Translator's Note.

of our flylike triviality which overcomes each of us the more strongly the further removed we are from the fly. This is expounded with genius by Andersen in his "Ugly Duckling."

All literature about sex and even the very word "sex," struck of in unbearable triviality and in this lies its appointed significance. It is of use to Nature by virtue of just this repugnant quality because her whole contact with us is founded on our fear of triviality and anything which is not true would not impel us to her means of controlling us.

Whatever the author or thought should provide in this connection the fit with material as in her hands And with the help of the tact which she has commanded for us from her whole totality Nature always disposes of the material so that all the pedagogic efforts directed toward the upbringing of Nature's amanably overburden her and it is how it should be.

It ought to be this, that the feelings it often could have something to compete if not one panic then another. And it is of no consequence to a half-prudence or nonsense the banner is composed the movement which gives rise to beginning the longest of all them known to the universe. And with the changes upon which he inquired so often through the earth it would be enough that by contradict everything, for which it would stand of profound earthquake.

And there is art. It is concerned not with man but with the image of man. The image of man is becomes apparent is greater than man. It can come into being only in the act of transmission and not in everyone at that. It can

only come into being in the transition from fly to elephant

What does an honest man do when he speaks the truth only? Time passes in the telling of truth and in this time life passes onward His truth lags behind and is deceptive Should a man speak in this manner everywhere and always?

And in art he has to shut his mouth In art the man is silent and the image speaks And it becomes apparent that only the image can keep pace with the successes of Nature

In Russian 'to lie' has more the sense of 'to exaggerate' than of 'to deceive' In this sense does art lie Its image embraces life but does not look for a spectator Its truths defy description but are capable of unending development

Art alone reiterating of love through the extent of the ages is not it the command of instinct to implement the means by which sensation is made harder Taking a new spiritual development for its banner a generation preserves a living truth rather than cuts one off, so that from a very long distance one can imagine that apparently by virtue of this living truth humanity is gradually composed of generations

All this is unusual All this is forbidding difficult

To teach morality and power to be true

IV

The sisters were pending, the ummier in Belgium They heard from someone that I was in Münster At this point they were uninvited to a family gathering in Berlin On their journey there they wished to see me

They stopped at the best hotel in the little town, in the most medieval part. The three days during which we were inseparable resembled my usual way of living as little as holidays resemble ordinary days. Telling them something or other continuously, intoxicated with their laughter and with the understanding expressions of chance passers by, I would take them off somewhere. They were both seen with me at university lectures. And so came the day of their departure.

On the evening before the winter, as he set the table for supper said to me *Da ist wohl ihr Henkersmahl nicht wahr?* i.e. Won't you eat at first meal for to-morrow it'll be the pillows for you! Li

Next morning on entering the hotel I bumped into the younger sister in the corridor. Glancing at me and realising that something was about to happen she stepped back without a greeting, and locked her door in her room. I went through to the elder girl and timidly rapped at her door and said that it couldn't go on like this and I begged her to settle my fate. There was nothing new in this except my impatience. She rose from her chair bidding my brother the display of my anxiety which seemed to be pressing down on her. Suddenly by the will she remembered that a means existed to put an end to all this once and for all and he refused me. Soon a noise started up in the passage. He was dragging a trunk from the neighbouring room. Then they knocked at our door. Quickly I set up a shout. It was time to go to the station. It was five minutes past.

There the ability to say good bye left me completely. I had just managed to grasp that I had only said good bye to the younger sister and had not even been with the elder

when the smoothly gliding express from Frankfurt loomed up at the platform Almost in the same movement, quickly picking up its passengers, it started off again I ran beside the train and at the end of the platform jumped at full speed on to the step of the carriage The heavy door had not been slammed to An excited conductor barred my way, at the same time grasping my shoulder so that abashed by his reasoning I would not take it into my head to risk my life My travellers ran out into the corridor They started pushing notes into the conductor's hand for my rescue and the purchase of a ticket He took pity and I followed the sisters into the carriage We were speeding towards Berlin The funny tale hold it was continuing with hardly an interruption and was intensified tenfold by the frenzied motion of the train and by a blinding headache due to everything which I had just experienced

I had jumped in while the train was moving simply to say good bye and now I forgot about it again and only remember it when it was too late I had hardly recollect this when I found the day was gone evening had set in, and pressing on towards the car the roof of the Berlin platform was rushing upon us and no time The sisters were to be met It was undesirable that they should be seen with me in my present upset condition They convinced me that we had said good bye and that I had merely not noticed it I vanished in the crowd which clustered together in the giddy din of the station

It was night and an evil drizzle descended I had no business in Berlin whatsoever The next train in the direction I wanted was leaving first thing in the morning I

could have waited for it at the station. But I found it impossible to remain among people. My face was twitching and my eye constantly filled with tears. My thirst for a last faint ravaging farewell remained unquenched. It was like the longing for a huge and rare which would shatter an ailing music to its root so that it would all suddenly be transported far away at the descent of the final chord. But I was denied this ill vision.

It was mid night in a cold drizzling accended. It was just as smoky on the asphalt in front of the station as on the platform where like a ball in a storm round the glass dome hung inflated by the noon firework. The chink of street against street resembled carbon dioxide eruptions. Every thing was overcast by the quiet fermentation of the rain. On account of the inclemencies of my situation I was in the clothes in which I had left the hotel - that is without money coat without hat, - without pipes. I was shown out of lodgings after lodgings where they had taken one look at me with polite protestations about their being full up. At last I found a place where my travelling night did not constitute an objection. These were lodgings which one would normally take only in a last resort. Finding myself alone in the room I sat sideways on a chair which stood by the window. There was a little table next to the chair. I dropped my head on the table.

Why do I describe my posture in such detail? Because I remained in it the whole night long. Occasion by as though at the touch of somethin', I lifted my head and did something with the wall which drew away from me obliquely below its dark ceiling. I measured it is with a

foot-rule from below with my unseeing intentness. Then my sobbing would start afresh. And again I would drop my head in my hands.

I have described the position of my body in such detail because this was its morning position on the bench of the flying train and was memorised for that reason. It was the posture of a person who had fallen away from something high which had long upheld him and long borne him onwards, until finally it let him fall and noisily speeding by above his head vanished forever behind a bend.

At last I got to my feet. I examined the room and flung open the window. The night had gone and the rain hung in a misty dust. It was impossible to say whether it was still raining or whether it had stopped. I had paid for the room in advance. There was not a soul in the hall. I left without a word to anyone.

v

It was only here that I suddenly saw something which had probably begun earlier, but had all the time been hidden by the proximity of what had happened and by the ugliness of the sight of a grown-up weeping.

I was surrounded by transformed objects. Something never before experienced crept into the substance of reality. Morning recognised my face and seemed to have come to be with me and never to leave me.

The mist dissolved promising a hot day. Gradually the town began to move. Carts, bicycles, vans and trains began slithering in all directions. Above them like invisible plumes serpentineed human plans and designs. They wreathed

and moved with the compression of very close allegories which are understood without explanations Birds, houses and dogs, trees and horses, tulips and people became shorter and more disconnected than when childhood had known them The iconic fleshness of life was revealed to me, it crossed the street, took me by the hand and led me along the pavement less than ever was I deserving of brotherhood with this gigantic summer sky But for the moment no mention was made of this I temporarily every thing was forgiven me I had to work out the morning's faith in me somewhere in the future And everything around was darkly hopeful like a law in accordance with which no one need long remain under obligations of this sort

I got my ticket without any difficulty and took my seat in the train There was not time to wait before it left And the ^c I was again rolling along from Berlin to Marburg but this time a distinct from the first I was travelling by day, my expenses paid and I was a completely new person I rode in comfort in the money I had borrowed from V -- and the picture of my rooms at Marburg kept rising up in my mind

Opposite me with their backs towards the engine, striking their rocks in a row I met in a place near which was waiting its chance to rip off his nose into the paper he was holding close a clerk from the fore try department with a grimy bar over his shoulder and a rifle at the bottom of the luggage rack and someone else and someone else still They embarrassed me no more than the Marburg room which I could see The nature of my silence hypnotised them Occasionally I broke it intentionally to

prove its power over them It was understood It was travelling with me, on the journey I was attached to its person and bore its stamp, one familiar to everybody from his own experience Otherwise it would seem my neighbours would not have recompensed me with a silent participation, because I was treating them more in a polite off-hand way than in a really friendly one and was more posing without a pose than sitting in the compartment There was more kindness and horse sense in the carriage than cigar and engine smoke ancient towns ped up to meet us and the furnishings of my Drawing room flushed into my mind from time to time And for what particular reason?

About two weeks before the advent of the sisters a middle had been made which was of considerable importance to me I was the pecker in both summers My papers came off well They met with approbation

I was pleased to develop my argument in greater detail and to deliver them from it the end of the summer semester I jumped at the idea and set to work with redoubled zeal

But from my very nature an experienced observer would have said that I would never make a learned man I lived through the learning of a subject much more intensely than the theme warranted Some sort of vegetable pondering was implanted in me Its characteristic lay in the fact that my secondary conception unwilling excessively in my argument, would begin to demand nourishment and care, and when under its influence, I turned to books I was drawn to them not from any disinterested attraction for knowledge, but for literary quotations to its advantage In

spite of the fact that my work was accomplished with the aid of logic, imagination, paper and ink, I liked it best of all because the more I wrote the more it became overgrown with a constantly thickening ornamentation of bookish citations and comparisons. But since a time limit compelled me at a given moment to renounce written extracts and as a substitute simply to leave my authors open at the places I needed a time arrived when the theme of my work materialised and could be reviewed at a glance from the threshold of the room. It lay outstretched across the room rather like a tree fern which spreads its leafy coils over the table, the divan and the windowsill. I disorder them meant to break the thread of my argument but a complete tidying up would be equivalent to burning an uncopied manuscript. The landlady had been strictly forbidden to lay a hand on them. Towards the end my room was not even cleaned. And when I saw a picture of my room on the journey I really saw my philosophy in its entirety and also its probable fate.

vi

I did not recognise Marburg on my arrival. The hill had grown and looked pinched, the town shrivelled and blackened.

My landlady opened the door. Looking me up and down from head to foot she asked that in the future I should give due warning to her self or her daughter in such cases. I answered that I had not been able to warn her beforehand because I had found it urgently necessary to visit Berlin without returning home. She gave me an even more mock

ing look. My sudden appearance without any things from the other end of Germany as though from an evening walk was beyond her comprehension. It struck her as an unfortunate fabrication. Shaking her head she handed me two letters. One was a sealed letter, the other a local postcard. The letter was from a girl cousin from St. Petersburg who had unexpectedly turned up at Frankfurt. She wrote that she was on her way to Switzerland and would be three days in Frankfurt. The card, a third of which was covered in an impersonally neat handwriting, was signed by another hand only too familiar from signatures at the end of university notices, Cohen's hand. It was an invitation to dinner next Sunday.

Approximately the following exchange took place between the landlady and myself in German: "What is today?" "Saturday." "I won't be in for tea. Yes, and while I remember. I'm going to Frankfurt to-morrow. Please wake me in time for the first train." "But if I'm not mistaken, the *Herr Geheimrat* . . ." "Doesn't matter, I'll manage." "But that's impossible. At the *Herr Geheimrat's* they sit down to dinner at twelve o'clock, and you . . ." But there was something unseemly in this solicitude. With an expressive glance at the old woman I passed into my own room.

I sat on the bed in a state of abstraction which probably did not last more than a minute, then mastering the wave of uncalled-for self-pity I went down to the kitchen for a brush and pan. Flinging off my jacket and rolling up my sleeves I began clearing up the plant's ramifications. Half an hour later the room looked as if I were leaving and not even the books from the university library spoilt its tidiness.

Neatly tying them in four piles so that they would be ready to hand when I was passing the library, I kicked them far under the bed. At this moment the landlady knocked at the door. She had come to tell me the exact hour of tomorrow's train in the time-table. At the sight of the change which had taken place she stopped short and suddenly shaking her skirts, jacket and cap like feathers ruffled in a bill, she floated towards me on the air in a state of fluttering stupefaction. She put out her hand and congratulated me woodenly and ceremoniously on the completion of my difficult work. I did not feel like disillusioning her a second time. I left her in her gracious error.

Then I had a wash and went on to the balcony as I was drying myself. It was getting dark. Rubbing my neck on the towel I gazed into the distance which joined Ockershausen and Marburg. I could no longer remember how I had looked in that direction on the evening of my arrival. It was the end! the end! The end of philosophy, that is, the end of whatever thought I had entertained about it.

Like my fellow travellers in the compartment, it would have to take into account that every love is a crossing over into a new faith.

VII

It was a wonder I didn't leave for home then. The value of the town lay in its school of philosophy. I had no further use for it. But another became manifest.

There exists, the psychology of the creative genius, the problems of poetry. Yet in all of it conception in par-

ticular is experienced more directly than anything else and on this point there is no need to indulge in guesswork

We cease to recognise reality. It appears in some new form. This form app'ns to be a quality inherent in it and not in us. Apart from this quality everything in the world has its name. It alone is new and without name. We try to give it a name. The result is art.

The clearest most memorable and important fact about art is its conception and the world's best creations those which tell of the most diverse things in reality & describe their own birth. I understood this for the first time in all its magnitude during the period I have described.

Though nothing occurred in my explanations with V— which could change my position they were accompanied by surprises which resembled happiness. I was in despair she comforted me. But her slightest touch was such bliss that it wished my mind exultant were the bitterness of her definite refusal which I heard so clearly and which could not be changed.

The day's events were like a rapid and noisy running to and fro. All the time we seem to be flying at full speed into gloom and without either back our teeth in biting out again like a mouse. And so without once stopping to look about us we were it least twenty times that day in the crowded hold where the gallery of time is set in motion. This was precisely that given up world of which I had been so furiously jealous from my earliest years when I was in love with V—, a schoolboy in love with a school girl.

Returning to Miburg I found myself separated not from the little girl I had known for six years but from the

woman I had seen in the several seconds after her refusal. My hands and shoulders did not belong to me any more. Like someone else's limbs they begged me for those fetters which bind a man to general everyday doings. Because without nouns I could no longer think of her either, and loved only in nouns, only as a prisoner, only for the cold sweat in which beauty rids itself of its obligations. Every thought of her momentarily fitted me into that communal chorale which fills the world with a forest of movements which have been recorded with inspiration, a forest of movements like a battle, a penal servitude, a medieval hell or a trade. I mean something which children do not know and which I shall call the sense of the actual.

At the beginning of *Safe Conduct* I said that at times love raged the sun I had in mind that manifestation of feeling which each morning outstripped everything around with the certainty of tidings, that had just been confirmed for the hundredth time. In comparison with these even the sunrise took on the character of town gossip which was still in need of confirmation. In other words, I had in mind the manifestation of a power which counterbalanced the manifestation of the world.

If, equipped with the necessary knowledge, ability and leisure, I decided now to write an aesthetic of creativity I would build it up on two conceptions: the conception of power and the conception of the symbol. I would point out that, as distinct from science which takes nature in a dissection of the pillar of light, art concerns itself with life as the law of power passes through it. The conception of power I would take in that same widest sense in which it is taken by theoretical physics, with this difference only, that

the subject under discussion would not be the principle of power but its voice, its presence. I would make it clear that within the framework of self consciousness power is called feeling.

When we imagine that in Faust, Romeo and Juliet and other memorials powerful person is portrayed, we undervalue the subject matter. Then theme is wider than that powerful theme. Their theme is the theme of power itself.

And it is from this theme that art is born. It is more one-sided than people think. It cannot be directed; it will where one wants like a telescope. Focused on a reality which feeling has displaced, it is a record of this displacement. It copies from nature. How does nature get into this state of displacement? Details attain clarity, losing independence of meaning. Each detail can be replaced by another. Any one is precious. Any one chosen at random serves as evidence of the state which envelops the whole of transposed reality.

When the features of this state are transferred to paper, the characteristics of life become the characteristics of creation. The first strike on us is sharper than the former. They have been trained better. They have their terminology. They are called techniques.

Art is realistic in activity and a symbol in fact. It is realistic since it has not itself invented metaphor but discovered it in nature and reproduced it faithfully. The figurative meaning also means nothing, empirically, but refers to the general spirit of all art in the same way as, taken singly, the parts of reality which feeling has displaced have no meaning.

And it is through the figure of its action that art is

symbolic. Its single symbol in the brightness and interchangeability of its images is characteristic of the whole. The interchangeability of image is an indication of the condition in which the parts of reality are independent of each other. The interchangeability of images, that is, art, is the symbol of power.

Properly speaking only power needs the language of material proof. The other means of perception are durable without being noted down. They lead straight to the visual inferences of light to the number, the exact meaning, the idea. But one cannot imagine power to oneself the fact of power power lingering only in the moment of its manifestation except in the two-fold language of images that is the language of accompanying figures.

The direct speech of teaching is the oral and cannot be replaced by rhythm.

VIII

I went to my cousin in Frankfurt and also my people who had moved to Berlin. My brother visited me and then I wrote but I hardly noticed all this. I was completely taken up with writing poetry. Day and night and whenever a chance offered I wrote about the

⁵ In case of my uncle's death I would remind the reader I am not speaking of the writer of *entartete Kunst* nor of the aspects of its completion but of the meaning of its inception of its place in life. Separate images by themselves remain and are created on the analogy of light. The separate words of art like all conceptions exist by virtue of perception. It is the word of the whole art which does not lead off it as there exists in the movement of the allegory itself and this word speaks symbolically of power—Author's Note.

sea, about down, about the southern rain, about the hard coal of the Harz

One day I was particularly engrossed in it. It was one of those nights which make their way with difficulty to the nearest fence and, completely exhausted, hang over the ground in fumes of weariness. There was not a breath of wind. Indeed the only sign of life was the black profile of the sky leaning weakly against the hedge. And another. The strong scent of flowering tobacco plants and stocks with which the earth called out in reply to this lassitude. To what can one not liken the sky on such a night! The large stars—like an evening reception the milky way—like a great society. But the chalky limbs of the diagonally outstretched space, remind one even more of a flower bed at night. Here there are heliotropes and mimosas. They were watered in the evening and pushed over sideways. Flowers and stars are so close together that it looks as though the sky came under the watering can too and now the stars and white speckled grasses are not to be torn apart.

I wrote with intense absorption, and a different dust from before settled on my table. The former, the philosophical dust had collected from schism. I had trembled for the completeness of my effort. Now I did not rub off the dust, simply for comradeship out of sympathy with the rubble on the Giessen road. And on the far side of the oilcloth like a star in the sky shone a long unwashed tea glass.

Suddenly I got up sweating from this idiotic liquefaction of everything and began pacing the room. What a swinish trick! I thought. 'As if he has not remained a genius to

me, as if I am breaking with him! It's nearly three weeks since his caid and my base hiding from him! I must explain myself But how?"

I remembered how pedantic and strict he was "Was ist Apperzeption?" he would ask a non specialising examination candidate, and on his translating from Latin that it means durchfassen (to grasp) 'Nem das heisst durchfallen mein Herr' (No it means to plough), would be the reply

In his seminars they used to read the classics He would interrupt the reading and ask what the author was getting at He expected the meaning to be expounded precisely in its essentials in military fashion Not only vigourous but anything nicely approaching the truth instead of the exact truth was his abhorrence

He was a little deaf in the right ear I sat next to him on this particular side to expound my lesson from Kant He let me get under way and lose myself in the argument, then when I was least expecting it dropped his customary "Was meint der Alte?" (What does the old man mean?) I don't remember what it was but let us suppose that according to the multiplication table of ideas the answer was as for five times five Twenty five I answered He frowned and made a gesture with his hand This was followed by a slightly different version of his reply which displease him with its tentativeness It is easy to guess that while he jabbed into space to call up people who knew, my reply was mixed with a growing complexity So far it was still a matter of two and a half tens or roughly half a hundred divided by two And the growing divergence of the answer annoyed him more and more But no one could make up

his mind to repeat what I had said first, after his disdainful look. Then with a gesture which might be interpreted as "to the rescue, Kamchatka!" ⁶ he turned to others And sixty-two, a hundred and eight, two hundred and fourteen —thundered around happily Lifting his hands he hardly took in the storm of exultant mistakes and turning to me quietly and dryly repeated my own reply A new storm broke out in my defence When he had made it all out he looked me up and down, shook me by the shoulder and asked where I came from and how many terms I had been with them Then snorting and frowning, he asked me to continue to a perpetual undertone of "*Sehr echt, sehr richtig, Sie merken wohl? Ja, ja, ach, ach, der Alte!*" (That's right that's right, do you follow? Ah, ah, the old man!) And I remembered a lot more

Well how was one to approach such a man? What could I say to him "Verse" he would drawl, "Verse" Had he not studied him in lack of talent and its subterfuges sufficiently? "Verse"

ix

Probably all this took place in July because the lime trees were in bloom Bursting through the diamonds of the waxy bloom as through a burning glass, the sun burnt the dusty leaves in little black mgs

I had often passed the exercise ground before At noon dust hovered above it from the bittering pile driver and a

⁶ Kamchatka, the peninsula in the far east of Siberia is jokingly referred to as the back of beyond and so in Russian schools its name came to be given to the back bench where the worst members of the class used to sit—Translator's Note

muffled shuddering clatter could be heard. The soldiers were taught there and during the hours of instruction loafers would take up their stand in front of the square—boys from the sausage shops with trays on their shoulders and school-children. And certainly here was something worth gazing at. Scattered over the whole field in pairs rotund statues, rather like cockerels in sacks, sprang at each other and pecked. The soldiers wore padded jackets and headpieces of metal network. They were learning to fence.

The sight meant nothing new to me. I had had my fill of it during the course of the summer.

But on the morning after the night I have just described, as I was walking into the town and came level with the field, I suddenly remembered that not more than an hour ago I had seen this field in a dream.

Still having decided nothing about Cohen I went to bed at daybreak, slept through the morning, and just before waking up I dreamt of this field. It was a dream about the next war, self-evident, as the mathematicians would say, and unavoidable.

It has long been observed that however much the military regulations insist on a state of war, being concerned with companies and squadrons, thought in peacetime cannot effect the transition from the premises to the deduction. Daily, pale *chasscurs* dusty to their very eyebrows and dressed in faded uniforms marched round below Marburg as it was impossible to pass in ranks through the town on account of its narrowness. But the most that could enter one's head at the sight of them would be the stationers' shops where the same *chasseurs* were sold in sheets with a little gum-arabic thrown in for every dozen bought.

In my dream it was a different matter There impressions were not bounded by the requirements of habit There colours moved and came to a conclusion

I dreamt I saw a desolate field and something told me it was—Munburg under siege There filed past pushing barrows in front of their pale, lanky Nettel'beki It was some dark hour of the day which does not exist in real life The dream was in the style of Frederick with trenches and earthworks On the battery heights people with telescopes could just be discerned They were wrapped in a physically tangible silence which does not exist in real life It pulsated in the air like a porous earthy blizzard and did not stand still but was being consummated as if it was constantly being added to by spadefuls It was the saddest dream of my I have ever seen Probably I wept in my sleep The affair with V-- who deeply loathed in me I had a sound heart It worked well Working at night it caught up the most incidental and random of the day's impressions And so here it caught at the exercise ground and its push was sufficient to bring the mechanism of the exercise ground into motion and the dream vision itself in its circular movement beat out quietly 'I am a dream vision of war'

I don't know why I was walking for the town but I was as heavy at heart as if my heart were full of earth which was intended for some sort of fortification

It was the dinner hour None of my friends turned out to be in the university The seminar reading room was empty The private houses of the little town stepped up to it from below The heat was merciless Here and there at the windowsills came glimpses of drowning people with

collars crumpled to one side. Behind them glimmered the half light of front rooms. From inside entered lean female maids in dressing gowns booted through on the chest as if in laundry copper. I returned home deciding to go along the top, where by the castle wall there were many shady villas.

Their gardens rested in lucis on the smithy like heat and only the rose tilts, as if just from the anvil, bent proudly over the low blue flame. I longed for a little news which descended inaptly behind one of these villas. There was some shade there. I knew that I decided to turn down it and have a rest. To my great misfortune, in the same stupor in which I had decided to turn into it I saw Professor Hermann Cohen there. He noticed me. My reticule was cut off.

My son is nearly seven. When he does not understand a French sentence and merely gives its meaning from the context in which it is made he says "I understand it not from the word but because I will top. Not because of this word but I understand because

I will make use of his terminology in naming the mind which leads one to a given point is distinct from the mind which takes one for a healthy constitutional, the casual mind.

Cohen had such a curious mind. It was either frightening to chat with him and to walk along with him was no joke. Leaning on a walking stick the real spirit of mathematical physics advanced by your side, with frequent stops, pacing with approximately the same gait, step by step assembling its basic propositions. This university professor in his bulky overcoat and soft hat was filled at a

certain temperature with the precious essence which had long ago been packed into the heads of the Galileos, the Newtons, the Leibnizs and the Pascals.

He did not like talking as he walked and merely listened to the chatter of those he met, never even in its flow on account of the steepness of the Marburg pavements. He paced along, listening then would stop suddenly, pronounce something caustic on the subject he had heard, and, pushing off with his stick against the pavement, continued the walk to the next aphoristic breathing space.

Our conversation proceeded on lines like these. A reference to my negligence only made it seem worse—he gave me to understand this in a deadly fashion without a word, adding nothing to the mocking silence of the stick pressed firmly into the stone. My plans interested him. He did not commend them. In his opinion I should remain with them until the exam. for my doctorate, take it, and only then return home to take the public Russian exam., with the possible intention of returning subsequently to the West and of establishing myself there. I thanked him with great warmth for his hospitality. But my gratitude told him much less than the attraction which Moscow held for me. From the way in which I put it he sensed a falsity and unintelligibility which outraged him because, on account of life's puzzling lack of duration, he could not bear those of its puzzles which curtailed it artificially. And, containing his irritation, he descended slowly from flag to flag, waiting in case the man would ultimately state his case after so many trifling and wearisome platitudes.

But how could I tell him that I was throwing philosophy over completely, that I meant to finish in Moscow like the

majority, just for the sake of finishing, and that a subsequent return to Marburg did not even enter my head. To him, whose farewell word before his retirement, were on his faithfulness to great philosophy, delivered to the university in such a way that among the benches, where there were many young listeners handkerchiefs gleamed

x

In the beginning of August my people crossed from Bivari into Italy and asked me to come to Pisa. My money was running short and hardly enough remained for my return to Moscow. One evening which I foresaw would be followed by many similar ones in the future, I was sitting with G— on the terrace we frequented and was complaining about the sorry state of my finances. He was discussing it. At different times he had experienced poverty in all seriousness and just during these periods he had wandered a good deal about the world. He had been in England and Italy and knew means of living almost free while travelling about. His plan was that on the remainder of my money I ought to make a trip to Venice and Florence and then go to my parents for seeing up and a new subsidy for the return journey, which I might not even find necessary if I was myself with what I had left. He began putting figures on paper and submitted a really very modest total.

The head waiter in the cafe was a friend to us all. He knew the innermost thoughts of each of us. When in the white heat of my experiment my brother came to visit me and embarrassed me at my work in the daytime the in

credible man discovered in him a rare gift for billiards and got him so interested in the game that he left every morning to perfect his talent in his company, leaving my room at my disposal for the whole day.

He took the liveliest part in the discussion of the Italian plan. Constantly leaving us he would return to tap G——'s estimate with a pencil and find even it not economical enough.

He came running back after one of these absences with a thick reference book under his arm, placed a tray with three glasses of strawberry punch on the table, and opening the book ran through it twice from end to end. In the whirlwind of pages finding the one he wanted he announced that I must start that same night on the express at a few minutes past three, in token of which he invited us to drink with him to my trip.

I did not waiver long. It was quite true, I thought, following the line of his arguments. I had received my discharge from the university. The part-payments were in order. It was half-past eleven. To wake the landlady—no great sin. Plenty of time for packing and more. That settled it—I was going.

He was filled with such delight that it looked as if it was he who would see Basle to-morrow. "Listen," he said, coming nearer and gathering up the empty glasses. "Let's look closely at one another, that's a custom we have. It may be useful, you never know." I burst out laughing in answer and assured him that it was unnecessary because it had long ago been done and I would never forget him.

We took leave of each other, I followed G—— out,

and the dull ring of the nickel plated cutlery died away behind us, as it seemed to me then, forever

Several hours later having talked our heads off and tramped the little town till we were stupid quickly using up the mill stock of our streets G — and I descended to the district adjoining the station A mist surrounded us We stood motionless in it like cattle at a watering place and smoked tenaciously with that silent dullwittedness from which cigarettes tend to go out

Very gradually day began to dawn Dew held the gardens tightly in goose flesh Beds of tiny seedlings burst out of the gloom Suddenly in the stadium of dawnlight the town was silhouetted entire on its present height People were asleep there Churches a castle and a university were there But they still melted into the grey sky like a clump of cobwebs on a damp moor It even seemed to me that standing out slightly the town began to flow like the tree of life with caught in a few pieces away from the window Come on it's time said C

It was growing light We walked quickly over the stone platform Fragments of an approaching train flew in our faces like stone The train raced up I embraced my friend and throwing my case up jumped on to the running board The tones in the concrete roared shrieking the door clicked I pressed against the window The train cut me clean away from everything I had experienced and, sooner than I expected there flushed by going each other the train the level crossing the end and my recent home I pulled at the window frame It wouldn't open Suddenly with a clatter it fell down of its own ac

cord I put out my head as far as I could The carriage was rocking on a violent bend and I couldn't see anything
Farewell philosophy, farewell youth, farewell Germany!

xI

Six years passed When everything was forgotten when the war had dragged itself out and ended and the Revolution had begun, into the low twilight scarcely two stories high along the snow out of the gloom there crawled and rang out through the flat an untimely telephone bell 'Who is it' I asked 'G—' came the reply I was not even amazed that it was amazing Where are you? I squeezed out untimely He answered Another absurdity The place turned out to be next to us across the yard He was ringing up from an hotel taken over to house the People's Commissariat of Education In a minute I was sitting with him His wife had not changed a bit I had not known his children before

But this is what was unexpected It turned out that he had lived all these years in the world like everyone else, and though abroad, nevertheless still under the shadow of the same gloomy war for the liberation of small countries I found out he had not long ago come from London And he was either in the Party or an enthusiastic supporter of it He was working At the removal of the Government to Moscow he had automatically been moved with the relevant section of the P C E's apparatus That's why he was our neighbour And that was all

And I had inched to him as to a Münburger Not of course so as to begin life with his und ifresh from that far-

off misty dawn when we stood in the gloom like cattle at a watering place - and this time more carefully, without a war, as best we could (of course not for that! But knowing in advance that to recapture this was unthinkable, I rushed to make certain why it was unthinkable in my life

Later I was fortunate enough to visit Marburg once more. I spent two days there in February of '23. I was going there with my wife but did not have the foresight to bring it ~~new~~ to her. In this I was at fault before both. But it was hard even for me. I had seen Germany before the War and now saw it after. What had happened in the world became manifest to me in the most terrifying exposition. It was during the period of the Ruhr occupation. Germany was starving, and fearing deceived by nothing, deceiving me more with a hand stretched out to the times as for always (a gesture uncharacteristic of her) and went on crutches to a man.

To my surprise I found my landlady among the living. At the sight of me she and her daughter fluttered their hands wildly. They were both sitting in the same places as eleven years ago and were own, when I appeared. The room was to let. They opened the door for me. I would not have recognized it if it had not been for the road from Ockershausen to Marburg. That could be seen from the window - before. And it was winter. The intidings of the empty chilled room and the bare willow on the horizon - all this was unusual. The landscape which had once pondered too long on the Thirty Years War had

ended by foreboding war for itself. On leaving the town I went into a cakeshop and sent the two women a large nutty torte.

And now of Cohen. We could not see Cohen. Cohen was dead.

xii

And so—stations, stations, stations. Stations flying away to the end of the train like stone butterflies.

There was a sabbath calm in Basle, so that one could hear the swallows bustling and rustling against the cornices with their wings. The glowing walls rolled like the apples of eyes under the overhanging blackcherry-tiled rooves. The whole town was blinking and protruding them like eyelashes. And in the same earthenware fire with which the wild vine burnt on the houses, the baked gold of the primitives burnt in the cool clean museum?

“*Zwei francs vierzig centimes*”—a peasant woman in the costume of the canton pronounced with surprising clearness, but the place where the two linguistic reservoirs flow into one another was not yet here, but to the right beyond the lowhanging roof, south of it, along the hot free expanse of the Federal azure and uphill all the way. Somewhere by St. Gotthard and—in the depths of night, people were talking.

And I slept through such a place, worn out with the nightly vigils of my forty-eight-hour journey. The one night when I ought not to have slept—almost like some “Simon, sleepest thou?”—and it would be forgiven me. But still for moments I did waken and stood by the window

for shamefully short periods, 'for their eyes were heavy.' And then

All around there noised a world icunion of heights motionlessly crowded together Aha, so while I had been dozing and while letting out whistle after whistle, we had screwed ourselves upwards in a spiral through the cold smoke from tunnel to tunnel in exceeding our natural air by three thousand metres had already succeeded in surrounding us"

An impenetrable blackness reigned but echo filled it with a protuberant sculpture of sounds The precipices conversed loudly without hymns, washing over the bones of the earth like old wives Everywhere, everywhere, the streams slandered gossiped and trickled along One could easily guess how they were hung about the sheer drops and were let down like pun throids into the void below And from above overhanging jag leapt on to the train and, settling them close on the eunice roots called to each other wavin, their legs and abandoned themselves to the free ride

But sleep was overtaking me and I fell into an impermissible dozing on the threshold of the snows, by the blind Oedipus whites of the Alps on the ummit of the planet's deonomic perfection At the height of the kiss which like Michelangelo's Night, it plants here in self-love on its own shoulder

When I woke up the clean Alpine morning was looking in at the windows Some sort of accident like a fall on the line had stopped the train We were asked to change into another We went along the rails uphill The hnen ribbon twisted through disjointed panoramas as if the road was

constantly being pushed round a corner like something stolen A barefoot Italian boy just like the ones on chocolate boxes carried my things Somewhere not far off his flock was lowing The tinkling of little bells fell in lazy shakes and brandishing, The gad flies sucked the music Probably its skin was creping with cold The daisies were wafting sweet perfume and the pouring from the empty to the still more void of the invisibly splashing waters on all sides never ceased for a moment

The results of not giving full measure to sleep were not slow in showing themselves I was half a day in Miln and did not measure it Only the cathedral, continually changing its aspect as I approached it through the town, depending on the crossroads, from which it was subsequently disclosed, impressed itself dimly upon me Like a melting glacier it grew up again and again on the deep blue perpendicular of the August heat and seemed to nourish the immovable Miln with ice and water When it lost a narrow platform placed near its foot and I turned my head, it led into me with the whole choral murmur of its pillars and turrets like a pull of now down the jointed column of a drumpipe

Still, I could hardly keep on my feet and the main thing I promised to give myself on reaching Venice was a sound sleep

VIII

When I came out of the station which had a provincial pent roof in some kind of Eccecum Custom house style, something smooth slipped softly by my wet feet Some

thing malignantly dark like swill and touched by two or three gleams from the stars It rose and fell almost imperceptibly and was like a punting dark with age in a swaying frame I did not at once understand that this image of Venice was Venice I that I was in it and that I was not dreaming this

The canal in front of the station went in a blind tube round the corner towards the furthest wonders of this floating gallery on the closer I listened to the landing stage of the cheap boat which here took the place of trams

The launch snorted and puffed wiped its nose and swallowed hard, and in the sun's serene smoothness along which dragged its subin geltouches the palaces of the Grand Canal went along the semicircle which gradually receded before us They call them palaces and they could call them by fairer name but still no words can give a clear idea of their carpet of coloured marble let steeply down into the nocturnal big room into the arena of a medieval tournament

There is a special Christmas tree fit the first of the Pic Raphaélites There is the presentation of the starry night according to the legend of the worship of the Magi There is the age old Christmas relief the top of a gilded walnut prinkled with blue paint There are words Khanda and Chaldean Mysia and magnesia India and indigo To these should be borne in the colouring of Venice at night and it will reflect ours

As if to spite the nutt , in in better to the Russian ear, they call out on the bridge as it stops now on one side now on the other to pick up the passengers Fondaco dei

turchi! Fondaco dei tedeschi!" But it seems the names of the landing stages having nothing in common with warehouses, but are a final reminiscence of the caravan warehouses once built here by the Turkish and German merchants

I don't remember before which of these Vendraminis, Grimis, Korneros, Foscari and Ioredinos I saw the first gondola or the first to surprise me. But it was already on the other side of the Rialto. It slipped noiselessly into the canal out of a side turning and cutting across began to moor by the nearest palace portil. It was as if it had been brought from the backdoor to the front on the round belly of a slowly rolling wave. It left a groove behind it, full of dead ruts and floating mclonskins. In front of it ran the desecrated moonlit extent of the wide water bridge. It was enormous like a female enormous as all everything which is perfect in form and inconsumable with the place its body take up in space. Its bright crested halberd sped lightly along the sky borne aloft by the waves round brow. The gondolier's black silhouette ran along the stars as lightly. And the cowl of the cabin was lost as if pressed into the water in the hollow between stem and prow.

I had decided beforehand from C. —'s accounts of Venice that it would be best to settle in the neighbourhood of the Academy. And I did that. I can't remember whether I crossed the bridge to the left shore or whether I stayed on the right. I remember a tiny square. It was surrounded by similar palaces to those on the canal, only they were greyer and stiffer. And they leant on dry land.

On the moonlit square people stood strolled and half lay. There were not many and they seemed to be draping

it with moving, slightly moving and unmoving bodies. It was an exceptionally quiet night. Once p.m. I noticed without turning their heads towards each other and delighting in their mutual silence they gazed intently into the distance of the further shore. Probably they were servants in the palazzo resting after their work. First I was attracted by the quiet hum of the water his trim growing him the grey of his jacket. There was something unItalian in them. They give off a northern breeze. Then I saw his face. I thought I had seen it before and I could not remember where it was.

Going up to him with my suitcase I told him about my need of a lodgings in imperfect phraseology which I had acquired after pit efforts to read Dante in the original. He heard me out politely, thought a moment and asked something of a waiter standing near. She shook her head in the negative. He took out a watch and looked at the time, closed it, pushed it back in his waistcoat and came out of his meditation beckoned me with a nod to follow him. We turned the corner from the moonlight facade and it was pitch dark.

We walked along stony mews no wide than corridors. Now and again they lifted us on to short bridges of hump backed stone. Then on either side stretched the dirty sleeves of the lagoon where the water stood in such troughs that it looked like a Persian carpet rolled up and squeezed into the bottom of a crooked drawer.

On the hump back bridges we met passers by and long before the Venetian woman appeared the frequent tapping of her shoes on the flagstones of the pier heralded her approach.

High above, across the crevices black as pitch in which we were winding the night sky shone and kept withdrawing somewhere As if long the entire Milky Way the fluff of dandelion seeds was passing and as if simply to let through another column of this moving light, the mews drew apart making square and crossways And surprised by the strange familiarity of the man I had met, I talked to him in very imperfect Italian and fell from pitch to fluff, from fluff to pitch seeking with his until the cheapest possible lodging for the night

But on the shores of the outlet to the open sea different colours reigned and here took the place of silence On the launches coming and going people crowded, and the oily black water glowed with a snowy dirt like beaten mumble breaking in the path of a fiery working or abruptly jummed in them And next to it bubbling the limps buzzed brightly in the lamplight still tongues chittered and fruit jumped in the sea less columns of some sort of undecidone composte

In one of the recurrent scuffles by the shore we were given useful directions The paths given led back to the beginning of our pilgrimage On our way there we retraced our whole journey And so when my escort installed me in one of the lodgings here near the Campo Morosini, I felt as if I had just time to distance equal to the starry sky of Venice in the opposite direction Its movement If I had then been asked what Venice is I would have said Light night tiny quines and quiet people who seem strangely familiar

"Well, my friend - my host roared loudly as if I were deaf, he was a sturdy old man of about sixty, in a dirty open shirt "I'll fix you up like a trichine! The blood rose to his face, he measured me with his gaze from beneath his brows, and placing his hands on the buckles of his braces, drummed with his fingers on his hairy chest. "Would you like some cold veal?" he bellowed without softening his look inferring nothing from my reply.

Probably he was a kindly-tempered man who was making himself out a bogey, with a moustache a la Radetski. He could remember the Austrian occupation and it soon came out that he could speak German a little. But as he took this tongue to be pre-eminently that of the non-commissioned officers of Dalmatia my rapid pronunciation made him reflect sadly on the decay of the German language since the days when he was a lad. Besides which he probably had indigestion.

Getting up from behind the counter - if he were in stirrups he hopped broad-thrustly somewhere and descended springily into the little yard where an acquaintance was mending. Several little tables, with dirty cloths were strung there. I felt myself friendly disposed towards von as soon as you came in he squeezed out malignantly inviting me to be seated with a wife of his hand, and himself took into a chart two or three tables away from me. They brought me meat and beer.

The little courtyard served as a dining-hall. The other lodgers if there were any had probably slipped long ago and wandered away to their rest and there was only a wife

old man sitting on in the extreme corner of the eating arena, willingly agreeing with the host on every point on which he turned to him for confirmation

Tucking in at the meal, I had already noticed once or twice the strange disappearance and re-appearance of the moist pink slices on my plate. Apparently I was dozing. My eyelids stuck together.

As suddenly as in a fairy tale a dear withered old woman appeared by the table, and my host informed her briefly of his vague philanthropy towards me, after which, going with her up a narrow staircase somewhere, I found myself alone, felt for the bed and without further thought, undressed in the dark and lay down.

I woke on a bright sunny morning after ten hours of continuous uninterrupted slumber. The impossible had been confirmed. I found myself in Venice. The sunbeams trotting like bright ants, on the ceiling is in the cabin of a river steamer all told of this and of the fact that I would get up now and rush out to look round.

I examined the room in which I lay. On nails driven into the painted screen, hung skirts and blouses, a feather duster on a nail and a beater caught on a nail by its plaiting. The window sill was loaded with crums in tins. In a sweet box lay some dirty chalk.

Behind a curtain drawn across the whole length of the attic the tip and rush of a broombrush could be heard. That would be the clatter of all the great house shoes in progress. To the noise was added a woman's hushings and a child's whisper. In the hushing, worn in I recognised my old woman of yesterday.

She was a distinct relative of the landlord's and worked

as a housekeeper for him. He had given me her little closet, but when I wanted this to be put right somehow, she herself asked me nervously not to meddle with their family affairs.

Before dressing, I stretched myself and looked round once again, and suddenly a momentary gift of clarity illumined the circumstances of the previous day. My friend yesterday reminded me of the head waiter at Mirburg, the same one who had hoped to be of further use to me.

The probable effect of the suggestion implicit in his request was to exaggerate this likeness. And it was this which had been the reason for the instinctive preference which I felt for one of the people in the square out of all the others.

This discovery did not surprise me. There was nothing miraculous about it. Our most innocent 'how do you do's' and 'good byes' would have no meaning if time were not threaded with the concord of life's accidents, that is, the haphazard events of the hypothesis of being.

xx

And so this happiness crossed my path too. I too was fortunate enough to find that one can go day after day to meet a piece of built up space as one would go to meet a live personality.

From whatever side one walks up to the piazza a certain moment lies in wait at each approach when one's breath comes fast, and one listens one's step till one's feet begin to take one to meet it of their own accord. Whether from the direction of the mercerie or that of the telegraph office,

at some point the road becomes a threshold and flinging out its own widely ruled air the square leads out as to a reception the Campanile, the Cathedral, the Palace of the Doges and the three sided gallery

Gradually as one becomes attached to them, one comes to the feeling that Venice is a town inhabited by buildings—by the four just mentioned and a few others like them. There is nothing figurative about this statement. The word the architects spoke in stone is so lofty that no rhetoric can stretch to its heights. And besides, it has become overgrown with the seashells of the age old enthusiasm of travellers. The growing delight has ousted the last trace of declination from Venice. There are no empty places left in the empty palaces. Everything is full of beauty.

When before sitting down in the gondola hired to take them to the station Englishmen have at the first time on the *piazza in posso* which would be sincere at a leap striking from a live person you envy them the *piazza* all the more so for until because it is well known no European culture has approached the Italian so closely as the English.

XVI

Once born with the tradition bearing nests entwined with generation as with golden thread crowded three admirably interwoven centuries and not far from the square in a motionless forest of hip the fleet of those ages remained. It looked as if it were continuing the planning

of the city Tackle jutted out from behind the attics, gallcys peered, men moved in the same way on ships as on dry land On a moonlit night some three master, digging its rib against the street cushioned it with the deadly incense of its motionlessly unfurled impact And bearing out this same grandeur the frigates lie at anchor admiring from the roadway the quiete and lofthe of the hills

This fleet was very powerful by the standards of those days Its size was amazing In the little ninth century its merchant ships not counting the warships already numbered about three and a half thousand with seventy thousand sailors and craftsmen

This fleet was Venice's unshamed reality the prosaic secret of its fury tile Putting it paradoxally one could say that its rocking tonnage made up the firm ground of the town its earthly foundation and its mercantile and prison subterraneous vault In the toils of its ringing moped the imprisoned lie The fleet overpowered and oppressed But as in two vessels which lie in communication with one another from the shore in meane is the fleet oppressed there arose something which provided a countervailing ransom To understand this is to understand how art deceives its customer

The derivation of the word pinnacles is curious Once before its present meaning of tions is it denoted a character in Italian comedy But either still in its original meaning pinnacles expressed the idea of Venetian triumph and meant the creator of the lion (or the crest), that is, in other words Venice the conqueress Byron even mentions this in *Childe Harold*

*"Her very byword sprung from victory,
The 'Planter of the Lion,' which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea."*

Meanings change amazingly. When people get accustomed to horrors, these form the foundation for good style. Shall we ever understand how the guillotine could be temporarily made the decoration for a lady's brooch?

The emblem of the lion figured diversely in Venice. And so the slit for posting secret denunciations on the staircase of the Censors, next to the paintings of Veronese and Tintoretto, was carved in the semblance of a lion's maw. It is obvious how great a terror this "bocca di leoni" instilled in its contemporaries, and how, gradually, it was held to be a mark of ill-breeding to mention the persons so puzzlingly tumbling into the beautifully carved slit, on those occasions when the powers that be did not express vexation on the subject.

When art was erecting palaces for the enslavers, it was believed in. They thought it shared the general opinions of the day and in the future would bear witness to the general participation. But precisely this did not happen. The language of forgetfulness turned out to be the language of the palaces, and not at all the pantaloon language which had wrongly been ascribed to them. The pantaloon aims were forgotten, the palaces remained.

And Venetian painting remained. I was familiar from childhood with the savour of its hot strong springs from reproductions and imported museum preserves. But it was necessary to get to their birthplace to see as distinct from

single pictures the painting itself, like a golden marsh, like one of the primitive pools of art

xvii

I gazed at this spectacle more intently and more generally than any present formulation expresses it. I did not attempt to recognize in what I saw the tendencies which I am now anticipating. But the impressions themselves lay detached in my mind in the same shape as years went by, and I shall not stray from the truth in my compressed conclusion.

I saw what particular observation first strikes the painting instinct. The manner in which it is suddenly seized, what it becomes when they begin to see it. Once observed, nature opens out in the obedient expanse of a field and in this condition sleepy it is quietly borne on to the canvas. One must see Carpaccio and Bellini to understand the meaning of representation.

I found out the what something accompanies the flowering of craftsmanship when it the attained identification of the artist and the painter, element it becomes impossible to say which of the three and for whose benefit reveals him off the more directly on the canvas—the executor, the thing executed or the subject of the execution. One must see Veronese and Titian to understand the meaning of craftsmanship.

I finally not then sufficiently valuing these impressions, I found out how little a genius need to burst out.

Who will believe this? The identification of the paint-

ing, the painter and the subject of the painting, or putting it more widely an indifference to the immediacy of truth, is what infuriates him. As though this is a slap in the face of humanity in his person. And a storm enters his canvas, cleansing the chaos of workmanship with regulating blows of passion. One must see the Michelangelo of Venice—Tintoretto, to understand the meaning of genius, that is, of the artist.

XVIII

But in those days I did not enter into these finer points in Venice at that time and more powerfully still in Florence, or to be fully exact, during the winter immediately following my travels in Moscow, other more specialised thoughts occurred to me.

The most outstanding thing which anyone carries away with him after an acquaintance with Titian is a sense of the tangible unity of our culture in whatever form he may see it and whatever he may call it.

For instance what a lot has been said about the paganism of the humanists, and in how many different ways—concerning cultural and spiritual development. And to be sure the coinciding of the belief in the resurrection with the rise of the Renaissance was an extraordinary phenomenon and a focal one for the whole culture of Europe. In the way wherein he noticed the anachronism often immoral in the treatment of canonical themes in all those "The Presentation," "The Ascension," "The Ministry of Christ" and "The Lord's Supper" with their licentious splendours of the best social world?

And it was in just this lack of correspondence that the thousand year old peculiarity of our culture revealed itself to me

Italy crystallised for me all that we unconsciously brought in from our cradles. Her painting itself completed for me what I had to think out in this connection, and while I went day by day from collection to collection, it flung whole at once in observation decorated ultimately from paint.

I came to understand for instance that the Bible is not so much a book with a hard and fast text as the notebook of humanity and that what is the nature of everything eternal. That it is not when it is obligatory, but when it is memorable to all the comparisons with which the ages receding from it gaze back at it. I understood that the history of culture is the chain of equations in images, binding two by two the next unknown in turn with the known and in addition the known constant for the whole series like its appearance is legend folded into the rudiments of tradition yet the unknown, new each time is the actual memory of the stream of culture.

And this what I was then interested in, what I then understood and loved.

I loved the living essence of historical symbolism, or, putting it another way that instinct with the help of which we like Salmagundi willows, tilt the world enormous net put together from the earth and sky life and death, and two times the ready to hand and the defaulting. I understood that it was prevented from crumbling by the strength of its links consisting in the transparent figurateness of all its parts.

But I was young and did know that this does not embrace the genius fit and his nature. I did not know that his being reposes in the experience of real biography and not in a symbolism refracted with images. I did not know that is distinct from the primitives, his roots lie in the rough directness of the moral instinct. His peculiarity alone is noteworthy. Although all the blazing up of the moral affect play themselves out within the culture the writer always thinks he noting rolls along the street beyond its boundary. I did not know that the iconoclast leaves alone the longest lived images on those rare occasions when he is not born cryptically minded.

When Pope Julius II expressed his displeasure on the score of the poor colouring of the Sistine Ceiling, Michelangelo referring to the ceiling on which is represented the creation of the world with the appropriate figures justified himself by remarking, "In those days men were not decked out in gold. The people represented here were not rich. There you have the thunder-like and infant language of this type."

Man univer is the bound of culture in him in himself a subdued Savonarola. He can subdued Savonarola breaks it

VII

On the evening before my departure there was a concert with illuminations on the piazza which was in event that took place frequently there. The figure which surrounded it were decked from top to bottom with the points of the little lamps. The piazza was lit up on three sides with a whitish black transparency. Under the open lay the faces

of the audience glowed with a clarity which is characteristic of the baths is in a covered, wonderfully illuminated hall. Suddenly from the ceiling of this imaginary ballroom fell a slight shower. But hardly had it begun when the rain suddenly ceased. The reflection of the illumination summited above the quiet in a coloured dimness. The bell tower of St Mark's cut like a red marble rocket into the rose mist which had risen in wreathes halfway up toward its summit. A little further off dark olive stems ended and in a tiny tile the five headed shell of the Cathedral hid within them. That side of the square looked like a deep sea kingdom. On the Cathedral porch four steeds shone gold which had galloped swiftly from an ancient race and had come to a halt here as though on the edge of a precipice.

When the concert was over there could be heard the even shuffle of the null bone which had been turning before this along the circle of the gallery but had then been drowned by the music. Thus in the ring of loungers whose foot tap ran out and then melted together like the rush of slate in a rank

In the midst of the strollers the women passed quickly and angrily with a thick train than scattering seduction. They turned their heads, they walked as if toward off and annihilate. Their figure waving invitingly they quickly passed out of sight somewhere in the porticos. When they turned the faintly dark red face in the black Venetian ketchet stared at you. Their wit kept in the tempo of allegro molto corresponded strangely with the dark trembling of the illuminations with the white scratches of its little diamond lights.

I have twice tried to express in poetry the sensation which for me is for ever linked up with Venice. In the night before I left I woke in the guest-house to the sound of an arpeggio on the guitar which broke off at the moment of waking. I hurried to the window beneath which water was splashing and began gazing intently into the distances of the nocturnal sky, as if a trace of the suddenly fading music might remain there. Judging from my gaze an onlooker would have said that in my semi-wakeful state I was looking to see if some new constellation had not risen above Venice, from a vaguely ready premonition about it, as about the Constellation of the Guitar.

PART THREE

I

IN WINTER TIME the chain of boulevard, behind their double curtains of blackened trees, dissected Moscow. In the houses faces gleamed yellow like the thin circles of lemons cut in half. The snow-laden sky hung low above the trees and everything white around was tinted blue.

Along the boulevards ran poorly blessed young people, crouching as it were butt with their heads. I was acquainted with some of them, did not know the majority, but all of them together were my equal in age that is they were the numberless faces of my childhood.

People had just begun to call them by their patronymics, to endow them with rights and to initiate them into the secret of the words to be in possession, to profit, to appropriate. They betrayed in hurry which deserves a more attentive investigation.

The world contains death and passion. The unknown is dear to us, and what is known in advance is frightening, and every passion is a blind leap aside from the onrolling inevitable. Live species would have nowhere to exist and repeat themselves, if passion had nowhere to leap from that common road along which rolls that common time which is the time of the gradual disintegration of the universe.

But there is room for life to live and passion to leap,

because there exists alongside the common time the unceasing endlessness of wayside regulations, undying in their reproduction, and because every new generation makes its appearance as one of these

Bowed as they ran, young people hurried through the snowstorm, and although each had his own reasons for hurrying, still, they were spurred on by something they all had in common more than by their personal considerations, and this was their historical integrity, that is, the return of that passion with which humanity had just entered into them, rescued from the common road, for the countless time avoiding the end

And to shield them from the duality of a flight through the unavoidable and so that they would not go mad, would not abandon what was begun and would not hang themselves over the whole globe, behind the trees along all the boulevards a power stood on guard, a power terribly tried and experienced, a power which followed them with wise eyes. Art stood behind the trees an art which discriminates so wonderfully in us that we are always at a loss to know from what non-historical worlds it has brought its skill to see history in silhouette. It stood behind the trees and bore a terrible resemblance to life and it endared this likeness, as the portrait, of wives and mothers are endared in the laboratories of the learned, those dedicated to the natural sciences, that is, to the gradual puzzling out of death.

What kind of art was this? It was the young art of Scriabin, Blok, Komissarzhevsky, Bely- the leading art, enthralling, original. And it was so astounding that not only did it not awake any thoughts of a change, but on

the contrary, one wanted to repeat it and make it all the more lasting from its very beginning, only to repeat it more swiftly, more warmly and more completely. One desired to repeat it at a gulp, which would be inconceivable without passion, then passion leapt aside, and along this track something new was made. But the new did not arise from a change of the old which is the generally accepted way of thinking, but quite the opposite, it arose from an exultant reproduction of the pattern. This was the nature of the art. And what was the nature of the generation?

Boys who were about my own age had been thirteen in 1905 and were nearly twenty two before the war. Both their critical ages coincided with the two red dates of their country's history. Their childhood, adolescence and their calling up to coming of age were immediately fastened to in epoch of transition. The whole bulk of our time is threaded through with their nerves and is politely abandoned by them for the use of the aged and of children.

When I returned from abroad it was the Centenary of the Napoleon Invasion of 1812. The railroad from Brestsk was renamed the Alexander. The stations were whitewashed, the watchmen at the bells were dressed in clean blouses. The statue of the *Kubinka* was tuffed with flags and at the doors a reinforced guard stood on duty. Near by a grand public was taking place and for this event the platform burnt with a bright heap of porous sand which had not yet been stamped down everywhere.

This did not call up in the passengers' memory of the events commemoated. The jubilee decoration exhibited the primary peculiarity of the reign—in indifference to native

history And if the festivities were reflected in anything, it was not in the course of thoughts but in the course of the train because it was detained longer than was expected at stations and was stopped more than usual in the fields by signals

I could not help remembering Serov who had died the winter before this his stories of the times when he was painting the Royal family, caricatures made by artists at the drawing evenings which the Yusupov gave, curiosities accompanying the Kuteppovski edition of the *Isis*, Hunt, and a large number of other minor incidents fitting to the occasion, linked with the school of painting which was attached to the Ministry of the Imperial Court and in which we had lived for about twenty years I could recall 1905 in the same way, the drama in the Karatkin family and my temporary half-penny revolutionism which went no further than bravado in the face of a Cossack whip and its blow in the back of a padded coat Finally, as regards the tsar the guards and the flag obviously they too presided most seriously drama and were not the naive vaudeville which my thoughtless apolitici in saw in them

The generation was apolitical, I might have said, if I did not admit that the insignificant part of it with which I came in contact was in itself not even a judgment on the intelligentsia as a whole That was the side it turned toward me, I will say but it turned with the same side towards the time stepping forward with its first declaration about its learning, its philosophy and its art

But culture does not fall into the arms of the first willing comer. Everything enumerated above had to be taken from conflict. The conception of love as a duel fits this case too. The transition of art could only be actualised for the boy in his teens in the result of the militant tendency, lived through with all its anxieties as a personal experience. The literature of the beginners was flecked with signs of these conditions. The apprentices separated in groups. The groups were divided into those of the Epigones⁷ and those of the Novators. These were parts, impossible in isolation, of an outburst which was being anticipated with such insistence, that it was already glutting everything around it with the atmosphere of a novel which was not merely being awaited but was already in the throes of composition. The Epigones represented an impulse without fire or gifts. The Novators—nothing except a castrated hatred, an immovable militancy. These were the words and movements of big talk, overheard apelike and carried away at haphazard in bits, in a disjointed literalness without any conception of the meaning which was animating this storm.

Meanwhile the fate of the conjectural poet-elect was already hanging in the air. One could not yet exactly say who he would be, but one could almost say what he would be like. And in outward appearance dozens of young

⁷ The Greek word, originally used in reference to the sons of the Seven against Thebes, is here used in its wider meaning of "the less distinguished successors of an illustrious generation."—Translator's Note.

people were alike troubled, thought alike, like held pretensions to originality. As a movement, the Novators were distinguished by a visible unanimity. But as with movements of all times, this was the unanimity of lottery tickets, whirled in a *vortex* by the mixing machine for the draw. The fate of the movement was to remain a movement for ever, that is, a curious event for the mechanical mixing of chances, from the hour when one of these tickets, issuing from the lottery wheel would fly out in the configuration of winning, of conquest, perornity and a nominal meaning. This movement was called Futurism.

The winner of the draw and its justification was Mavkovsky.

III

We had each other acquaintance in the constrained circumstances of group prejudice. A long time before that Y. Anufriev had shown me his poem in the *Sadok Sudor* — a poet shows off another poet. But the we in the I-pigone circle *Ivanov*. The I-pigone were not ashamed of their sympathies, and in their circle Mavkovsky was discovered as a phenomenon soon to fulfil great promise, a legend.

Besides this I discovered in the Novator group Centrifuge in which I soon found myself (this was in the winter of 1914) that Shchusevich, Bol'shakov and Mavkovsky were our enemies and that a dispute which was far from a joke was in progress with them. The prospect of a quarrel with a man who had once truly astonished me and who had been attracting me from a distance more

and more, surprised me not a whit. The whole originality of Novatorism consisted in this. The birth of "Centrifugue" was attended by endless rows the whole winter. The whole winter I knew nothing except that I was playing at party discipline did nothing but sacrifice to it taste and conscience. I prepared myself again to give up whatever they wanted and whenever it was needed. But this time I overestimated my powers.

It was a hot day towards the end of May, and we were already seated in a teashop on the Arbat, when the three named above entered from the street noisy and youthfully, gave their hats to the waiter and without dropping their voices which had just been drowned by the noise of trains and carriages made in our direction with an unconstrained dignity. They had beautiful voices. The subsequent tendency towards declamation in poetry sprang from them. They were dressed elegantly, we untidily. Our antagonist position was from every point of view superior to our own.

While Bobrov sparred with Shchepetovich and the crux of the matter was that they had once picked a quarrel with us and we had repaid even more rudely and it was necessary to bring all this to an end I watched Mayakovsky uninterrupted; I think that was the first time I had observed him from near.

His "e" for "a," a piece of sheet iron rocking his diction, was an actor's trait. His calculated hardness was easily interpretable as distinguishing mark of other professions and conditions. He was not alone in his impressiveness. His friends sit beside him. Of them, one like him, was playing the dumb, the other like him was inauthentic

poet But all these similarities did not diminish Mayakovsky's exceptional quality but stressed it As distinct from playing each game separately he played them all at once, in contempt of acting a part he played at life The latter —without any thought one might have of his future and —one caught at a glance And it was this which chained one to him and terrified one

Although one can see at their full height anyone who is walking or standing up, the same circumstance on the appearance of Mayakovsky seemed miraculous, forcing everyone to turn in his direction In his case the natural appeared supernatural The reason for this was not his height, but another more general and less obvious peculiarity To a greater extent than other people he was all in his appearance He had as much of the expressive and final about him as the majority have little, issuing rarely as they do, and only in cases of exceptional upheavals, from the mists of unfathomable intentions and bankrupt conjectures It was as if he existed on the day following a terrible spiritual life lived through for us in all subsequent events and everyone came upon him in the sheaf of its unbending violence He sat in a chair as on the saddle of a motor cycle, bent forward, ate and quickly swallowed his Wiener Schnitzel, played cards turned his eyes all way, without turning his head, strolled majestically along the Kuznetsky intoned hollowly in his nose like fragments of a liturgy particularly significant extracts from his own and other people's stuff frowned, grew, rode and made public appearances and in the depths behind all this, as behind the straightness of a skater at full speed, there glimmered always his one day preceding all other

days, when this amazing initial take off was made, straightening him so boldly and independently. Behind his manner of bearing him self something like decision took one by impulse decision when it is already put into action and its consequences can no longer be avoided. His genius was such a decision, and a meeting with it had once so animated him that it became his theme's prescription for all times, for the inclination of which he gave the whole of himself without pity or vacillation.

But he was still young, the forms determined for this theme still lay ahead. But the theme was insatiable and intolerant of procrastination. And so at the beginning it was necessary for its benefit to avoid the rupture of the future in advance and rupture in advance realized in the first person, is posing.

From these pose material in the world of highest self expression like the rule of decency in everyday existence, he chose the pose of external integrity the hardest of all for an artist and as regards his friends and relations—the most noble. He kept this pose up so completely that it is hardly possible to give the characteristic of its inmost secret.

And besides this the masterpiece of his lack of shyness was a wild shyness and beneath an pretended freedom hid a phenomenally apprehensive lack of freedom inclined toward, purposeless moroseness. The mechanism of his yellow coat was just so delusive. With its $\frac{1}{2}$ he was not fighting against the middle class pickets at all but against the black velvet of the silent in himself whose luscious dark browed forms began to trouble him earlier than happens with less gifted people. Because no one knew so well

as he the whole triviality of the natural fire which cannot be stirred up gradually with cold water, and the fact that the passion which suffices for the continuation of the race, is insufficient for artistic creation because that stands in need of a passion required for the continuation of the image of the race, that is, of a passion which inwardly resembles passions and whose novelty inwardly resembles a new promise.

Suddenly the parley ended. The antagonists whom we should have annihilated went away unvanquished. Rather the terms of the truce which was concluded were humiliating for us.

Meanwhile it had grown dark outside. It began to drizzle. In the absence of our foes the restaurant became depressingly empty. The flies became visible, the uneaten cakes, the glasses blinded with hot milk. But the thunder storm did not take place. The sun beat sweetly on the pavement, twisted like fine marine sweet-peas. It was May 1914. Historic chimes were so near! But who thought of them? The lousy town was aflame with enamel and gold foil as in the story of the Golden Cockade. The lacquered green of the poplars shone. Colours were for the last time that notorious grey, from which they were soon painted forever. I was crazy about Mayakovskiy and was already missing him. Need I add that I did not give up the people I had meant?

IV

We met by chance on the following day under the awning of the Creek cafe. The slice of large yellow boule

yard stretched between Pushkin and Nikitin streets. Thin long tongued dogs stretched yawned and wrunged their heads more comfortably on their front paws. Ninnies, kindred souls were talking scandal and lamenting about something or other. Butterflies suddenly folded their wings, melting in the heat and suddenly opened them, attracted sideways by the unequal waves of haze. A little girl in white probably dropping kept at the encircling herself from head to foot with the whistling rings of a kippin rope.

I saw Mavilovsk in the distance and pointed him out to Loks. He was plowing it head or talk with Khodasevich. At that moment Khodasevich got up paid his losses and came out from the inn in the direction of Strastnoe. Mavilovsk was left alone at his table. We came in greeted him in the tiller. A little later he offered to read me a two things.

The plus luminous green. The limes glinted grey. The forty dogs driven out of ill patience by the fleas leapt on all four paws at once and calling heaven to witness their mutual helplessness roared until force flung themselves on the inn in a state of exasperated sleepiness. In one of the Basik road now changed to the Alexander uttered a nose whistle. And all around people cut him sliced baked and fried. Ed their wares, moved about in all in nothing.

It was the tragic *Vladimir Mavilovsk* which had just come out then I listened raptly with all my heart, holding my breath forgetting all about myself. I had never heard anything like this before.

It contained everything. The boulevard, the dogs, the

limes and the butterflies The hairdressers, bakers, tailors
and engineers Why cite them? We all remember the heat-
oppressed my torious summer text, now accessible to any-
one in the tenth edition

In the distance locomotives roared like the white
turkey In the house civ of his creation by the same
absolute far distance is on earth Here there was that
profound intuition without which there is no originality,
that infinity, whi h opens out from my one point of life
in any direction, without which poetry is only a misunder-
standing something temporarily unexplained

And how simple all this was! The creation was called a
tragedy And that is what it ought to be called The
tragedy was called *Vladimir Mayakovsky* The title con-
tained the simple cover of genius that poet is not an
author but the subject of a lyric from the world in the
first person The title was not the name of the composer
but the summing of the composition

v

On that occasion I really met him entire with me
from the balcony id into my own life But he was gigantic
it was impossible to return him whole again And I lost
him At that time I remembered me of himself *The Cloud*
In Iron or *The Backbone* But War and Peace,
Mm The pieces which saw the light in the intervals
were so tremendous that extraordinary reminders were
needed And such they were Each of the tiges named
found me unprepared At each tide developing beyond

recognition, he was born entirely anew, as for the first time. It was impossible to get used to him. What was it then that was so unusual about him?

He was endowed with comparatively constant qualities. And my enthusiasm was relatively as enduring. It was always ready for him. It would seem that in such conditions my getting accustomed to him should not have been by leaps. But this is how the matter stood.

While he existed creatively I spent four years getting used to him and did not succeed. Then I got used to him in two and a quarter hours which was the time it took to read and examine his uncritical 150,000,000. Then I languished for more than ten years with this acclimatisation. Then suddenly lost it in ten days at once, when at the top of his voice he reminded me of him as he used to do, but now already from the grave.

It was not impossible to get used to him but to the world he controlled me either at my motion or stopped at his caprice. I shall never understand what benefit he derived from the demagnetism of the magnet when, retaining its whole appearance, the horse hee which before had roused up every idea and attracted every weight with its twin poles, could no longer move a single grain. There will hardly be found another example in history when a man who was so far advanced in a new proficiency should renounce it so fully in the hour for told by himself when that proficiency even at the price of inconvenience would have fulfilled such a vital need.

It was impossible to get accustomed to the tragedy of Vladimir Maykovsky, to the perpetuation of the surname

to the poet who was perpetuating himself eternally in poetry, to the possibility realised by the strongest, and not to the so called interesting man

Burdened with this inability to accustom myself to him, I returned home from the boulevard. I was renting a room which overlooked the Kremlin. Nicholi Asseyev was liable to put in an appearance at any time from over the river. He would come from the Sisters S..., a deeply and variously gifted family. I would recognise in the man coming in imagination bright in its lack of method the ability to fawn inconsistency in music sensitivity and the subtlety of an authentic artistic nature. I was fond of him. He was carried away by Khlebnikov. I cannot understand what he found in me. We were looking for different things in art as in life.

VI

The poplars glimmered green and the reflections of gold and white stone ran like lizards over the river bank when I passed through the Kremlin to Pokrov. I arrived at the station and went thence with the Bellushantes to the Oka in Iuli. Vasiliev Ivanov lived next door there. And the other bellidymakers were also from artistic circles.⁸

The lime was still in bloom, burning fat out into the road, it was just ringing without music or bacad and salt a lively welcome on the wide drive into the estate. For a long way down beyond it the four count bar, worn by cattle and overgrown with uneven grass, descended towards the houses.

⁸ Among them E. V. Muratova. Author's Note

The summer promised to be hot and rich I was translating Kleist's *Broken Jug* for the Cine Theatre then newly started There were a great many snake in the park We discussed them every day We discussed them over the fish broth and during bathing When I was invited to say something about myself, I would start talking about Miyakovsky There was no mistake about it I was deifying him I personified in him my spiritual horizons Vyacheslav Ivanov was the first I remember to compare him to Hugo's que hyperbolism

VII

When war was declared the weather broke the rains came and the first tail of the v men trembled down The war was still new and terrifying in this newness No one knew how to treat it and it was like entering icy water

The passenger trains in which the local people of the district left for the mobilisation made their departures in accordance with the old time table The train would start and in its wake beating its head on the rail would roll a wave of cuckoo crying unlike weeping unusually soft and bitter like a howl An elderly woman wrapped up unsuitably for summer would be wept off her feet and embraced The relations of the recruit would draw her away with monosyllabic per usions beneath the station porch

This lamentation which continued only for the first few months was wider than the grief of the young wives and the mothers which was poured out into it It was ushered on to the line in perfect order The station masters touched their caps as it passed them by the telegraph poles

made way for it. It transformed the district, was everywhere visible in the pewter cast of misfortune, because it was an unaccustomed thing of burning brightness which had lain untouched since wars gone by. They had taken it from a secret place during the previous night and brought it behind the horses to the station in the morning, and after they had led it out by the hand from the station porch they would carry it back along the bitter mud of the village road. That was how they saw the men off who were going as single volunteers or driving to town in green carriages with their fellow countrymen.

But soldiers in ready marching order, passing straight into the horror itself were seen off without commotion. With everything stripped off they jumped unperceived like from the high railway trucks on to the sand, jingling their spurs and trailing behind them through the air their overcoats which were thrown on anyhow. Others stood in the wagons at the crossbeams patting the horses, which stamped the dirty woodwork of the rotting floor with the proud beats of their hooves. The platform did not give away free apples, did not search its pocket for an answer, but flushing crimson laughed into the corners of tightly pinned kerchiefs.

September was drawing to a close like a tree muddied with water a dusty gold nut tree burnt in the river vale, bent and broken by the winds and the climbers after nuts, in absurd image of desolation doubled up at every joint in stubborn opposition to misfortune.

One day in August in the early afternoon the knives and plates on the terrace were tinged with green, twilight fell on the flower garden, the birds were hushed. The sky

began to tear off the pale network of night with which it was deceptively overcast, as with an "invisible cap." The park, deathly still, gazed up in cross-eyed malevolence at the humiliating puzzle which was making something supernumerary of the earth in whose loud praise it had so proudly drunk with all its roots. A hedgehog rolled on to the path. A dead adder lay on it in an Egyptian hieroglyphic which resembled a piece of string folded in a knot. The hedgehog moved it and suddenly dropped it and lay very still. And he broke and scattered his armful of needles again and stuck out and hid his snout. During the time the eclipse lasted, the ball of prickly suspicion contracted, now in a little knot, now in a limp until the foreboding of a rising inundation drove it back to its hole.

VIII

In the winter of 1911 M. M. — one of the S — sisters took a flat in the Iversky Boulevard. People often dropped in to see her. I Dobrovskiy (a friend of mine), who was a fine musician used to go Movkowsky's. By that time I had grown accustomed to regard him as the foremost poet of our generation. Time has shown that I was not wrong.

Certainly, Khlebnikov was there too, with his delicate authenticity. But to this day part of his merit is still inaccessible to me, because poetry is I understand it flows through history and in collaboration with real life.

And Severyannii also came. A lyric poet whose outpourings fell directly into verses with ready-made forms, resembling Lermontov's, and who, for all his slipshod

triteness, took one by surprise with just this rare structure of his open frank talent

But the greatest poetic destiny was Mayakovsky's, and this was confirmed later. Whenever afterwards our generation expressed itself dramatically, lending its voice to a poet, be it to Fesun, Selvinsky or Tsvetaeva, in precisely those ties which bound them to each other and to their generation, that is, in their appeal from their times to the universe, the echo of Mayakovsky's consanguineous note was heard. I say nothing regarding masters such as Tikhonov and Asheyev because I am limiting myself now in what follows, to this dramatic tendency, one with which I am more familiar, whilst they have chosen a different one for themselves.

Mayakovsky rarely came alone. His suite was usually composed of Futurists men belonging to the movement. In M - domestic arrangements I saw a primus then for the first time in my life. As yet the invention did not produce a still and who would have thought that it was destined to sully life and multiply so widely?

The gleaming framework roared and sent up the flame at high pressure. One by one chops were twisted over it. The arms of the mistress of the house and her assistants were covered with a chocolate coloured Cimicid sunburn to the elbows. The tiny cold kitchen became a settlement in the fire country, when on leaving the dining room we joined the ladies and like Patagonians innocent of technical knowledge bent over the copper dish which seemed the incarnation of something luminous and Archimedean. And we would run out for beet and vodka.

In the drawing room a tall Christmas tree stretched its

paws towards the piano and conspired mysteriously with the trees in the boulevard. It was as yet solemnly gloomy. Shining tinsel chains, some of which were in little cardboard boxes lended the sofa like sweetmeats. There were special invitations for decorating the Christmas tree, for the morning wherever possible that is, about three in the afternoon.

Mavkovsky read, made everyone laugh, dined hastily in his impatience to sit down to cards. He was scathingly polite and concealed his constant exultation with great artistry. Something was going on inside him. He was passing through a tempest. He posed openly but with such a hidden anxiety and terror that drops of cold sweat broke out on his face.

IV

But it was not always that he came with a retinue of Novators. Often a poet would accompany him who could pass the test which at what Mavakov's presence usually came to be with honour. Of the many people whom I saw at his side Belyakov was the only one I could associate with him without a sense of strain. One could even listen to them in succession without injuring one's hearing. It was easy to understand the friendship which like his subsequent somewhat more powerful attachment to L. Y. Briuk which lasted till he died was entirely natural. One did not suffer nor Mavakov by when he was in Belyakov's company. He was not divided against himself and did not demean himself.

Usually his sympathy aroused perplexity. A poet with

an exhilaratingly great self knowledge, who had gone further than any one else in stripping bare the lyrical element and in linking it to a giant theme with a medieval courage, until his poetry spoke with a voice which was almost that of sectarian identitics, he seized on another more localised tradition with the same breath and strength.

He saw at his feet a city which gradually rose towards him from the depths of the Bronze Horseman, Crime and Punishment, Petersburg a city covered with a haze which with unnecessary prolixity was called the problem of the Russian intellectuals but which was in reality nothing more than a city covered with the haze of eternal conjectures about the future, the precarious Russian city of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

He embraced views such as these, and along with such immense contemplations he remained faithful, almost as though it were a duty, to the pygmy projects of his fortuitous cohort histrily gathered together and always indecently mediocre. A man for whom truth held in almost animal attraction he surrounded himself with shallow dilettantes, men with fictitious reputations and false unwarranted pretensions. Or, what is more important to the end he kept finding something in the veterans of a movement which he had hewn if aboli hed long ago and forever.

Probably these were the consequences of a fatal isolation, a tabhi hed and then voluntarily aggravated with that pedantry with which the will sometimes follows a road known to be inevitable.

But all this became intelligible only later. The symptoms of future singularities were then still very slight. Mayakovsky recited Akhmatova, Severyanin, his own and BOLSHEIKOV's poems on the war and the city and when we left our friends at night, the city lay deep in the rear of the firing line.

We were already failing to answer the problem which is always a difficult one in immense Russia: the problem of transport and supplies. And yet out of new words, equipment, medicines, licences, refrigerators, the first grubbs of speculation were being hatched. And while speculation thought in terms of train port, essential tritoloids of flesh, popularity were being conveyed hastily, day and night, to the sound of song, in exchange for the realities which returned in the hospital trains. And the rest of the young girls and women became naires.

The place for honest attitudes was the front and the rear would have fallen into a false position anyway even if it were not in addition reluctantly supporting a lie. Although no one was yet trying to catch it, the city had behind phrases like: a thief who has been apprehended like all hypocrites. Moscow had an outwardly heightened existence and was embalmed with the aromatic brilliance of a florist's window in winter.

At night the voice of Moscow seemed to resemble Mayakovsky's exactly. The events which took place there and the accumulating thunder of its voice were like as two drops of water. But this was not that resemblance about which Naturalism dreams, but the connection which binds

the anode to the cathode, the artist to life, the poet to his time

The house of the head of the Moscow police stood opposite M... During the autumn for several days, one of the formalities which are necessary in the signing-on of volunteers brought us together there myself, Mayakovsky and, I think, Borshikov. We concurred the procedure from one another. I did not bring it to a conclusion in spite of persistent encouragement. But unless I am mistaken neither did my comrades.

She took some time to consider my offer to put the idea from me. With a sober positiveness he described the front to me, warning me that I would find there the precise contrary of what I expected. Shortly afterwards he fell in the first engagement which took place after his return from this leave.

Borshikov entered the cavalry school at Tver. Mayakovsky was called up later in his turn and after having been discharged in the summer just before the outbreak of war was rejected by all subsequent medical examinations.

A year later I left for the front. Before leaving I spent several days in Petersburg where he was less obviously conscious of the war than in Moscow. Mayakovsky who had been picked up by then had been living there for some time.

As always the immensity of the capital was concealed by its fantastic spaces which can so easily contain all the necessary movements of life within their great sweeps. The streets themselves, colour of winter in twilight, did not need the addition of many lamps or much snow to

their silvery violence to make them speed into the distance
and sparkle

Mayakovsky and I walked down the Liteynoy he
trampled miles of roadway under his great strides, and as
always I was astounded by the gift he had for seeing the
perfect frame for any landscape. In this he set off Peters-
burg even better than Moscow.

This was the time of *The Backbone Flute* and the
first drifts of *War and Peace*. *The Cloud in Trousers*
had just come out in an orange cover. He was telling me
about the new friends to whom he was taking me, about
his acquaintance with Gor'ki, about how the social theme
was taking an increasing part in his projects and allowing
him to work in a new way, spending fixed times over
allotted tasks. And it was then that I went to see the
Braks for the first time.

My thoughts about him fell into place more naturally
in the winter and half Asiatic landscape of *The Captain's
Daughter*, in the Urals, and on the banks of Pugachev's
Kama, than in the capital.

I returned to Moscow soon after the February revolution. Mayakovsky came down from Petrograd and stayed in the Stoleshnikov mews. In the morning I went to see him in his room. He was just getting up and as he
dressed he read me the new parts of his *War and Peace*.
I made no attempt to enlarge on my impressions. He read
them in my eyes. And besides he knew the extent of his
influence on me. I started talking about Futurism and said
it would be wonderful if he would send it all to the devil
now. Laughing, he almost agreed with me.

I have already shown the effect Mayakovsky produced on me. But there is no love without scars and sacrifices. I have described Mayakovsky as he was when he entered my life. There remains to be told what happened to my life because of this. I shall now repair this omission.

I came home from the boulevard that day, utterly shaken, not knowing what to do. I admitted my own complete lack of talent. And this was only half the trouble. For I felt that in some way I was guilty before him and I could not decide how. If I had been younger I would have abandoned literature. But my age was an obstacle. After all my metamorphoses I could not decide to alter course for the fourth time.

Something else happened. The times, and everything which influenced us both bound me to Mayakovsky. We possessed certain things in common. I took note of them. I understood that unless one did something with oneself, these would become mere innocuous litter that he must be preserved from their triteness. Unable to define this I decided to renounce whatever it was which led me up to it. I abandoned the Romantic manner. And that is how the non-Romantic style of *Over the Barricades* came about.

But a whole conception of life lay concealed under the Romantic manner which I was to deny myself from henceforth. This was the conception of life as the life of the poet. It had come down to us from the Symbolists and had been adopted by them from the Romantics, principally the Germans.

This conception had influenced Blok but only during a short period. It was incapable of satisfying him in the form in which it came naturally to him. He could either heighten it or abandon it altogether. He abandoned the conception. Mayakovsky and Esenin heightened it.

In the poet who imagines himself the measure of life and pays for this with his life, the Romantic conception manifests itself brilliantly and irrefutably in his symbolism, that is in everything which touches upon Orphism and Christianity imaginatively. In this sense something inscrutable was incarnate both in the life of Mayakovsky and in the fate of Esenin, which defies all epithets, demanding self-destruction and passing into myth.

But outside the legend, the Romantic scheme is false. The poet who is its foundation, is inconceivable without the non-poets who must bring him into relief, because this poet is not a living personality absorbed in the study of moral knowledge, but a visual-biographical "emblem," demanding a background to make his contours visible. In contradistinction to the Passion Plays which needed a Heaven if they were to be heard, this drama needs the evil of mediocrity in order to be seen, just as Romanticism always needs philistinism and with the disappearance of the petty bourgeois loses half its poetical content.

A scenic conception of biography was inherent in my time. I shared this conception with everyone else. I abandoned it before it had yet hardened into a duty with the Symbolists, before it bore any implication of heroism and before it smelt of blood. And in the first place, I freed myself from it unconsciously, abandoning the Romantic method for which it served as basis. In the second place,

I shunned it consciously also, considering its brilliance unsuited to my craft and feared any kind of poaching which would place me in a false and incongruous position.

When *My Sister, Life* appeared, and was found to contain expressions not in the least contemporary as regards poetry, which were revealed to me during the summer of the revolution, I became entirely indifferent as to the identity of the power which had brought the book into being because it was unmeasurably greater than myself and than the poetical conceptions surrounding me.

xii

From the Sivtsev Vrakh the winter twill lit the roofs and trees of the Arbat gazed into a dimness to which was not turned out for whole month at a time. The owner of the flat, a bearded mountebank of extraordinary absent mindedness and good nature produced the impression of being a bachelor although he possessed a family in the Orenburg province. When he had a leisure moment he would gather off the table whole handfuls of newspapers reflecting every shade of opinion for the whole month, along with the petrified remains of his breakfasts, hunks of bacon fat and crusts of bread which had been put by regularly and had piled up amid the relics of his morning reading.

Before I had time to be seized with any pangs of conscience on the thirtieth of the month the flames in the stove became translucent, rosy and dolorous as in the Christmas tiles of Dickens about roast geese and counting-

house clerks At nightfall the sentries opened fire enthusiastically from their revolvers

Sometimes the sound of their gunfire gave place to a savage cry And in those days very often it was impossible to make out whether the sound came from the street or from the house This during lucid intervals in an atmosphere of complete insanity would be the call of the unique inhabitant of the study, a plug n telephone

From there the telephone bell invited me to a reunion in Tchubalovskoy of all the patriotic folk which could then be mustered in Moscow I used to have arguments with Myshkovsky on that telephone, but a long time before this before the revolt of Kornilov

Mavlyakov informed me that he had added my name to a public notice which included the names of Bol'shikov and Lipskiy but it was they not truthful of the truthful who behaved like bull in a china shop I was almost glad to have thus opportunity of talking with my favourite for the first time a without anger and becoming more and more exasperated I printed his name one by one with my own justification I was not so much surprised if his lack of ceremony is at the promptness of imagination this I could believe the innocent as I pointed out did not consist in his having made use of my name without permission but in his very conviction that my two year absence had not changed my destiny or my occupations He should at least have evinced a little interest as to whether I were still alive and had not dropped literature for something better He replied reasonably enough to all this that we had decided that spring after

my return from the Urals But for some extraordinary reason this argument failed to impress me And I demanded with quite uncalled for persistence that he should correct the announcement in the newspapers — a demand which it was impossible to fulfil as the evening was so close, and one which in view of my lack of time at the time, amounted to affected nonsense

Although I had told no one about *M. Sister Life* and had concealed what I was going through I could not bear everyone round me to feel that I was going on just as before And besides precisely that conversation in the spring, to which Mavkovsky had alluded so unsuccessfully & is perhaps lying dumbly at the back of my mind and I was aggravated by the inconsistency of this invitation after everything we had said then

xiii

He reminded me of this telephone encounter some months later at the house of the amateur versifier A — Balmont Khodasevich Biltiushev Hrenburg Veta Inber Antokolsky Kamensky Burlul Mavkovsky Andrei Bely and Isayev were all there Obviously I was not to know what an incomparable poet she was to become later But although I did not even know the fine "Vershi" she was writing at the time I set her apart instinctively because of her sunphoric which immediately caught one's attention One divined in her that reading which is dear to me the readiness to part with my habits and privileges when something great kindles one's passion and arouses admiration On that occasion we exchanged a few candid,

friendly words At that evening gathering she was for me a palladium against the representatives of the two movements, Futurist and Symbolist, who thronged the room

The reading began They read by seniority without any perceptible success When it came to Mavakovskys turn, he got up and clasping the edge of an empty shelf which overhung the back of the divan, he began to read Man like a bas relief, with time his background, as I always imagined him, he towered above those who were seated and those who were standing, and now supporting his fine head with his hand, now resting his knee on the bolster of the divan, he read this poem with its unusual depth and its exalted inspiration

Andrei Biely was sitting opposite him with Margarita Sabashnikov He had lived in Switzerland during the war. The revolution brought him back to his own country And probably, he was seeing and hearing Mavkovskys for the first time He listened in one entranced and although he made no show of enthusiasm his face spoke the more eloquently for that He gazed at the man reading in amazement and gratitude I could not see all the people listening, Tsvetaeva and Ilyenburgh among them I observed those I could see The majority never abandoned the jealous self respect which framed them They all felt that they were names, that they were all poets Only Biely listened, entirely lost within himself, carried away by a joy which regrets nothing, because on the heights where it feels itself at home, only sacrifice, exist and the eternal eagerness for these.

Chance brought together before my eyes the two geniuses who justified the two literary tendencies which

exhausted themselves one after another. Close to Biely whose proximity I experienced with profound joy, I felt the presence of Mavikovsky with a redoubled strength. He was revealed to me with all the freshness of a first encounter. That evening I experienced this for the first time.

Many years went by after this. One year later he was the first to whom I read *My Sister*. I rec'd and I heard ten times more from him than I ever expected to hear from anyone. Another year passed. He paid 150 000 000' to his own intuition. And for the first time I had nothing to say to him. Many years went by. We met in Russia and abroad, we tried to continue our intimacy, we tried to work together and I found myself understanding him less and less. Other will tell of this period for during these years I came up against the limit of my understanding, and those out come were not to be enlarged. Reminiscence of this period would be colourless and would add nothing further to what I have said. Therefore I shall go straight on to what their lesson for me to tell.

XIV

I shall call it that eternally recurring truce which may be called the poet's life year.

Suddenly the project which have not been realised come to an end. Often nothing is added to their lack of realization except the new and only now plausibly certainty that they have been realised. And this certainty is limited down to posterity.

Men change their habits, busy themselves with new plans never ceasing to boast of their spiritual uplift. And

suddenly —the end, sometimes violent, often natural, but even then, because there is no desire to defend oneself, very like suicide. And people pull up short and compare notes. They had been busy with new plans, they had been editing *Sovremennik*. They had intended to publish a peasant journal. They had opened an exhibition of twenty years' work had been trying to get hold of a passport to travel abroad.

But to others it appeared they had seemed depressed, querulous, tenuous. Men who had spent whole decades of their lives in voluntary solitude were suddenly as afraid of it as children of a dark room, and seeing the hands of chance visitors clutched at their presence just to avoid being left alone. Those who witnessed these states of mind refused to credit them to Men who had received more insurance from life than it grants to most people, talked as if they had never even begun to live and possessed no past experience or sapce.¹

But who will understand and believe that it was suddenly given to the Pushkin of the year 1830 to recognise himself in the Pushkin of my year, in the Pushkin of the year 1970? That there comes a time when echoes long flowing from other times in its power to the beat of that primary heart which I still divine which I love and think and wills to live, suddenly united with a heart that has expanded and is resurrected. That these irregular heartbeats race on and on until finally they are so multiplied that suddenly they become even and coinciding with the beat of the primary heart they begin to live on life with

¹Pushkin had begun to edit the review *Sovremennik* (*The Contemporary*) in the year before his death — Translator's Note.

it in perfect harmony That this is no metaphor That this happens in life That this is a stage in life, vehement, real, reinforced by ties of blood, though as yet without a name. That it is a kind of inhuman youth which breaks asunder the continuity of the life which has gone before with such abruptness and such joy, that, since it has no name and since comparison is inevitable, its abruptness above all suggests death That it resembles death That it resembles death, but is not death, not death at all and if only, if only people did not insist on an exact resemblance

And as this heart becomes transfigured, so memories and creations, creations and hopes, the world which has been created and the world which is still about to be created, change places "What kind of private life did he lead?" they ask sometimes You will now be enlightened The vast sphere of maximum contradictions continues to concentrate, becomes harmonious and suddenly, with a simultaneous shudder along all the parts of its structure begins its physical existence It opens its eyes, it sighs deeply, and throws off the last vestiges of a pose which was given him as a temporary aid

And if one recalls that all this sleeps by night and watches by day, walks on two legs and is called man, it is natural to expect his behaviour to be related to this in appearance

A large, a real, and realistically existing city It is winter there The dark falls early there, and the working day takes place by the evening light

Once, long, long ago it was terrifying It had to be conquered, its indifference had to be broken Much water has flowed since then Recognition has been torn from it, its

submission has become a habit. A great effort of memory is required to imagine how it could once inspire such nervousness. Its lights twinkle, and coughing into a handkerchief, they calculate on their adding machines. Snow covers it.

Its alarming immensity would pass by unnoticed, if it was not for the new and savage impressiveness. What is the shyness of adolescence in comparison with the vulnerability of the new birth? And once more, as in childhood, a crything is observed. I mps typists, doors and galoshes, clouds, moon, snow. Terrible world!

It sticks out in the backs of fur coats and sledges, like a silver comb it rolls on its way over the ground along the rails, far into the distance, where it gently tumbles flat in the mist and is picked up by a snowman's wife in a sheep skin jacket. It quickly grows still soothes with contingencies. It is easy to stumble on a light want of attention in it! These are unpleasantnesses deliberately imagined. They are fanned up consciously out of nothing. But even when they have been blown up they remain completely insignificant beside the wrong, which were so triumphantly trampled upon a short while ago. And that's the whole point this bitter debt comparison because it happened in that previous existence which it was such a joy to tear asunder. Oh if only this were more equitable and more plausible!

But it is incredible and incomparably and yet this joy hauls one from extreme to extreme a nothing else in life can ever haul one anywhere.

And how discouraged people get at this! How Andersen with his hapless duckling repeats himself! What mounds we make out of molochs!

But perhaps the inner voice lies? Perhaps the terrible world is right?

'No smoking State your business briefly! Are these not truths?

He? Hung him off? Don't you worry

In love? He? — He ha-ha! He loves himself alone.

A long, a real and a realistically existing day. Winter and frost. In twenty degrees of frost, a fallen trees that have been driven into the ground, the weeping willow plucked atmospheric hums, although the cold. Everything there grow misty rolls ivy and a hidden. But can there be such sadness when there is such joy? Is this not the second birth then? Is this death?

xxv

In the registry office for the births deaths and marriages of citizens there are no instruments for measuring truth. Incorrigibly is not measured by XIX. Nothing besides firmness in the transaction hand is he make the entry is necessary to make the registration valid. And after that no doubts occur and the matter is not discussed further.

He will write his last letter in his own hand b quenching his treasure to the world is or not in obvious, he will measure his own's a city and illuminate it with an unalterable end and now they will begin to discuss it to doubt, to make comparison.

They compare her with his previous love but she resembles him alone and all that precede him. They make conjectures about his sentiment and do not know that one

can love, not only for a day, even if it is forever, but also even if it is not forever, for the perfect accumulation of past days.

But two expressions have long reached a common triviality: a genius and a beautiful woman. And how much they have in common.

Her movements have been constrained since childhood. She is beautiful and she found this out early in life. And the so-called world of nature is the one place where she can be herself to the full, because when with others it is impossible to take a step without hurting others or herself being hurt.

A young girl, she leaves the house. What does she think of doing? She has already been receiving letters at the poste-restante. She has let two or three friends into her secret. Let us admit all this: she is going to a *rendez-vous*.

She leaves the house. She would like the night to notice her, the heart of the air to be wrung at the sight of her, the stars to find something to say of her. She would like to be as remarkable as trees and fences and everything on earth are remarkable when they exist in the open air and not in the mind alone. But she would laugh in reply if anyone ascribed such desires to her. She is not thinking of anything like this. For thinking thought: like these she has a distant brother in the world, who is fully accustomed to know her better than she knows herself and to be ultimately responsible for her. She loves the lusterhood of nature sanely and does not admit that the balance of accounts between her feelings and the feelings of the universe never leaves her for a moment.

Spring, a spring evening, old women on the benches,

low garden walls, weeping willows. Wine-green, weakly distilled impotent pale sky, dust and the fatherland, dry, brittle voices. Sounds dry as sticks and in among their splinters a smooth, hot silence.

To meet her comes a man along the road, the very man whom it is natural for her to meet. In their joy, she keeps repeating that she has come for him alone. Partly she is right. Who is not in some measure the dust, the fatherland and the quiet spring evening? She forgets why she has come out but her feet remember. He and she walk on. They walk on together and the farther they go the more people come towards them. And as she loves the man she has met with all her soul, she is distressed at her feet not a little. But they bear her onwards and the two lovers can hardly keep up with one another, when suddenly the road widens somewhat and the place seems more solitary so that they hope to rest a little and to look about them; but often at this same time her distant brother makes his way into this place and they meet, and, so that no matter what, no matter what complete "I—am—you" should happen, he binds them with every tie conceivable in this world, and proudly, youthfully and wearily stamps profile against profile on a medal.

xvi

The beginning of April surprised Moscow in the white stupor of returning winter. On the seventh it began to thaw for the second time, and on the fourteenth when Mayakovsky shot himself, not everyone had yet become accustomed to the novelty of spring.

As soon as I heard of the disaster I summoned O.S. there. Something urged me that the shock would give her own grief an outlet.

Between eleven and twelve the waves were still flowing in circles round the shot. The news made the telephones tremble, covered faces with pallor, and urged one towards the Lubyanskoy passage, across the courtyard into the house, where the staircase was already choked with people from the town and with the tenants of the house, who wept and pressed close to one another, hurled and splashed against the walls by the destructive force of the event. Y. Chernak and Romashin who were first to inform me of the tragedy, came up to me. Zhenia was with them.¹⁰ As soon as I caught sight of her my cheeks twitched convulsively. Weeping, she told me to run upstairs, but at that moment the body, completely covered with something, was brought down on a stretcher. Everyone hurried downstairs and blocked the doorway, so that by the time we had pushed our way out, the ambulance was already moving through the gates. We followed it into the Hendrikov mews.

Outside these gates life flowed on as usual—indifferent life, as it is wrongly called. The participation of the asphalt courtyard, eternal participant in such dramas, was left in our wake.

The sprung art wandered weak legged over the rubbery mud and seemed to be learning to walk. Cocks and children loudly proclaimed their presence abroad. In the early spring their voices are strangely far-reaching, in spite of the busy roar of the town.

The tram clambered slowly up the Suvava slope. There

¹⁰ The wife of Pasternak.—Translator's Note

is a place there where first the pavement on the right and then the pavement on the left approach so close to the windows of the tram, that when you hold on to the strap you make an involuntary bending movement over Moscow, as over an old woman who has slipped, for she suddenly falls on all fours and divests herself dully of her watch-makers and shoe-makers, lifts and rearranges roofs of some sort and belfries, then all of a sudden stands up, shaking the hem of her skirt, and drives the tram down a level and uninteresting street.

This time the movements of the town were so clearly an extract from the dead man's life, that is, they reminded one so powerfully of something significant in his being, that I shivered all over, and the famous telephone call from *The Cloud* thundered through me of its own accord, as if it was being uttered loudly by someone at my side. I was standing on the platform next to S—— and bent towards her to remind her of the eight lines but . . . "I feel that my 'I' is too small for me" . . . made my lips cling together like fingers in mittens, and I was so moved that I could not say a word.

Two empty motor cars were standing at the end of the Hendrikov mews. They were surrounded by an inquisitive crowd.

In the hall and in the dining-room men with and without hats were either sitting or standing. He was lying farther off, in his own study. The door from the hall into Lilya's room was open, and on the threshold, with his hand pressed against the lintel, Aseyev was crying. In the depths of the room by the window, his head sunk between his shoulders, Kusarov was shaking with silent sobs.

The sudden mist of mourning was interspersed even here with anxious conversation carried on in a low voice, as at the end of a requiem, when after a service as sticky as jam, the first whispered words are so dry that they seem to come from under the floorboards and to smell of mice. In one of these intervals the porter carefully entered the room, a chisel inserted into his top boot, and he removed the winter frame and opened the windows slowly and noiselessly. It was still cold outside without a coat, and sparrows and children were encouraging one another with their aimless chirping.

Leaving the dead man on tiptoe someone asked softly whether a telegram had been sent off to Lily. L A G replied that it had been sent. Zheng took me aside and drew my attention to the courage with which L A was bearing the terrible burden of the catastrophe. She began to cry. I squeezed her hand firmly.

The apparent indifference of the boundless world poured in through the window. Along its whole length, grey trees stood guarding a frontier which seemed to divide earth and sea. I gazed at the branches with their warm cigar buds and tried to imagine that scarcely conceivable London, far, far, beyond the tree, where the telegram had gone. Soon, over there someone would cry out, stretch his hands towards us, fall down unconscious. My throat was constricted. I decided to enter his room once more and weep my fill.

He lay on his side 'is face turned towards the wall, sombre, till a sheet covering him to his chin, his mouth half open as in sleep. Turning proudly away from us all, even when he was lying down even in this sleep, he was

going away from us in a stubborn endeavour to reach something. His face recalled the time, when he had spoken of himself as "beautiful in his twenty-two years,"¹¹ for death had ossified a mask which rarely falls into its clutches.

Suddenly there was a movement in the hall. Alone, apart from her mother and sister, who were already giving way to their grief inaudibly in the crowd, the younger sister of the dead man, Ol'ga Vladimirovna, entered the flat. She entered possessively and noisily. Her voice floated into the room before her. Mounting the stairs alone she was speaking to someone in a loud voice, addressing her brother openly. Then she herself came into view, and walking through the crowd as through a rubbish' pit, she reached her brother's door, threw up her hands and stood still. "Volodya!" she screamed in a voice which echoed through the whole house. A second flashed by. "He says nothing! He doesn't answer. Volodya. Volodya! How terrible!"

She was falling. They caught her up and quickly began to restore her to consciousness. She had hardly come to herself, when she moved greedily towards the body and sitting down at his feet, precipitately resumed her unexhausted dialogue. At last, as I had long desired, I burst into tears.

It had been impossible to cry like this in the place where he had killed himself, for there the gregarious spirit of drama had swiftly crowded out the explosive vividness of fact. Over there the asphalt courtyard stank of the dcification of the inevitable as of saltptre, that is, it stank of the

¹¹ A reference to a phrase in the first part of Mayakovsky's *Cloud in Trousers*, written at the age of twenty-two.—Translator's Note.

false fatalism of towns, which has arisen from a simian mimicry and conceives life as a chain of sensations capable of faithful reproduction. There had been weeping over there too, but only because the constricted throat could reproduce with its animal second-sight the convulsions of inhabited houses, fire-escapes, a revolver case, of all those things which make one sick with despair and vomit with murder.

His sister was the first to mourn for him in her own way and as she wished to do, to mourn as people mourn for something great, and to the accompaniment of her words one could cry boundlessly and insatiably, as to the giant lament of an organ.

She would not be checked. "The bath-house for them!"¹²—Mayakovsky's own voice cried out indignantly, strangely transmuted by his sister's contralto. "To make it more amusing. They laughed. They called for him—And this is what was happening to him. Why didn't you come to us, Volodya?" she moaned through her sobs, but controlling herself, she moved closer to him impulsively. "Do you remember, do you remember, Volodichka?" she suddenly reminded him almost as though he were still alive, and began to recite:

"I feel that my 'I' is too small for me.
Someone is obstinately breaking out of me.
Hullo!
Who's there? Mother?

¹² An allusion to Mayakovsky's satirical play *The Bath-house*.
—Translator's Note.

*Mother! Your son is marvellously ill
Mother! His heart is on fire
Tell his sisters Lyudya and Olya,
He has nowhere to go*"¹⁸

xvii

When I returned in the evening, he was already in his coffin. The faces which had filled the room during the day had given place to others. It was comparatively quiet. There was scarcely any more weeping.

Suddenly, outside, underneath the window I imagined I saw his life, which now already belonged entirely to the past. I saw it move away obliquely from the window like a quiet tree bordered street resembling the Povarskaya. And the first to take its stand in this street, by the very wall, was our State, our unprecedented and unbelievable State, rushing headlong towards the age, and accepted by them for ever. It stood there below, one could hail it and take it by the hand. Its palpable strangeness somehow recalled the dead man. The resemblance was so striking that they might have been twins.

And it occurred to me then in the same irrelevant way that this man was perhaps this State's unique citizen. The novelty of the age flowed climatically through his blood. His strangeness was the strangeness of our times of which half is as yet to be fulfilled. I began to recall traits in his character his independence, which in many ways, was completely original. All these were explained by his familiarity

¹⁸ This is a literal rendering doing no justice to the poetry —
Translator's Note

with states of mind which though inherent in our time,
have not yet reached full maturity He was spoilt from
childhood by the future, which he mastered rather early
and apparently without great difficulty

Translated by Beatrice Scott

AERIAL WAYS

I

THE NURSE was sleeping under the big old mulberry tree, leaning against its trunk. When the enormous lilac coloured cloud appeared at the end of the road silencing the grasshoppers which were chirping sultrily in the long grass, and while the drums in the camp sighed and died away, the earth grew dark and there was no life in the world.

"Where oh where came the continual cry from the bare lip of the half-witted shepherdess and preceded by a steer, dragging one of her legs brandishing a wild twig as though it was lightning, she came out of dust-laden cloud at the end of the garden where the thickets begin deadly nightshade bricks twisted wire and evil smelting shadows.

She disappeared. The cloud threw a glimmer at the baked and undistinguished stubble earth which lay scattered over the horizon. Gently the cloud reared upwards. The stubble earth extended far away, beyond the camp. The cloud fell on its foreleg, and smoothly crossing the road noiselessly crawled along the fourth railway line of the shunting. The bushes uncovered their heads and moved with the whole bank behind them. The flowed backwards, greeting the cloud. She did not answer them.

Berries and caterpillars fell from the trees. They fell,

tainted with heat, poured down on the nurse's apron and ceased to think of anything

The child was crawling towards the conduit. Already he had been crawling for a long time. Now he started to climb farther up.

And when the rain comes and when both pairs of railway tracks fly along the bending wattles, preserving themselves, from the black and liquid night which will fall upon them, and when this liquid night, raging, hurriedly cries to you not to be afraid telling you that her name is shower or love or something else, I shall tell you of the parents of the ravished child who have cleaned their white linen dresses early in the evening and of how it was still very early when, dressed in snow white as for tennis, they walked through the still shadows of the garden and reached the post on which they could read the name of the station, and at that moment the swollen plates of the steam engine rolled over the garden and enveloped the Turkish cake shop in clouds of short winded yellow smoke.

They walked to the harbour to meet the midshipman who once loved her who remained a friend of her husband, and who was expected this morning in the town after achieving his midshipman's certificate.

The husband was burning, with impatience to initiate his friend into the deep significance of falsehood which had not yet become tiresome to him. So it often happens. Something quite simple brings you, perhaps for the first time, to the gates of something substantial and significant. It is so new to you that when you meet a man who has gone round the world and seen much and has much to tell, it suddenly occurs to you that in my generation he will

be the listener, while the loquacious one is you, astonishing him with your eloquence.

In contrast to her husband it dragged her, like an anchor in water, into the iron clamour of the harbor, towards the red rust of the three funnelled giants, towards the grain flowing in rivers, under the luminous splash of sky, of ships' sails and sailors. But their motives were not the same.

The rain falls, falls as from a pail: I must begin the work I have promised myself. The branches of a hazel-nut tree crackle over a ditch. Two figures run across a field. The man wears a black beard. The woman's dishevelled hair blows in the wind. The man wears a green kaftan and silver ear-rings. In his hands he holds the delighted child. The rain falls, as from a pail.

II

It occurred to him that he had been promoted midshipman a long time ago. Eleven o'clock at night. The last train from the town rolled to the station. Having cried to its heart's content, it became agitated after making the turn, and began to flurry. Now, drawing into its bursting reservoir all the surrounding air, the leaves, the sand, the dew, it stood still, clapped its hands and became silent, awaiting the answering roar. The echo should have flown into him along all the pathways. And when it heard it, a woman, a sailor and a civilian in white would turn away from the big road towards the footpath, and right in front of them, from under the poplars, there would arise the brilliant surface of the dewy roof. They would walk to the

hedge, losing sight of none of the grooves, bolts and cornices which hung on it like ear-rings, while the iron planet begins to sink away as they draw near The rumble of the disappearing train would grow unexpectedly huge and deceive itself and others for a short time with a feigned silence, and disperse later in a thin rain of soapsuds which disappear in the distance

But it would then appear that it was not the train at all, but only rockets of water with which the sea was amusing itself. The moon would move behind the station trees on the edge of the road Then, looking at the landscape, you would realize that it was invented by a well known poet, whose name you have forgotten, and they would give it to children at Christmas You would remember too that this enclosure once appeared in your dreams, where it was known as "the end of the world"

A pul of paint shines white against the porch, washed with the light of the moon, the paintbrush standing against the wall with the tip pointed upwards. They opened a window into the garden "To day they are painting the house white" — from the lips of a soft voiced woman "Can you feel it" Now come and have supper" Once more the silence settled down on them It lasted only a short time Confusi, entered the house. "What do you mean— not there? Disappeared?" cries a hoarse bass voice which resembles the voice of a relaxed violin string, and at the same time the hysterical gathering contralto of a woman's voice "Under the tree? Under the tree? Stand up immediately And don't howl! For Christ's sake let go my hands My God!—it is not possible My Toshal! My Toshenka! Don't dare, don't dare to say it. What a

shameless woman you are, you good-for-nothing, you shameless—" An end to words, voices mournfully meeting, pausing, moving into the distance It was no longer possible to hear them

Night came to an end, but the dawn was still far away The earth lay covered with shadows, like hayricks, stupefied by silence The shadows were it rest The distances between them increased, conjoined with distances during the day, as though they could lie down better the shadows scattered and moved into the distance In the intervals between them the ice cold meadows puffed silently and sniffed under their sweating horse cloths Sometimes these shadows assumed the shape of a tree or a cloud or something recognisable The majority were vague nameless piles They were not quite sure of their surroundings, and in the half darkness it was almost impossible to tell whether the rain had ceased or whether it was gathering and beginning to fall in drops They were thrown incessantly from the past into the future from the future into the past, like sand in an hour glass repeatedly turned over

And on a distant level from theirs like linen plucked at dawn by a gust of wind from the face wall and carried heaven knows where the numerous figures gleamed confusedly on the edge of the field On the side opposite them the eternally evaporating rain with a tint scurried towards them These four things were borne from the past into the future but not in the centring direction People in white were running from place to place they bent down, straightened out jumped into ditches disappeared and then reappeared alongside the trench at some altogether

different place. Finding themselves at a great distance from one another, they shouted and waved their hands, and since their signals were frequently misunderstood, some of them began to wave more violently, more vexatiously and more often, making signs that they did not understand the signals, that they should be cancelled out, that they should not turn back but continue looking where they were looking before. The harmony and violence of their figures made an impression reminding one of football played at night—they had lost the ball and were searching for it in the ditch, and when they found it they would continue the game.

Among the supine shapes calm reigned supreme, and one could even believe in the approaching dawn, but at the sight of these people flying up like a whirlwind over the land, it occurred to you that the valley was buffeted and whipped into motion by the wind, darkness and fear, as though by a black comb with three broken teeth.

There exists a law according to which nothing, which is continually happening to others, happens to us. This is a law which is not infrequently referred to by authors. The irrefutability of this doctrine is proved by the fact that as long as our friends recognise us, we believe that the mischief can be cured. When we are completely convinced that it is incurable, our friends cease to recognise us; and as though to confirm the law, we ourselves became quite different, we became those whose vocation it is to be consumed, to be ruined, to be put on trial or in a lunatic asylum. While they were yet healthy people, they vented their anger on the nurse; and somehow they thought that it depended wholly upon the impetuosity of their justice

whether they would go to the child's bedroom and there, with a sigh of relief find the child restored to its place by the greatness of their fear and anxiety. The sight of the empty bed deprived them of their voices. But even when their souls were wounded, even while they were throwing themselves in a feverish search round the garden and still continuing their search moved further and further away from the house. Even when they were in this state of mind, they remained for a long time men like others; that is they were searching in order to find. Little changed. The night changed its face and they too changed. Now towards the end of the night they were quite unrecognizable. They were people who had failed to understand the meaning of life and they themselves had no time to take breath while the violence of space hurried them from one end of the land to the other, the land on which they would never again set their feet. And they had forgotten the mad hip man who was returning his search on the other side of the ravine.

Is it on the strength of this doubtful observation that the master conceals things which are well known to him from the school? He knows indeed better than any other that as soon as they open the bazaar shop in the village and as soon as the first train is due to pass through, the rumour of disaster will flow from house to house and finally show the two pupils of the gymnasium from Olgivani where they are to bring the names acquaintances the trophy of yesterday's victory.

Already from under the tree, from under a hood pulled deeply over the eyes came the beginning of un-revealed morning light. The day dawned in sudden storms,

interruptedly. The roar of the sea instantly disappeared, and everything became till more silent than before. Coming from no one knows where a sweet insistent tremor passed through the tree. One by one, and one after another, having touched the wattles with a silver perspiration, the trees which were ignited a moment before, fell asleep. Two rare diamond flushed intermittently and independently in the deep nest of this shadowy blackness; a bird and a bird's twitting. A full or solitude inclined of its insignificance; the bird attempted to dissolve itself completely with all its strength in the vast expanse of dew, unable to collect its thoughts in him or keep it succeeded. It inclined its head to a side, firmly closed its eyes and without a sound rendered itself to the stupidity and melancholy of the new month and took delight in the surrender. But the effort was finally too great for its strength. Sudden a breaking throe in its heart and completely bursting its life the powerful chirping sparkled like a cold star, a immobile pattern projected upon the immutability of space, the relict voice flying away in thorn-shaped puffs of light and jets of sound which grew cold in surprise, through one had spilt a saucer with a visit mashed ey.

The first few light rays quieted. The whole garden became filled with a soft white light. This light clung most strongly to the stems will to the paths strewn with gravel and the trunks of fruit trees which were covered with a kind of vitriolic whitish composition like lime. And now, with a similar light pattern on her face the child's mother, returning from the field traced her ploughed path through the garden. Without pausing she walked full tilt towards

the back of the garden, without seeing the ground she was treading on, or what her feet were sinking in. The rise and fall of the waves of vegetables along the borders threw her backwards and forwards, as though her emotions were still in need of ignition. Crossing the kitchen garden, she approached that part of the fence from which she could see the road leading to the camp. Here came the midshipman, who had decided to climb the fence instead of making a detour round the garden. The yawning east bore him towards the fence like the white sail of a violently tilted boat. She waited for him, clinging to the garden rail. Obviously she had decided to say something and had already prepared a short speech.

The same proximity of the sun in the sky, fallen recently or merely expected, could be felt on the seashore. Where did the sun come from which could be heard all night on the other side of the railway track? The sea lay still, freezing, like the quick silver coating of a mirror, and only in the sands it changed its mind and whimpered. The horizon was becoming yellow, discolored, an evil ochreous colour. Certainly this dawn deserved an excuse, this dawn which was pressing close to the backwall of the vast, soiled hundred-yard long stable, where at any moment and from any direction waves might rage and rear their heads. Meanwhile they were crawling on their stomachs, chafing one another, like a herd of innumerable black and slippery pigs. From the rock on the shore descended the midshipman. He moved with quick, sprightly steps, often jumping from stone to stone. At the garden wall he had learned something which stupefied him. From the sand he

picked up a piece of brick tile and threw it skimming over the water. The stone is though slipping over spittle, ricochetted sideways uttering the same shrill childlike sound as the shoal water surrounding it. Just at the moment when, losing all hope of finding the child, he turned towards the house and walked towards it along the edge of the clearing Lermontov, out of the house, leaned over the fence and told him to come closer and said quickly 'We can't bear it any longer. Save us! I find him. He is your son.' As soon as he had seized her hand she broke away and ran off and when he climbed up to the garden he found her nowhere. Once more he picked up a tile and without ceasing to throw stones he began to walk around and he disappeared behind a projection in the rock. His own foot prints tilled and quieted behind him. They too wanted to sleep. The gravel disturbed in its calm kept forward, fell away, a bed and turned from side to side. It tried to be down as comfortably as possible in order to sleep at last in perfect peace.

III

More than fifteen years passed. The light grew dark in the courtyard the rooms lay in shadow. The enemies had the unknown woman asked to be the member of the presidium of the provincial executive council the former rival officer Tolvimov. In front of the woman stood a bored older. Through the lobby window could be seen a yard littered with brick piles covered in snow. At the end, where once there had been a cesspool there stood a pile of rubbish which had certainly not been thrown there re-

cently There the sky was like a wild grove, growing along the slopes of this accumulation of dead carts and potted meat tins which rose from the dead when it thawed and taking breath, began to smell of all the spumes of the past, and of dripping, twittering, rattling freedom. But it was enough simply to turn away from this corner of the court yard and see it the sky to be marred by its newness.

The sky's present aptitude for spreading the sound of gunfire and rifle fire coming from the sea and the railway station and doing this for whole days removed it a long way from its memories of 1915. Metalled is by a steam roller, from one end to the other by the everlasting cannoneade and now finally rammed down and slun by it, it knit it brown and without a wrin in sign of movement moved away elsewhere like a river and monotonously unweaving it like a white

Whit or grey was it? Even during the day it suggested the sleep in its during our youth or during a journey I could see the day through the eyes immovable notice of I could learn the day it was situated with the dissolution of the road track down the somnolent and I should never let that go.

He would walk and on them everyday like a train on the receding thoughts of a Liebknecht in Lenin a few thousand feet in height. They were paths of on a level ble we could enough to cross my frontier whatever it may be. One of these lines opened during the war and it formed a terrible height and owing to the nature the frontier through which they traced it obtusely them close upon the builders of these frontiers. This incendiary unit in intercepting the fron-

tics of Poland and later of Germany on its own plane and in its own time here at the very beginning manifestly escaped from the understanding mediocrity and the endurance of mediocrity It passed above the courtyard, which remained shy of the far sightedness of its destination and its oppressive size, just as a suburb runs helter-skelter away from the railways and sees them This was the sky of the Third Internationa

The soldier replied to the woman and said that Polivanov had not yet returned Three distinct kinds of tedium could be heard in his voice The drum of a life lived in continual contact with liquid mud and of finding himself surrounded by dry dust The tedium of a man who has accustomed himself in running and requisitioning parties to asking questions which either of this kind have to answer, confused and cowering, and also bound became the sequence of orderly conversation was reversed and destroyed Finally it was the same dull indifference with which people allowed even the most extraordinary thing to be normal Knowing perfectly that the recent order must seem unbearable to the lady, he feigned stupid obtuseness, as though incapable of guessing her feelings and as though he had never witnessed in an officer that of dictatorship

Suddenly Levushka entered Something like the cable of a Giant Stride threw him on to the second floor from the open air, whence came gusts of now and unilluminated silence Catching hold of this mystery 'anything' which happened to be a portfolio, the soldier stopped the man from coming in exactly as you might stop a merry go round 'What is the matter?' He turned to the man There were delegates from the war prisoners here Is it

because of the Hungarians?" "Yes." "But they have already been told that they can't sail on the strength of documents alone." "That's what I said." "It all depends on the ships, I understand it all perfectly. I explained it to them in exactly the same terms." "And what then?" "They said, 'They knew all about it without my help. My job is to put the papers in order, as for an embarkation. And then, so to say, everything would go on swimmingly. And that we should give them a house.'" "Good, and what else?" "Nothing else, only the papers and the house." "No!" Polivanov interrupted him. "Why repeat it all over again? I am not talking about that." "A parcel from the Kanatnaya," said the soldier, mentioning the street where the Cheka presided; and as he approached Polivanov, he lowered his voice to a whisper, as though he were on parade. "What are you talking about? Aha! Impossible," Polivanov said absentmindedly, and with an air of complete indifference. The soldier moved away from him. For a moment both remained silent. "Have you brought the bread?" the soldier asked with unexpected bitterness, because the shape of the portfolio made the question unnecessary and he continued: "And then there is . . . There is a woman waiting for you . . ." "Of course," Polivanov drawled, with the same air of indifference. The cable of the Giant's Stride quivered and drew tight. The portfolio began to move. "Please, comrade," he turned to the woman and invited her into the study. He did not recognise her.

In comparison with the darkness of the hall, there was here complete obscurity. She followed him and stood still behind the doors. Probably there was a carpet laid over the whole room because after he made one or two steps, he

disappeared and soon afterwards the sound of his footsteps could be heard at the opposite end of the darkness. Then sounds were heard, and gradually the table became furnished with glasses which were being removed, with the remains of sugar and roast, with the parts of a disjointed revolver, with hexagonal pencils. He was quietly fingering the table, laying his hands quickly over its surface and searching for matches. Her imagination had hardly time to situate the room, hung with pictures and littered with cupboards, palms and a bronze in one of the avenues of pre-revolutionary Petersburg, when it suddenly appeared with a cluster of lights in its outstretched hand ready to illuminate all the perspectives, and suddenly the telephone bell rang. This jingling sound recalling her of the outskirts of a town immediately reminded her that the wire had found its way through a town plunged in complete darkness and all this was happening in the province under the rule of the Bolsheviks.

'Yes,' mumbled the man disinterested impudent mortally tired. (Probably he was covering his eyes with his hands.) 'Yes I know I know Nonsense! You should verify it Nonsense! I was connected with the staff Zhimevka replied a whole hour ago. Is that all? Yes, of course I will I shall talk to them. No In twenty minutes, then Is that all?

'Well comrade.' He turned to the woman who was his guest, with a box in one hand and a drop of sulphurous blue flame in the other and then, almost at the moment when the match was dropped and scattered on the floor, there came the rising sound of her perturbed but distinct whisper

"Lcha!" Polivanov shouted out of his mind. "It can't be—I'm sorry—not really—Lcha!"

"Yes, yes. Let me calm myself. Strange that we should meet," Lcha whispered, monotonously choking back her tears.

Suddenly everything vanished. By the light of a dimmering oil lamp they faced one another, the man in a short unbuttoned jacket, corroded from too little sleep, and the woman who came from the station and had not washed for a long time. As though youth and the girl had never been. In the light of the oil lamp her journey, the death of Dmitri and of the daughter of whose casteness he knew nothing and in short, all that had been told to him before the lamp was lit, appeared depressing in the necessary truth which was inviting the listener to the grave, unless his sympathies were indeed no more than vain words. Regarding her in the light of the lamp he at once remembered why they had not kissed when they first met. Smiling involuntarily, he wondered at the tenacity of prejudice. In the light of the oil lamp all her hopes about the decoration of the room vanished. As to the man, he appeared so strange that it was impossible to conceive this sensation of strangeness to any change in the light. So she returned to the subject of her own affairs all the more decisively, and as she had done once before, she began to tell her story blindly and by heart, as though relating a message which was strange to her.

"If you have any love for your child—" she began. "Again—" Polivanov momentarily flared up and began to speak, to speak, to speak—quickly and without pause. He

spoke as he would write an article, with who's and with commas. He paced up and down the room, he paused from time to time, he waved his hands and made gestures. In the intervals he wrinkled the skin over his nose and plucking the folds with his fingers, he rubbed and irritated the place, as if it were the source of an exhausting and burning indignation. He begged her to stop thinking that people were more debased than she imagined, to stop thinking that one could ill-treat them as one liked. He invoked her by all that was sacred not to pursue this nonsensical dia-tribe, especially since she had herself confessed to fraud. He said that even if all this rigamarole were accepted as the truth, she would achieve an entirely different aim from the one she was looking forward to. It is impossible to ex-plain to a man that something which did not exist a mo-ment before and now suddenly appeared in his life was not a discovery but a complete loss. He remembered the lightheartedness and freedom which he felt when he be-lieved her story, and how he had no desire at all to ransack any more ditches and canals, and wanted only to bathe in the sea. "So that, even if time flowed backwards—" he tried to taunt her, and again he would have to search one of the members of her family, and then too he would be disturbing himself only for her sake and for the sake of X and Y, but not for his own sake or for her ridiculous . . . "Have you finished?" she asked, leaving him to exhaust his anger. "You're quite right. I took back all I said. Don't you understand? Perhaps it was mean and cowardly. I was mad with joy because the boy was found. And how mar-vel-lous it was. Do you remember? I hadn't the courage to break my life and the life of Dmitri. I renounced myself.

Now my fate has no importance He is yours Leva, Leva, if only you knew in what danger he is now I don't know how to begin Take things in their proper order From that day we haven't seen one another You don't know him He's so trustful Some day his trust will ruin him There is a scamp, an adventurer—God be his judge Neploshairov, Toshia's school friend "

Hearing these words Polivanov stopped walking about the room and stood as though rooted to the ground He ceased to hear her She mentioned a name which had been mentioned among many others some minutes ago by the whispering soldier He knew this case The position was hopeless for the accused and all would be over in an hour 'Did he act under his real name' She grew pale when she heard this question It meant that he knew more than she knew, and the situation was even worse than she thought She got up in which camp he was and imagining that his son by only a tickle of memory began to justify his son in a false direction But I will not open my lips And again he ceased to hear her, he understood that her child might be concealed in any of the names he knew from the documents and he stood by the table and rang someone up and he tried to get some news and from one argument to another he moved further and deeper into the town and the night until the abyss of the last and ultimate truth was revealed before him

He looked round the room I - he had visited He felt as though he had received a terrible blow between the eyes, and when he looked round the room it swam before him like stalactites like rivers He wanted to pluck the skin over the bridge of his nose and instead he put his hand

to his eyes and in doing this, the stalactites began to dance and disappear. It would have been easier for him if their convulsions had been less frequent, and not so silent. At last he found her. Like a large, unbruised doll she was lying between the table and the chair, in the very same layer of rubbish and dust which in the darkness and when she had not yet lost consciousness, she had taken for a carpet.

I illustrate this Robert Payne

LETTERS FROM TULA

I

IN THE AIR the larks were pouring out their song, and in the train coming from Moscow the suffocating sun was borne on innumerable striped divans. The sun sank. A bridge with the inscription UPA swam past a hundred windows at the same moment that the fireman, flying ahead of the train, in the tender, discovered in the roar of his own hair and the cool excitement of evening on the side away from the track, the town which was speedily being carried towards them.

And meanwhile, over there, greeting one another in the streets, they said: "Good evening." Some added: "Have you come from there?" "No, we're going there," others answered. One objected: "It's late. It's all over."

"TULA, the 10th.

So now you have changed into another compartment, as arranged with the conductor. A moment ago the general who offered you his seat, came to the buffet and bowed to me as to an old acquaintance. The next train for Moscow leaves at three o'clock at night. The general said good-bye as he went away. The porter opens the door for him. The izvozchiks are clamouring. In the distance they seemed to be twittering like sparrows. Darling, this farewell was so

senseless. Now our separation is ten times more unbearable. From this point my imagination begins. It rankles in me. The horse tramway is coming from over there, they are changing the horses. I shall go and have a look at the town. O nostalgia! I shall beat her, blunt her, my furious nostalgia, with verses."

"TULA.

Alas, there is no middle way. One must go at the second bell or follow a common path to the end, to the grave. Listen, it will be dawn when I go through the whole journey backwards, in all its details, even to the most insignificant details. But then they will possess the subtlety of refined torture.

"How mischievous it is to be born a poet! How the imagination tortures you! The sun—in beer. It sinks to the very depths of the bottle. On the opposite side of the table there is an agriculturist or someone of the sort. He has a brown face. He stirs the coffee with a green hand. Ah, my dear, they are all strangers here. There was one witness (the general), but he went away. There is still another, the ethereal one—but they don't acknowledge him. Oh, nonentities! They think they sip their sun with milk from a saucer. They do not realise that in your, in our sun their flies get stuck, the cook's saucpans clash together, the seltzer water splutters noisily and roubles tinkle sonorously on the marble table-top, like a smacking noise with the tongue. I shall go and have a look at the town. It is right out of the picture. There is the horse tramway, but it is no use. They say it is only a forty-minute walk. I found the receipt: you were right. To-morrow I doubt if

I shall get there in time, I must have a good night's sleep
The day after to morrow Don't worry—the pawnshop is
not pressing Alas, to write is only to torture oneself But
I have not the strength to stop "

Five hours passed There was an extraordinary silence It
became impossible to say where there was grass where coal
A star twinkled There was not a soul on the water pump
In a puddle in the swampy ground the water darkened In
it the reflection of a birch tree trembled It was feverish
But very far away Except for this, not a soul on the road

It was extraordinarily quiet Bicathless, the engines and
carriages lay on the level earth, like the accumulation of
low clouds on a windless night If it were not April the
summer lightning would be plowing But the sky was rest-
less Surprised by a transparency, as though by an illness,
sapped from within by the spring the sky was restless The
last horse cart belonging to the Tula tramway approached
from the town The never-bite bickering of the carts
banged The last man to come out carried letters which
protruded from the wide pocket of his wide great coat
The rest went into the hill toward a little heap of entirely
strange men noisily taking supper at the end of the room
This man remained behind the fence catching for the
green letter box But it was impossible to say where grass
ended where coal began and yet in the brief part of houses
dragged the shaft over the that following the track no
dust was visible and only the little lantern gave in ob-
scure conception of what was happening Out of its throat
the night uttered a long ardent cry and then everything
grew silent Far away, beyond the horizon

"Tula, the 10th (deleted), the 11th, one o'clock at night. Darling, look up the textbook. You must have Kliuchevsky.¹ I put it in the suitcase myself I don't know how to begin. I understand nothing. How strange, how fearful! While I am writing to you everything follows its normal course at the other end of the table. They behave like genuses, they declaim and bandy phrases with one another, theatrically flinging down their serviettes on the table immediately after wiping their clean shaven lips. But I did not say who they were. The worst appearance of bohemianism (Carefully crossed out) A cinematographic company from Moscow. They were staging *The Time of Troubles* in the Kremlin and wherever there were ramparts.

"Read in Kliuchevsky the episode about Petr Bolotnikov. (I think it must be there, but I haven't read it.) It brought them to Upa river. I learned later that the setting was exactly accurate, and they took the film from the opposite bank. Now the seventeenth century has been pushed into their suitcases and all the remnants linger over the untidy table. The Polish women are terrible and the boyar children are even worse! Dear friend, I am sick. This is an exhibition of the ideals of the age. The steam they are raising is mine, our common steam. This is the burning smell of ignorance and unhappy insolence. It is myself. Darling, I have sent you two letters I don't remember them. Here is a glossary of them (crossed out, nothing substituted). Here is the glossary: genius, poet, enmity, verses, lack of talent, petit bourgeois, tragedy,

¹ Famous Russian historian — Translator's Note

woman, she, I. How terrible to see one's own defects in strangers. It is a caricature of (left unfinished)."

"2 o'clock. I swear to you that the faith of my heart is greater than ever it was, the time will come—no, let me tell you about that later. Tear me to pieces, tear me to pieces, night, burn to ashes, burn, burn brilliantly, luminously, the forgotten, the angry, the holy word 'conscience.' (Under the word 'conscience' a line has ripped through the page) Burn maddening, petrol bearing tongue of flame, illuminating midnight.

"This way of regarding life has come into being and now there is no place on earth where a man can warm his soul with the fire of shame. Shame is everywhere watered down and cannot burn. Falsehood and confused dissipation. Thus for thirty years all who are singular live and drench their shame, old and young, and already it has spicad through the whole world, among the unknown. For the first time, for the first time since the day of my childhood, I am consumed (the whole sentence crossed out)"

One more attempt. This letter was not posted.

"How shall I describe it to you? I must begin from the end. Or else I shall never write it at all. And now permit me to talk in the third person. I wrote to you about a man who was walking past the luggage office. Well. The poet, henceforward inscribing this word, until it is purged with fire, in inverted commas the poet observes himself in the unseemly behaviour of the actor, in the disgraceful spectacle which accuses his comrades and his generation. Perhaps he is only playing with the idea. No. They confirm him in the belief that his identity is in no way chimerical. They rise and move towards him. 'Colleague, could you

give me change for three roubles?" He dispels the error. Not only actors shave. Here are twenty copecks for three roubles. He gets rid of the actor. But the affair doesn't depend on shaven lips. 'Collcagur,' said the scarecrow. Yes. It is true. This is an affidavit for the prosecution. Meanwhile something new happens, a tussle, but embracing in its own way all that has happened and has been felt in the waiting room up to this hour.

"At last the 'poet' recognises the man walking along the luggage office. He has seen the face before. A man from the neighbourhood. He has seen him once, frequently in the course of a single day, at different times, at different places. It was when they were coupling the special train at Astapovo² with a goods truck for the coffin, and when crowds of unknown people separated from the station into different trains, twining and clawing all day according to the unexpectedness of the confused railway junction, where four railway lines meet, disperse and intercept on the return.

Here a momentary consideration hovers over everything that has happened to the poet in the waiting room, like the lever which makes the revolving stage turn round, and in this way he realises that this is Tula, this night is a night in Tula, a night in places associated with Tolstoy. No wonder the magnetic needles begin to dance here! Everything that happens happens from the nature of the place. This is an event on the territory of conscience, it occurs on her own one bearing regions. There will be no poet! He swears to you, he swears to you that whenever

² Tolstoy died in the station master's house at Astapovo — Translator's Note

he sees *The Time of Troubles* on the screen (that is, whenever the film is shown) — the scenes of Upa will find him utterly lonely unless the actors become better actors, and having once trampled for a whole day over the mined regions of the spirit they will not remain intact within their ignorance and way of these drainers.

While these lines were being written small oil lamps emerged from the limesmen's boxes and started creeping along the tracks. Whistles began to be heard. The railway woke up. The brutal chimes screeched. Trucks were quietly sliding past the platform. They had been moving past for a long time and they were so many that it was impossible to count them. Before them there gathered the approaching arrival of something breathing heavily, something obscure which belonged to the night. Because inch by inch, behind the locomotive there came the sudden cleaving of the roads, the unexpected appearance of night on the horizon of the drafty platform, the impulsion of silence along the whole breadth of semiquiescence and sleep, the approach of the quiet countryside. The moment arrived in the rear of the last truck before I went into a low awning approached and stopped over.

While these lines were being written they began to couple the engine for the train to start.

The man who had been waiting went on to the platform. Night lay over the whole length of the moist Russian conscience I intend illuminating it. Bending over the rails, their slowly passed the goods truck where winnowing machines lay under sunbeams. Shadow trampled it under foot, and the tilted beams deflected it escaping from the

valves like cockerels. The man who had been writing walked round the station. He moved behind the façade.

Nothing changed in the whole field of conscience while these lines were being written. It smelt of putrefaction and clay. Far away at its other end, a birch tree gleamed and the tunnel could be seen like a falling curtain. Escaping from the waiting room stripes of light fell on the trainway floor under the benches. And these stripes fought one another. The rumbling of beer machines and tach, fell under the bench behind them. And still wherever the station windows gave quiet somewhere in the neighbourhood there could be heard the sounds of crackling and snoring. The man who had been writing walked up and down. He thought of many things. He thought of his own art of how to find the right way. He forgot whom he had come with whom he was seeing home, to whom he was writing. He imagined that everything would begin when he ceased listening to himself and a complete physical silence would fill his soul. Not in the manner of Ibsen, but acoustically.

So he thought. Shivers ran down his body. The east turned grey and over the face of the whole conscience, still immersed in deep night there fell the quick and embarrassed dew. It was time to think of getting a ticket. Cock crowed and the booking office woke up.

II

Then only did an extraordinarily strange old man finally go to bed in the furnished rooms in the Posolskaya. While

letters were being written in the station, the room shook with his light steps, and a candle in the window often ensnared the whisper which was continually being interrupted by silence. It was not the voice of the old man, although there was no other person in the room. It was all very strange.

The old man had lived through an extraordinary day. With an expression of perfect grief he left the meadow when he realised that it was not a play, but a free fantasy, which would become a play only when it was shown at the cinema. On first looking at the boars and vermines wavering on the farther bank and the dark people who were leading men roped together knocking their hats off their heads into the nettle on first looking at the Poles gripping up the loose behind clumps of broom and their axes which were insensible to the sun and gave no sound, the old man began to rummage through his own repertoire. He found no histories like this. Then he came to the conclusion that it all happened four or five lifetimes ago at the time of Ozerov and Semyonov. Then they showed him the emperor and mentioning the emperors in institution which he despised wholly heartily they reminded him till he was old and alone of another one. He went away grief stricken.

He walked in his old mink coat realising that there was no one in the world to call him Savushkin. It was a holy day. It blazed in the sunlight, on and over seeds spread over the ground.

They spat upon it afresh with their low chesty speech

³ Dramatic authors of the eighteenth century.—Translator's Note

High up in the sky the ball of the moon was becoming porous, and melting away. The sky seemed cold and strangely distant. Their voices had been oiled by the things they had eaten and drunk. Brown mushrooms, rye loaves, lard and vodka impregnated even the echo which was fading on the other bank. Several streets were crowded. Coarse flounces added a special motley to the skirts and the women.

The bushy weeds in the fields kept pace with the people walking by. Dust flew in the air, clinging to their eyes and covering the burdocks beating against the wattles and sticking to people's clothes. His cane was like a fragment of semile sclerosis. He leaned on this prolongation of his knotted veins convulsively and with gouty tightness.

All day he was full of the sensation that he had been visiting an excessively noisy rag fair. It was one of the consequences of the play. It left unsatisfied his longing for the human speech of tragedy. This reticent bairus sang in the ears of the old man.

All day he was ill because he had not heard a single pentameter from the shore.

And when night fell he sat by the table, held his head in his hands and remained deep in thought. He came to the conclusion that this was his death. It bore no resemblance to his past years, which were bitter and even-flowing, this inward struggle. He decided to take the medals from the cupboard and to warn someone, the door-keeper — no matter whom — but meanwhile he went on sitting there, hoping that it was nothing and would pass away.

The horse tramway tinkled as it passed. It was the last tram going to the station.

Half an hour passed. A star gleamed. Otherwise there was not a soul about. It was already late. A candle was burning, trembling. The soft silhouette of the bookcase, composed of four dark and flowing lines, rose in waves. Meanwhile the night uttered a long-drawn throaty sound. Far away. In the street a door banged and people began talking agitatedly, in voices becoming to the spring evening, where there is no one about, and only a light in the room upstairs, and the window open.

The old man rose to his feet. He was transfigured. At last. He discovered something. Himself and the girl. They were helping him. And he threw himself forward, with the intention of helping these vague suggestions, so that he would not miss both, so that they would not disappear, so that he could cling to them and remain with them for ever. With a few steps he reached the door, half closing his eyes and waving one of his hands and hiding his chin in the other. He remembered. Suddenly he stood erect and walked bravely back, using strange steps which were not his own. Apparently he was acting.

"O, the snowstorm, the snowstorm, Lyubov Petrovna!" he exclaimed, and he spat and dribbled into his handkerchief, and again: "O, the snowstorm, Lyubov Petrovna!" he exclaimed, and this time he did not even begin to cough and achieved the likeness.

He began to move his hands and beat the air, as though he was coming in from the storm, as though he was removing his scarves and taking off his fur coat. He waited for the reply from behind the partition, and as though he

could not wait any longer, he said "Why, aren't you at home, Lyubov Petrovna?" always in the same strange voice, and he shivered when, as he anticipated, after an interval of twenty five years, he heard behind the partition over there the gay and beloved voice "At home!" Then once again, and this time in exactly the same voice, with the strength of an illusion which would have increased the pride of a colleague in a similar situation he reached out his hand as though hovering over his tobacco pouch, and with an oblique survey of the partition mumbled disconnectedly "Mimi I—am sorry Lyubov Petrovna—but isn't Sivka Ignitevich at home?"

It was too much. He saw both of them himself and the girl Nekludov's oblique smile the old man Hams passed. He wept and whimpered. There was an extraordinary silence. And while the old man shuddered and helplessly rubbed his face and eyes with a hankie and trembled and crumpled it shaking his head and beating the air with his hands like someone giggling like someone who had checked and was surprised because, God forgive him he was still whole and the experience had not shattered him on the railway they began to couple the carriages for Elets.

For a whole hour he cried in tears, in spirits, his own youth, and when the tears came to an end everything dissolved whirled away, vanished. He at once tried to get up, as though covered with dust. And then sitting as with a guilty conscience and swearing, he went to bed.

He also shaved his moustache, like everyone else in

the story Like the hero, he was searching for a physical silence In the story he was the only one to find it, compelling a stranger to speak with his own lips

The train moved in the direction of Moscow and here the huge crimson sun one on a multitude of comnolent bodies Only a moment ago the sun appeared from behind a hill and rose high in the air

(1919)

Translated by Robert Payne

THE CHILDHOOD OF LUVERS

THE LONG DAYS

I

LUVERS was born and grew up in Perm. As once her boats and dolls, so later her memories were steeped in the shaggy bearskins of which the house was full. Her father was the director of the Lunick mineworks and possessed a large clientele among the manufacturers of Chusovaya.

The bearskins were presents, sumptuous and of a dark russet colour. The white bear in the child's room was like an immense chrysanthemum shedding its petals. This was the fur acquired for 'Zhenitcka's room' - chosen, paid for after long bargaining in the shop and sent along by messenger.

In summer they lived in a country house on the farther side of Kima river. In those days Zhenia was sent to bed early. She could not see the lights of Motovilikhha. But once the anger or it for some reason took flight, stirred sharply in its sleep and woke up Zhenia. Then she saw grown up people on the balcony. The alder hanging over the balustrade was thick and iridescent like ink. The tea in the glasses was red. Cuffs and cards, - yellow, the sheet — green. It was like a nightmare, but a nightmare with a

name which was known to Zhenia they were playing cards

But on the other hand it was absolutely impossible to distinguish what was happening on the other bank in the far distance it had no name, no clearly defined colour or sharp outline in its most was it was familiar and dear to her and was not the nightmare it was not that which rumbled and rolled in clouds of tobacco smoke throwing fresh and windstirred shadows on the reddish beams of the gallery Zhenia began to cry Her father came in and explained everything The English governess turned to the wall Her father's explanation was brief It was—Motovilikh You ought to be ashamed A big girl like you Sleep The girl understood nothing and contentedly sucked it a falling tear She wanted only one thing to know the name of the unknowable Motovilikh This might it explained everything for during the night the name still possessed a complete and living significance for the child

But in the morning she began to ask questions about what was Motovilikh and what happened here at night and he learnt that Motovilikh was a factory a government factory where carriages were made and from castings

but all this no longer interested her and she wanted to know whether there were certain countries called factories and who lived in them but she did not ask these questions and for some reason avoided them on purpose

And that morning she seemed to be the child he had been the previous night For the first time in her life it occurred to her that there were things which the phenomenon could not understand from people and even its only to those who know how to shout and punish smoke and close doors

with keys. For the first time, i with this new Motovilkhha, she did not say everything she thought and concealed for her own use all that was most essential necessity and disturbing.

Years passed from their births the children were so accustomed to their father's absence that in their eyes paternity was endowed with the special property of rarely coming to dinner and never to supper. More and more often they ate and quenched drink in the completely empty tenement rooms and the tepid lessons of the English governess could not take the place of the presence of a mother who filled the house with the sweet anguish of her vehemence and obstinacy which was like some familiar deity. The quiet noonday divested through the curtains. It did not make the foliage of oak grow grey but the shade lay in its varied heavy piles. The hounds of the English governess walked in lavender winter moved over the floor. Both he never gave importance to his personal size and power and his humility deserves of patience and in her the emblem of equity was as familiar as the fact but her name and her book were always clean and well informed. The maid who had brought one of the courses waited in the dining room and went to the kitchen door for the next course. Everything was pleasant and agreeable though I mumbled.

In the summer when the child suffered years of suspicion and longing of a sense of guilt and of what I would like to call the "fear me" because it is impossible to call it infamy so at some time I used to hear that it nothing would or could improve because of her depravity and unpenitence that it was ill deserved. Meanwhile but this

never reached the consciousness of the children—meanwhile, on the contrary, their whole beings quivered and fermented, bewildered by the attitude of their parents towards them when their father and mother were at home, when they entered the house rather than returned home.

Their father's rare joys generally came to grief and were always irrelevant. He felt this and felt that the children knew it. An expression of mournful confusion never left his face. When he was irritable he became a complete stranger wholly strange at the moment when he lost control over himself. A stranger rouses no sensations. The children never understood him insolently.

But for some time the criticism which came from the children to him and silently expressed itself in their eyes made no impression on him. He failed to notice it. In vulnerable, unrecognisable, pitiable, this father inspired horror unlike the irritated father—the bringer. In this way he affected the daughter more than the son. But their mother bewildered them both.

She loaded them with caresses and helped presents on them and spent hours with them when they least desired her presence when it crushed their childish innocence because they felt they were undeserving and had failed to recognise themselves in the endearing nullities which her instinct carries hither and thither in them.

And often when a rare and peculiar peace took possession of their soul when they felt that they were in no way criminals when all the society which disdains discovery and resembles the fever before the rash had left them, they saw their mother as a stranger who avoided them and became angry without reason. The postman ar-

ived. The letter was taken to the addressee— their mother. She took it without thanking them ‘Go to your room’ The door banged. They silently hung their heads and went out, giving way to an interminable and bewildered despair.

At first they would cry, then, after a more than usually brutal quarrel, they took flight. As years passed, this fear changed into a smouldering animosity which took deeper and deeper root.

Everything that came to the children from their parents came from afar at the wrong moment, provoked not by them but by causes which were foreign to them, they were coloured with remoteness, is always happen and mystery, as it night the distant howling when every one goes to bed.

These were the circumstances of the children’s education. They did not perceive this for there are few, even among grown-ups, who understand what it is that forms, creates and binds them together. Life rarely tells what she is going to do with them. She loves her purpose too well, and even when she speaks of her work, it is only to those who wish her success and admire her tool. No one can help her anyone can throw her into confusion. How? In this way. If you entrusted a tree with the care of its own growth, it would become ill-brach or disappear wholly into its roots or squander itself on a single leaf, forgetting that the universe must be taken as a model and after producing one thing in a thousand, it would begin to reproduce one thing a thousand times.

So that there shall be no dead branches in the soul, so that its growth shall not be retarded, so that man shall be incapable of muddling his narrow mind with the creation

of his immortal essence, there exists a number of things to turn his vulgar curiosity away from life, which does not wish to work in his presence and in every way avoids him

Hence all respectable religions, all generalisations, all prejudices and the most amusing and brilliant of them all —psychology

The children were no longer in their infancy. Ideas of punishment, retribution, reward and justice had already penetrated into their soul and diverted their senses allowing him to do with them all it thought necessary, essential and beautiful

II

Miss Hawthorn would not have done it. But one day, in a fit of maternal tenderness towards her children, Madame Rivers spoke sharply to the English governess over a matter of no importance at all, and the governess disappeared. Shortly afterwards she was imperceptibly replaced by a contemptuous French girl. Later Zhenia remembered only that the French girl recited a play and no one loved her. Her music became entirely lost and Zhenia could not say among what syllables in her rounds it would be possible to find the name. All she could remember was that the French girl had scolded her roughly for the scissors and cut off the plie in the book's fur which was covered with blood.

It seemed to her that he, forward everyone would scream at her and she must suffer continual beatitudes and never again be able to understand that page of her favourite book which became so stupidly confused before her eyes, like a los on book at dinner.

The day drew out its terrible length. Her mother was away. She was not sorry. She even imagined she was glad her mother was away.

Soon the long day was given over to oblivion among the tenses of *passé* and *futur antérieur* watering the hyacinths and strolling along the Sibirskaia and Okhanskaya. So well forgotten that Zhernia neither felt nor paid any attention to the length of that other day the second in her life, when she read in the evening by the light of a lamp and the indolent progress of the story inspired her with a thousand futile thoughts. And when, much later, she remembered the house in the Ossinskaya where they lived, the thought of it always is she had seen it on that second long day which was coming to an end. A day without end. Spring outside. Spring in the Ursi's soul and so laboriously brought to fruition there breaking loose wildly and tempestuously in the course of a smoke night, then flowing in a wild tempestuous stream. The lamps only stressed the insipidity of the evening air. They give no light but swelled from within like diseased fruit, from the clear and lustreless, diepsy which dilated their swollen shades. They were absent. One came upon them precisely where they should be, in their places on the tables and they hung from the sculptured ceilings of the rooms where the girl was accustomed to see them. Yet the lamps possessed fewer points of contact with the rooms than with the spring sky, to which they seemed to have been brought so close, like a glass of water to the bed of a sick man. Their souls were in the street where, on a level with the humid earth, there crawled the gossip of servant girls and drops of melting snow, continually thinning out concealed

for the night. It was there that the lamps disappeared for the evening. Her parents were away. But it appeared that her mother was expected that day. That long day or the day afterwards. Probably. Or perhaps she arrived suddenly, inadvertently. That too was possible.

Zhenia went to bed and saw that the day had been long for the same reason as before, and at first she thought of getting the scissors and cutting away those places on her princess-slip and on the sheets, but later she decided to get the French governess's powder and whiten the stains; and she was holding the powder box in her hands when the governess came in and slapped her. 'She' powders herself. The only thing that was wanting. Now she understood everything. She had noticed it long ago.' Zhenia burst into tears, because she had been slapped, because she had been scolded, because she was offended and because, knowing that she was innocent of the crime imputed to her by the governess, she knew she was guilty—she felt it—of something which exceeded the governess's suspicions. It was necessary--she felt this urgently and with a sense of stupefaction—felt it in her temples and in her knees—it was necessary to conceal it, without knowing how or why, but somehow and at whatever the cost. Her joints moved painfully with a suggestion of interrupted hypnotism. And this suggestion, agonising and wearying, was itself the work of that organism which concealed from the girl the significance of what had happened to her, and being itself the criminal, made her see in her bleeding a disgusting and distasteful sin. 'Menteuse!' She was compelled to content herself with a denial, concealing stubbornly that which was worse than anything, standing half-way between the shame

of illiteracy and the ignominy of a scandal in the streets. She shivered and clenched her teeth stifling her sobs, she pressed herself against the wall. She could not throw herself into the Kuma because it was still cold, and the last vestiges of ice were floating down the river.

Neither the girl nor the governess heard the bell in time. Their mutual excitement disappeared in the silence of the russet coloured bearskins and when her mother came in, it was too late. She found her daughter in tears, the governess—blushing. She demanded an explanation. The governess explained hurriedly that—not Zheng, but votre enfant she said—*her child* was powdering herself and she had noticed it and suspected it long ago. The mother retorted to let her finish the sentence: her terror was unfeigned. The child act yet thirteen Zheng—“you? my God what have you done?” (At that moment her mother imagined that her words were intelligent as though he had realised long ago that her daughter was disgracing herself and becoming depraved but she had made no efforts to prevent it and now her daughter was descending into the depths.) Zheng tell me the truth, it will be worse what were you doing—with the powder box? is probably what Madame Luvier wanted to say but instead he said “With this hong” and she seized this thing and brandished it in the room. “Maman! but b have man zelle, I never...” and she burst into tears. But her mother heard evil notes behind the tears where there were none. She felt that he was himself to blame and suffered from inward terror. It was necessary she thought, to remedy everything even though it was against her maternal instinct to use too pedagogic and reasonable measures.

She resolved not to yield to compassion. She decided to wait until the tears, which wounded her deeply, came to an end.

And she sat on the bed, gazing quietly and vacantly at the edge of the bookshelf. There came from her the odour of costly perfume. When the child grew quiet, she began to question her again. Zhenia, her eyes brimming with tears, stared out of the window and whimpered. Ice was coming down, probably with a shattering sound. A star was glimmering. And there was the rugged darkness of the empty night, cold, clear-cut, lustreless. Zhenia looked away from the window. In her mother's voice she heard the mélange of impatience. The French governess stood against the wall, all gravity and concentrated pedagogy. Her hand with an adjutant's gesture lay on the ribbon of her watch. Once more Zhenia turned towards the stars and Kama river. She decided. In spite of the cold, in spite of the ice. She—dived. She lost herself in her words, her terrible and inaccurate words, and told her mother about the thing. Her mother let her speak to the end only because she was astounded by the warmth with which the child coloured her confession. Everything became clear from the first word. No; from the moment when the child swallowed a deep gulp of air before she began her story. She listened in an anguish of love and tenderness for the slender body. She wanted to throw herself on her daughter's neck and burst into tears. But—pedagogy; she rose from the bed and lifted the counterpane. She called her daughter to her and began to stroke her head slowly, slowly, tenderly. "You've been a good girl . . ." the words tumbled out of her mouth. Noisily she went to the window and turned away

from th m Zhenia did not see the governess. Her tears—her mother filled the room. Who makes the bed? The question was senseless. The girl trembled. She was sorry for Grusha. Then unknown words, in familiar French, came to her ears, they were speaking angrily. And then once more in a different voice—Zhemchukha my child go into the dining-room I shall be there in a minute I shall tell you about the beautiful country here we have taken for you in the summer. They will our father in the summer.

The lamp became dimmer and dimmer in winter at home with the father away and the mother faithful. Her mother's voice now drowsily over the blue woollen tablecloth.

When I hold a book out with a lesson Week does not seem to end the light of the telegraph is off. He said and lay down on the edge of the dining-table and a few moments later down neatly and comfortably just as if in the litter in the corner of the schoolroom kit room. It lay on the edge of a cold yellow bed and when she laid Grusha her sister voice in the Russian language uttered the highest tone he knew that he would go.

The next morning her father told her what to do when that happened. Her try nothing she mustn't be afraid it will happen again. She mentioned a thing by name and plain nothing but added that from now on he her brother would protect her don't worry because she was in a very bad state.

The Frenchman was very remiss in the round of negligencies especially only a few months in the family

When the carriage was ordered for her and she was coming down the stairs, she met the doctor who was coming up on the landing. He replied to her greeting coldly, saying nothing at all about her departure, she suspected that he knew everything, she scowled and shrugged her shoulders.

The maid was waiting for the doctor at the door, while in the hall where Zhenni was standing the murmur of footsteps and the murmur of ringing flagstones echoed longer than usual in the air. And this was the memory which always impressed itself upon her when she thought of her early puberty: the shrill echo of the chipping streets in the morning, in sitting on the stairs, joyfully penetrating into the house the French governess, the maid and the doctor, the two criminals and the one who was unfeignedly cleansed, made immune by the light, by the fitlessness of air and the resonance of footsteps.

The warm April sun was burning. 'Let me wipe your feet!' from end to end echoed the bright and empty corridor. The hats were removed for the summer. The rooms were clear and transfigured, they sighed with grief and with yearning. All that day, all that long day which weakly drew out its long length without end in all the corners in all the rooms in the glass sloping against the wall,¹ in mimosas tumbling full of water in the blue air of the garden, behind the ivy and choking foaming honeysuckle vines and rived blushing and burning, hinging themselves inscrutable upon green boughs. The tedious conversations of the country folk lasted all day; they announced that the

¹ The outer panes of glass from double windows are removed during the summer and in this case were still left against the wall.—Translator's Note.

night was dethroned and all day long they repeated incessantly in roundels that acted like a sleeping drought that there would be no more evening and they would let no one sleep. Feet feet! — but they burnt a they came in drunk with me with the sound in the ears and therefore they failed to understand clearly what was being said and strove to finish the meal as quickly as they could so that when they moved away their chairs with a tremendous noise they could run backwards once more into the doorway which was breaking impetuously on the time reserved for evening into this doorway in which the tree drying in the sun gave forth its exhalation and the bluely chittered piecemeal and the earth home gravel like a swamp. The frontier between the house and the courtyard vanished. The rug did not rub all the trees way. The floors were covered with a dry and bullant dust and crackled.

Her bath I had brief her sweet and my eyes. The house was marvelously pleasant. With a most radiant the tones announced their upper in a from the top part which gradually turned there four and became more and more transparent like after after five of the white paper's off a glass window. Some of the stone resembled drops of almond milk other resembled flasks of blue water colour still others were like solidified tears of cheese. Some were blind sleepy full of dreams others sparkled gaily with the sparkle of the frozen juice of blood cringes. No one desired to touch them. They were perfect as they were as they emerged from the frost of paper which seared them like a plum secreting its hysteric's juice.

The father was unusually gentle with the children and often accompanied their mother into the town. They

would return together, and they appeared to be happy. But the important thing was that they were both quiet and gentle and even tempted, and when at odd moments their mother gazed into the eyes of the father with an air of playful reprimand, it was as though she was deriving a sense of peace from his small and ugly eyes, and then pouring it out again from her own eyes, which were large and beautiful, on her children and those who were near her.

Once her parents rose very late. Then, no one knows why, they decided to take lunch on the steamer which lay off the landing stage, and they took the children with them. They let Seriozha taste the cold bee. They enjoyed themselves so much that they decided to have lunch on the steamer again. The children did not recognise their parents. What had happened? The daughter was blissfully, perplexedly happy and it seemed to her that life would always be as it was then. They did not grieve when they learned that they were not going to the country house that summer. Then Father left shortly afterward. Three huge yellow trunks with durable metal rims, appeared at the house.

II

The train left life at night. Unrest came over a month earlier and wrote that the flat was ready. Several zvezchiks were driving to the station at a trot. They knew they were near the station by the colour of the pavement. The pavement was black and the street lamp lashed at the brown railway. Meanwhile from the window a view opened upon Kuna river, while under them rattled and ran a soot black pit, heavy with gravity and terror. It ran off swift as light.

ning, until finally in the far distance it took flight, trembled and went gliding among the twinkling beads of distant signals.

The wind rose. The silhouettes of houses and walls flew upwards, like chaff from a sieve, they twirled and their ends frayed in the friable air. There was the smell of mashed potatoes. Then ivoschik edged away from the line of rocking baskets and came back in front and began to oatstup them. From a distance they recognised the cart which was curving their luggage, they ran alongside. Ulyashka shouted something to her mistress from the cart, but what it she said was lost in the rattle of wheels and she shivered and jolted and her voice jolted.

The daughter perceived a sorrow in the novelty of all these night sounds and darkness and the freshness of air. I am the citizen of our something my terrors and black. Beyond the docked which mixes lights the town raised them up where were gazing from the slope and from high. Numerous more appeared swimming in black clusters greyly blood like maggots. On Zubimovsky wharf the funnel the roof of the warehouses and the docks were above blue. Bare stood at the stars. This is earth hole. Zhene thought. White porter surrounded them. Semenov was the first to jump down. He glimed round and with tremor impeded when he noticed that the cart with their luggage was steady the as the horse threw back her head her collar decorated up like a cock, she pressed on the back of the cart and began to move backwards. But throughout the journey Semenov was preoccupied with the thought of how far the cart would remain behind them.

The boy, intoxicated with the prospect of the journey, stood there in his white school shirt. The journey was a novelty for them both and already he knew and loved those words depot, loco, siding through carriage, and the marriage of sounds class had a sour sweet taste in his mouth. His sister was also enthusiastic in all this but in her own way without the boyish love of method which characterised the enthusiasm of her brother.

Suddenly as though from under the ground his mother appeared. She ordered the children to be taken to the buffet. From thence threading her way proudly through the crowds, she went straight to the man who was called as loudly and threateningly as possible for the first time the stationmaster — a name which was to be mentioned often in different places with veneration and among different crowds.

A young conqueror them they sat at one of the windows which were duty so sticky in so soft that they appeared to be instead of bottle-glis where it was impossible to remain with a hat on one head. The girl was behind the glass not a strict but a room only more solemn and morose than the one in the decanter before her and into this room steam engines moved slowly and came to a pause bringing the darkness with them but when they had left the room it seemed that it was not a room for there was the sky behind the columns and on the other side a rolling window and wooden houses and there were people walking about fading into the distance where perhaps cocks are now crowing and not long ago the water carrier left pools of water.

It was a provincial railway station without the glow and

hurly burly of the capital, where people came together in good time when they leave the city shrouded in night, with long waiting and silence and wanderers who slept on the ground with hunting dogs, baggages, engines wrapped up in straw and uncovered bicycles

The children lay on the upper seat. The boy fell asleep at once. The train was still standing in the station. It grew bright and suddenly the girl realised that the carriage was clean dark blue cold. And gradually she realised—but she was already asleep.

He was a very fat man. He read the new paper and swayed from side to side. As soon as you looked at him the swaying became obvious—in which everything in the carriage was flooded and unrepresented—is with sunshine. Zhenin regarded him from above with the best precision with which I now think's about thing or looks at things who is fresh and wholly awake and who lie in bed only because he is waiting because the decision to get up will come of its own accord without assistance clear and unconstrained like his other thoughts. She watched the fat man and thought where did he enter the carriage and how did he manage to be already washed and dressed? She had no idea of the time. She had only just wakened therefore it was morning. She looked at him but he could not see her. Her upper berth was inclined deep against the wall. He did not see her because he rarely glanced from his newspaper upwards sideways closewise—and when he lifted his head towards her bed their eyes did not meet and either he saw only the mattress or else—but she quickly tucked them under herself and pulled on her

scanty stockings Mama was in the corner over there She was already dressed and reading a book, Zhenia decided reflectively as she studied the eyes of the tubby man But Semozha was not beneath her? Where was he? And she yawned sweetly and stretched herself The terrible heat—she had realised it only that very moment, and she turned away from the heads and peered into the small window which was at half mast ‘But where is the earth?’ she exclaimed in her heart

What she saw is beyond description A forest of clamorous hazel trees into which they were poured by the serpentine train became the sea, became the world, became anything you pleased, everything The forest ran on, brilliantly clear freshly murmuring down down the broad slope and growing smaller curdling and becoming misty, it fell steeply almost entirely black And that which rose on the other side of the void resembled something huge, all curly and circles, a yellow-green storm cloud plunged in thought and torpor Zhenia held her breath, and it once perceived the speed of that limitless and joyful in and it once realised that the huge cloud was some country, some place beginning a tomorrow and famous name rolling along like a thunderstorm flung into the valley with rock and sand and the hazel trees did nothing but whisper it and whisper it here and away over there, nothing else

“Is it the Urals?” she asked of the whole compartment, leaning forward

For the rest of the journey she never took her eyes away from the window in the corridor She clung to the window

and was continually leaning out. She was greedy. She discovered that it was more pleasant to look backwards than to look forward. Majestic acquaintances dimmed and disappeared into the distance. A short separation from them, in the course of which I accompanied by the vertical roar of the grinding chains and a draught of fresh air which made her neck grow cold, a new miracle appeared and again you search for them. The mountainous pinions extended and kept on growing. Some were black, others were refreshed, some were obscured, others obscured. They came together and separated, they ascended and climbed down. All this moved in a sort of slow circle, like the rotation of stars, with the prudent caution of giants anxious for the preservation of the earth on the edge of catastrophe. These complex projections were ruled by a level and powerful echo inaccessible to human ears and ill seeing. It watched them with eagle eyes, mute and invisible. It held them under its gaze. In this way were built, built and rebuilt the Urals.

For a moment he returned to the carriage, screwing up his eyes against the bright light. Mimi was smiling and talking to the strange gentleman in Sinozhi. Mimi was fidgeting with the crimson plush and clinging to a leather will strap. Mimi spit the last seed into the palm of her hand, swept up the ones which had fallen on her dress and inclining nimbly and impetuously threw all the rubbish under the seat. Contrary to their expectations the fat man possessed a husky cracked voice. He evidently suffered from asthma. Mimi introduced him to Zhengzi and offered her a mandarine. He was unusing and probably kind, and while talking he was continually lifting a plump hand to his mouth. He was troubled with his voice and suddenly becoming

constrained it was often intermittent. It appeared that he was from Ekaterinburg and he had often travelled through the Urals, which he knew well; and when he took his gold watch from his waistcoat pocket and lifted it to his nose and began to put it back again, Zhenia noticed that his fingers were kind. Like as fat people he seized things with a movement which suggested that he was giving them away and his hands sighed all the time as though proffered for a kiss, and they swung gently in the air, as though they were hitting a ball against the floor. "Now it'll come soon," he murmured, looking away from the boy, although he was speaking to him, and smiling broadly.

"You know, the signpost they talk about, on the frontier of Asia and Europe, and 'Asia' written on it," Seriozha blurted out, slipping off his cushion and bolting down the corridor.

Zhenia did not understand any of this, and when the fat man explained to her what it was, she immediately ran to the same side of the carriage and looked out for the signpost, afraid that she had already missed it. In her enchanted head 'the frontier of Asia' assumed the nature of a hallucinatory borderline, like the iron balustrade placed between the public and a cage full of panthers, a menacing bar, black like the night, fraught with danger and evil smelling. She waited for the curtain to rise on the first act of a geographical tragedy, about which she had heard rumours from witnesses, triumphantly excited because this had happened to her and because she would soon see it with her own eyes.

But meanwhile that which had compelled her to enter

the compartment with the older people monotonously continued the grey alders, past which they had been moving for half an hour were not coming to an end and nature was apparently making no preparations for that which awaited it. Zhichia became angry with dust laden, wearisome Europe, which was clumsily holding it a distance the appearance of the miracle. And how amazed she was when, as though in reply to Schosha's furious cry, something which resembled a gravestone flashed past the window, moved to one side and ran away withdrawing into the alders from the alders racing after it, the long awaited legendary name! At that moment a multitude of heads, as though in agreement, looked out of the windows of all the carriages while cloud of dust, borne down the slope, enlivened the train. Already they had driven some miles into Asia, but till their shawls quivered on their floating heads and they looked at one another, and all of them, bearded or shaven flew past flying in clouds of whirling sand, flying past the dust laden alders which were Europe a short while ago and were now long since Asia.

IV

Life began afresh. Milk was not brought into the house, into the kitchen by an itinerant milkmaid it was brought into the house ever, morning by Ulyasha in two pails, and the white bread was of a special kind, not like that of Perm. Here there were strange pavements, resembling marble or alabaster with a wavy white sheen. The flagstones were blinding even in the shadows, like ice cold suns, greedily engulfing the shadows of spruce trees, which

spread out, melted in them and liquefied. Here the feeling was quite different when you walked on the roads, which were wide and luminous, with trees planted in them, as in Paris—Zhernia repeated after her father.

He spoke of this on the first day of their arrival. It was a fine, spacious day. Her father had a snack meal before going to meet them at the station and took no part in the dinner. His place at the table was therefore clean and bright, like Ekaterinburg, and he only spread out his serviette and sat sideways and spoke about things in generalities. He unbuttoned his waistcoat and his shirt front curved crisply and vigorously. He said it was a beautiful European town and rang the bell when it was necessary to take the dishes away and order something else, and he rang the bell and continued talking. And along the unknown paths of the still unknown rooms a needless white maid came to them, a brunette, in starch and flounces and they said 'you to her, and this maid'—this new maid smiled at the mistress and the children as though they were old acquaintances. And this maid was admonished with various injunctions about Ulyasha who found herself there in an unknown and probably very dark kitchen where certainly there was a window which looked out upon something new some steeple or other or a rod or bird. And Ulyasha would at once begin to ask questions of the girl, putting on her worst clothes, so that she could do the unpicking afterwards, she would ask questions and become familiar with things and look in which corner was the stove, in that one, as in Peini, or elsewhere?

The boy learned from his father that they were not far from the school—indeed it was quite near—and they

could not avoid seeing it as they drove past, the father drank up his *naran* swallowed and continued 'Is it possible I didn't show it to you? You don't see it from here, from the kitchen probably (He weighed it in his mind) But only the roof and he drink up the *nuzan* and rang the bell

The kitchen was cool and bright, even though it once happened to the girl as he had imagined it in the dining room, a kitchen range with tiles painted blue and white, and there were two windows in the place she had expected them. Ulzish threw something on her but soon the room became full of children all people were walking along the roof of the school and the topmost scaffolding protruded. Yet it began to rain, it pattered faster and when the came in she after most of all by the island their way into the dining room through the study, even but still unexplored and in which he would have to visit again on the following day after unpacking her exercise books and hanging up her face flannel on the wall and finishing thousand things.

Wounded father bathed and then down and they went into the dining room which they had already visited to pour their hearts in they entered. Why should it all be Asur? he thought it didn't But Sosozhi did not understand that which he would understand perfectly at another time for until now they had lived and thought in union He stepped towards the ring hanging on the wall and moved his hand over it and looked at the inscription looking at his teacher smiling so it seemed to him by his argument This seemed to the cardinal font in that's

* A kind of mineral water. Translator Note

all!" And she remembered the noon of that same day, already so far away. It was unbelievable that a day which had contained all this this day, now in Ekaterinburg, and still here — had not yet come to an end. At the thought of all that it had fled past preserving its breathless order into the pedestaled distance she experienced a sensation of amazing tiredness the sensation which the body experiences in the evening after a laborious day. As though she had taken part in the removal and displacement of all this burden of loveliness and had stained herself. And for some reason I said that it existed her Urals, over there she turned and ran into the kitchen across the dining room where there was less crockery but where there was still the wonderful iced butter on the damp maple leaves and the sour mineral water.

The school was being repaired and the air like linen on the teeth of the seamstress was upped by hill mountings and down below — he leaned out of the window a carriage gleamed in front of the open coachhouse and sparks flew up from a grinding wheel and there was the smell of food which has been eaten a finer and more interesting smell than when it was being served a long listing melancholy smell is in a book. She forgot why she was running and did not notice that her Urals were not in Ekaterinburg but she did notice how they were singing below, underneath while they were working at their easy tasks (probably washing the floors and spreading best with warm hands) and how they were splashing the water from the kitchen pails and how although they were splashing down stairs how quiet it was everywhere! And how the tap bubbled, and how Well my dear but she still avoided

the new girl and had no wish to hear her—and how—she pursued her thoughts to the end—everyone underneath them knew and indeed said: “There are people in number two now.” Ulyasha entered the kitchen.

The children slept soundly during their first night, and they woke up: Seriozha in Ekaterinburg, Zhenia in Asia, as once more it occurred to her, strangely and with certainty. Flakes of alabaster were playing lightly on the ceiling.

This began while it was yet summer. They declared to her that she had to go to school. This was in no way unpleasant. But they declared it to her. She did not call the tutor into the schoolroom, where the sunlight clung so closely to the colour-wash wall that in the evening it succeeded in tearing off the adhesive day only with bloodshed. She did not call him when, accompanied by her mother, he went there to make the acquaintance of ‘his future pupil.’ It was not she who gave him the absurd name of Dikikh. Nor was it she who wished that henceforward the soldiers would always be taught at noon, immense, shaggy, wheezing, perspiring like the convulsions of a stopcock before the breakdown of the water supply; and that their thigh-boots would be squeezed by lilac-coloured storm-clouds which knew more about guns and wheels than their white shirts, white tents and officers whiter still. Was it she who wished that now there would always be two things: a small basin and a serviette, which combined together like the carbon rods of an arc lamp and evoked a third being which momentarily evaporated: the idea of death, like those signboards at the barber’s where it first

occurred to her? And was it with her consent that the red turnpikes, on which it was written, "No loitering!" assumed the position of a local and forbidden secret, and the Chinese -something intimately terrible, closely related to Zhchina and horrifying? But not everything lay heavy on her soul. There were pleasant things too like her approaching entry into the school. But all this was declared to her. Life ceased to be a poetical caprice; it fermented around her like a harsh and evil-coloured fable, in so far as it became prose and was transformed into fact. Stubbornly, painfully and hastylessly, as though in a state of eternal sobering, elements of vivid existence entered into her awakened spirit. They sank deep within her, cold and cold like worn pewter poin. Here, deep down, the pewter began to melt and clot and fuse into fixed ideas.

V

Often the Belgians came to tea. So they were called. It was her father who called them thus, lying. To day the Belgians are coming to tea. There were four of them. One, bearded, came rucly and never talked. Some times he came along by accident during the week, choosing a rainy and uninteresting day. The other three were inseparable. Their faces re embled cakes of fish soap, unbroken from the wrapper, sweet-scented and cold. One wore a thick and downy beard and downy, chestnut coloured hair. They always appeared in the company of their father returning from some meeting or other. In the house everyone liked them. When they spoke it was as

though they were spilling water on the tablecloth noisily, freshly, immediately sometimes to one side where no one expected it with the long lingering trails of their jokes and their anecdotes always understood by the children always quenching their thirst and clean

All round there was noise the sugar basin gleamed, the nickel plated coffee pot the clean vigorous teeth the compact linen. With mother they joked politely and courteously. And these colleagues of her father possessed an extremely fine skill in retelling him when in reply to one of their swift imitations and references to things and people known at the table only to them the professionals, her father began with difficulty and in imperfect French, difficult to speak hesitatingly about contractor about references apprentices and about servants the last names which went out of use - embellishment at Blagodat

In some time the handles one had been attempting to learn Russian and he often ought to show off his skill in his new department of knowledge but so far with little success. One could not laugh over the French periods of her father and all his facets were seriously welcome, but precisely because of his position the gusts of laughter which greeted Negrit's attempt at Russian were fully justified.

They called him Negrit. He was a Willoon from the Flemish district of Belgium. They recommended Dikikh to him. He wrote his idiosyncrasies in Russian unusually transcribing the more difficult letters such as ю я, ъ. They came from him in duplicates unmatched and with their legs straddled part. The children permitted themselves

to sit with their knees on the leather cushions of the arm-chairs, their elbows on the table—everything was permissible, everything was merged together, the 10 was not 10 but a sort of ten, everywhere there was squealing and bursting into laughter Evans was banging the table with his fist and wiping away his tears father was trembling and blushing, walking up and down the room and repeating, "No, I really can't" and crumpling his handkerchief "Faites de nouveau!" Evans was blowing on the flames "Commence!" and Negarat opened his mouth a little like someone who stammers and lingers for a while and wonders how he will ever be able to bring to birth those Russian syllables still unexplored like colonies in the Congo

"Dites, uv, nevgodno," father suggested hoarsely, humidly, spitting out the words

Ouvouï mevouï

"I ntends tu?" ouvouï, mevouï—ouvouï mevouï—oui oui—chose monie charmant," the Belgians broke out laughing

Summer went by Some examinations were passed successfully, others brilliantly The cold transparent voices of the corridors flowed in from a fountain Here everyone knew one another The leaves in the garden grew yellow and gold In their bright, dancing reflection the school windows pined away Half lustreless the windows became clouded over and shook at their base The upper panes of the windows were rent by blue convulsions The bronze branches of the maple trees ploughed across their frigid clarity

She did not expect that all her emotions would be

transformed into such pleasant mockery. Divide so many feet, so many yards by seven! Was it worth while to learn all about those ounces, pounds, quarters, stones? Or grains, drams, ounces, pounds avoirdupois—which always seemed to her to be the four ages in the life of the scorpion? Why, in the word ‘useful’ must you write one sort of ‘e’³ rather than another? And she worked hard over the answer, only because all her strength was concentrated in the effort of imagining the unfavourable reasons which would compel the word ‘useful’ with the wrong ‘e’ (so shaggy and wild when it is written in this way) to arise. She never knew why they did not send her to school, although she had been admitted and was enrolled, and already her coffee-coloured uniform had been tried on, avuncularly and importunately, for several hours, and her room already contained many horizons: a bag, a pencil case, a luncheon basket and a remarkably loathsome India rubber.

³ In the old Russian orthography there were three letters for the sound expressed by the English “e”—Translator’s Note.

The Childhood of Lovers

THE STRANGER

I

THE GIRL WAS swathed from head to knees in a thick woollen shawl like a pallet she ran about in the courtyard. Zhema wanted to go up to the Tartar girl and talk to her. At that moment a window was flung open noisily. 'Kolkat' Aksinya shouted. The boy who resembled one of those bundle-the-peasants girls and into which fell hoes would have been hurriedly thrust trotted hurriedly into the porter's lodge.

To file the work into the courtyard meant always having poised over a footnote to a file until it had lost all significance to sweep up the mud before it reached the house. From the door bold the room immediately transfigured you with its colour and darkness and freshness and with an always unexpected frankness which the furniture having assumed on command for all its appointed place retained. It is impossible to foretell the future. But if it were possible to realise its presence I would walk into the house. Here the scheme of the future was already mapped out, the disposition of forces to which the future was subordinated, while refractory towards every thing else. And there was no dream, impeded by the motion of the air in the street, which could not easily be dispersed by the quick and fatal

spirit of the house, as it rushed in suddenly, from the threshold of the hall

This time it was Lermontov Zhenia crumpled up the book, folding it so that the binding lay inside. In the house, if Schozha had done this, she would herself have rebelled against the 'ugly habit' But in the courtyard it was another matter

Frokhor laid the ice cream freezer on the ground and went back into the house. When he opened the door into the hall, there came from thence the lolling, devilish barking of the general's shorthaired house-dogs. The door slammed with a quak bang.

Meanwhile Terek, bounding up like a lioness, with a shaggy mane along her back,¹ continued to roar as he thought fit, and Zhenia began to wonder, but only about this was it the buck or the pine which was referred to? She was too lazy to look in the book, and "the golden clouds from the south, from the distance" had hardly time to follow Terek, for they were already meeting with the threshold of the general's kitchen with a pail and a bast wisp in the hand.

The batman placed the pail on the ground, bent down, took the ice cream freezer to pieces and began to wash it. The August sun boared through the wooden leaves and took root in the soldier's hind quarters. Reddening, the sun embedded itself on his uniform and like turpentine greedily soaked into him.

The courtyard was wide, with intricate secluded corners,

¹ Refers to a famous blunder in Lermontov's *Demon Lionesses*: have no manes—Translator's Note.

ponderous and complicated. With paving-stones in the centre, it had not been re-paved for a long time and the cobbles were overgrown with level, curly-headed grasses which gave off, in the hour after dinner, an acid, medicinal smell, like the smell of a hospital as you pass by on a hot day. At one end, between the lodge and the courtyard coach house, the courtyard bordered upon a strange garden.

There, among the stacks of firewood, Zhima wandered. She propped a ladder among the level faggots to prevent it from falling, she took it into the shifting wood and sat on a rung in the middle, casually and uncomfortably, as though she was playing a game in the courtyard. Then she stretched up and climbed higher, placing the book on the topmost broken rung and preparing to give her attention to the Demon, until she discovered that she sat more comfortably where she was before and climbed down again and forgot the book among the faggots, and did not remember, because she thought only of what she had seen for the first time on the other side of the strange garden—she never previously imagined there could be such a thing behind it she stood there gaping, like someone enchanted.

There were no bushes in the strange garden, and the ancient trees, bearing their lower branches upwards towards the leaves, as though into darkness, stripped bare the garden below, although it stood in continual shadow, solemn and open to the air, and never moving out of the shade. Forked trees like columns during the storm and covered with a grey lichen, made it easy to see the deserted, rarely

frequented street upon which the strange garden looked out on the other side. A yellow acacia tree grew there. Now it was parched, it bent down and let fall its leaves.

Transferred by the dark garden from this world to the other, the forgotten sidestreet shone brilliantly, like something in a dream; brilliantly and minutely illuminated, and noiseless, as though the sun, wearing glasses, was scrabbling in the chickweed.

But what was Zhenia gaping at? At her own discovery, which interested her more than it interested the people who were helping her to make it. Then there was a small shop there? Beyond the wicket-gate, in the street! In such a street! She envied the strangers, 'the happy ones.' There were three women.

They wore black, like the word 'nun' in the song. Three smooth napes, under their circular hats, were inclined so that it seemed that the last, half hidden by a bush, slept while leaning on something, but the other two were also asleep and drawn up close to her. Their hats were of a dark dove-grey, and they glittered in the sunlight and died out again like insects. They were covered with black crêpe. Meanwhile the strangers turned in the other direction. Obviously something at the end of the street had attracted their attention. For a few minutes they looked at the end of the street, as one looks in summer, when a second will dissolve into the light and draw out its length, when one has to screw up one's eyes and shade them with one's hands—they looked for a few moments and fell once more into their former state of unanimous somnolence.

Zhenia was just going to go in when suddenly she re-

remembered the book, although at first she had no idea where it was. She came back for it, and when she returned to the logs, she noticed that the strangers had got up and were moving away. They were walking singly in single file, towards the wicket gate. A small man followed them with a strange crippled manner of walking. Under his arm he was carrying a huge album or an atlas. Now it was clear to her what they had been doing; each was looking over the shoulder of the other, and she thought they were sleeping. The neighbours moved about in the garden and hid behind the outhouses. Already the sun was going down. Reaching up for her book, Zhennia shook the piled logs. The pile awoke and moved as though alive. Several logs flew down and fell on the grass with a light sound. This was the signal like a night watchman's rattle. Evening was born. Innumerable quiet and misty sounds were born. The air began to whistle a tune of long ago. Of the other side of the river.

The courtyard was empty. Prokhor had finished his work. He moved beyond the gates. Low over the grasses came the melancholy string thrumming of a soldier's balalaika. And there spun and danced above her head, dipping and falling and sinking, and it lit without touching the earth there climbed upwards a thin swarm of silent midges. But the thrumming of the balalaika was still quieter and more tenuous. It sank to the earth below the midges, but without becoming covered in dust, more delicate and airy than the swarm it rushed upwards into the heights, glittering and falling in eddies, slowly.

Zhennia returned to the house. "Lime," she thought,

thinking of the unknown man who carried an album
"Lame, but not a poor man, without crutches" She went
into the house through the back door From the courtyard
there came the smell, cloying and persistent, of camomile.
"For some time mother has almost acquired a chemist's
shop, a whole collection of blue bottles with yellow stop
pers" Slowly she climbed the stairs The iron banisters
were cold, the stairs gnashed in reply to her scraping feet
Suddenly a strange thought entered her head She stepped
over two stairs and came to rest on a third It occurred to
her that for some time there had existed an incompre
hensible resemblance between her mother and the lodge
keeper's wife There was something altogether elusive in
this resemblance She paused It by the thought—in
something people bear in mind when they are talking we
are all mortal or we are ill tired with the same
brush or fate pays no respect to birth she pushed
the bottle which was rolling on its side with her foot and
it flew down and fell on the dusty mat big without break
ing— in something which was very common indeed com
mon to ill people But then why not go on to discover
resemblances between herself and Aksinya? Or between
Aksinya and Ulyash? And it was all the more strange to
Zherni because it would be difficult to find two more dis
similar natures in Aksinya there was something earthy as
in a mink t guden something resembling swollen potatoes
and the discoloration of a libidinous pumpkin Where is her mother
Zherni smiled at the thought of a comparison

And meanwhile it was Aksinya who gave the right note
to the obtuseness of comparison She became the center of the

rapprochement. The countrywoman gained nothing, but the lady lost something. A moment later something else occurred to Zhenia. It occurred to her that rusticity had already penetrated into her mother's nature, and she imagined her mother saying 'shuka' instead of 'shchuka', 'rabotam' instead of 'rabotaem', perhaps—it occurred to her—the day will come and she will just step in and offer a heavy peasant greeting in a new silk dressing gown which is without a girdle.

In the corridor there was a smell of medicine. Zhenia went to her father.

II

The furniture was renewed. Luxury appeared in the house. The Lovers required a carriage and began to keep horses. The coachman was called Davletcha.

Rubber tires were quite new then. When they went for a drive everything turned and gazed after the carriage, people, gardens, churches, hens.

They did not open the door to Madame Lovers for a long time and when the carriage, out of respect for her, moved off at a slow trot, she cried after it: Don't go far, up to the turnpike and back be careful when you are taking the hill while the white sun which reached her from the steps of the doctor's verandah moved farther down the street and shone towards the thickset ruddy, freckled neck of Davletcha, which it warmed and wrinkled.

They drove over the bridge. The conversation of the girders echoed roundly and cunningly and coherently, fashioned once and for all, strictly incised into the ravine and always remembered by it, in daylight and in sleep.

Vikormish,² clambering up the hill, tried his strength on the steep, unyielding flint, he pulled, he could do nothing and suddenly, resembling in this a creeping grasshopper, he became like a grasshopper, which is by nature made to leap and fly, unexpectedly beautiful in the humility of his unnatural efforts, it seemed that he could no longer bear to remain where he was and that he would angrily dash his wing and fly away. And so it came about. The horse pulled, flung toward his forelegs and plunged with a swift bound over the wasteland. Davletcha began to pull him up and drag on the reins. A large humped dog barked at them, mountainously and drawling. The dust was like gunpowder. The road turned steeply to the left.

The dark street ran blindly into the red fence of a rail way depot. The street was covered with strips of sunlight. The sun came slanting through the bushes and shrouded the crowd of tramp figures in women's cloaks. The sun drenched them in fountains of white light which appeared to be poured from a tilted bucket of watery lime and flooded the earth. The street was covered with strips of sunlight. The horse moved lowly. Turn to the right," Zhemir ordered. There's no road. Davletcha replied, pointing with his whip him back at the red wall. A blind alley. Then stop. I want to have a look. They were our Chinese 'I ee' Davletcha realising that his mistress was disinclined to talk with him, slowly chanted "Whoa!" and the horse, his whole body swaying stood as though rooted to the ground. Davletcha began to whistle softly.

² The name usually given to horses brought up in the house (*vikormit*—to bring up). Here it is also the nickname of the horse.—Translator's Note.

and helpfully, compelling the horse to do what was necessary.

The Chinese ran across the road, holding in their hands huge loaves of rye bread. They were in blue and resembled peasant women in trousers. Their bare heads ended in a knot over the parietal bone and seemed to have been twisted out of pocket-handkerchiefs. Several of them paused. One could distinguish them clearly. Their faces were pale, earthy, simpering. They were swarthy and filthy, like copper oxidised by poverty. Davletcha took out his tobacco pouch and began to roll a primitive cigarette. Meanwhile from the corner over there, in the direction where the Chinese were going, several women appeared. Probably they were coming for bread too. Those who were on the road began to laugh uproariously; they approached them lasciviously, waddling as though their hands were twisted with a rope behind their backs. Their curious waddling motions were emphasised by the fact that from their shoulders to their ankles they were dressed alike in a single piece of cloth, exactly in the manner of acrobats. There was nothing intimidating in them; the women did not run away, but stood there themselves laughing.

"What's the matter with you, Davletcha?" "The horse is pulling. The horse! Can't stand still! Just can't stand still!" Meanwhile Davletcha repeatedly struck Vikormish sharp blows with the reins, twitching them and then letting them hang loose. "Quietly, you'll overturn the carriage. Why do you whip him?" "I must." And only when he had entered the field and quietened the horse, which was beginning to panic, did the wily Tartar, who had borne his mistress like an arrow from the shameful scene, take the

reins in his hands, seize the riding-whip and lay the tobacco-pouch, which had remained in his hands all the time, inside the flap of his coat.

They returned by another road. Madame Luvers saw them, probably from the doctor's window. She walked to the steps at the same moment that the bridge, having already told them all its fairy tale, began all over again under the weight of the water-cart.

III

With the Deffendov girl, with the girl who had brought mountain-ash into the classroom, plucked on the way to school, Zhenia made friends at one of her examinations. The daughter of the sacristan was taking her examination in French after failing the first time. They made Luvers Evgenia sit down in the first empty place. There they made one another's acquaintance, as they sat together over the same sentence.

Est-ce Pierre qui a volé la pomme?

Oui, c'est Pierre qui vola etc.

The fact that Zhenia had to take her lessons at home did not put an end to the friendship between the two girls. They continued to meet. And their meetings, owing to her mother's opinions, were onesided: Lisa was allowed to visit them, but for the time being Zhenia was forbidden to go to the Deffendovs.

Their meetings, which took place at odd moments, by snatches, did not prevent Zhenia from soon becoming attached to her friend. She fell in love with the Deffendov girl, that is she played an entirely passive role, becoming as

it were a barometer, watchful and inflamed with anxiety. All Lisa's references to her classmates, who were unknown to her, aroused in Zhenia a sensation of bitterness and futility. Her heart sank: these were her first attacks of jealousy. For no reason, in the strength of her anxiety, Zhenia was convinced that Lisa was playing her false, outwardly sincere but inwardly laughing at everything in her which was peculiar to the family of Luvers; and as soon as she was out of sight, at home or in the classroom, she was making merry over these things; but Zhenia considered that it was as it should be, it was something which lay in the very nature of their attachment. These sentiments aroused by an accidental choice of an object answered the powerful demands of an instinct, which takes no cognisance of self-love and knows only to suffer and to be consumed in honour of a fetish, when it feels for the first time.

Neither Zhenia nor Lisa greatly influenced one another and Zhenia remained Zhenia, Lisa Lisa; they met and they parted—the one profoundly moved and the other emotionally undisturbed.

The father of the Akhmedyanovs traded in iron. During the year which intervened between the birth of Nuretdin and Smagil he unexpectedly became rich. At that time Smagil began to be called Samoil, and it was decided to give the sons a Russian education. Not a single peculiarity of the free seigneurial existence was neglected by the father, but in ten years of hurried imitation, he had overshot the mark in every way. The children succeeded marvellously in following the pattern chosen by their father

and the splendid range of his wilfulness remained with them, noisy and destructive, like a pair of revolving fly-wheels rebounding by virtue of their inertia. In the fourth class the brothers Akhmedyanov were the most genuine representatives of the fourth class mentality. They consisted of chalk broken into little pieces (rbs, gunshot, the crash of desk, obscene swear words and red checked and rub nosed cocksureness which crackled in the frost. Serozh made friends with them in August. By the end of September the boy had no face left. It was in the order of things. To be a typical schoolboy, and later something else as well, implied being at one with the Akhmedyanovs. And Serozh wanted nothing so much as to be this schoolboy. I never placed no obstacle in the way of his son's desires. He did not notice the changes in him, but even if he had noticed them, he would have written them down to adolescence. Besides, he had other things to worry about. For some time he had suspected that he was ill and that his illness was incurable.

IV

She was not sorry for him, although everyone else was saying how disagreeable it was and how incredibly ill timed. Negarat was too subtle even for then parents and all that was felt by the parents in relation to the foreigner was dimly conveyed to the children, as to spoilt domesticated animals. Zhenia grieved only because now nothing would be as it was before, and there remained only the three Belgians, and there would never be so much laughter as there was before.

She happened to be sitting by the table on the evening when he explained to her mother that he would have to go to Dijon for his military service. 'You must be still young,' her mother said and at once she was wracked with pity for him. But he sat down, hanging his head. The conversation flagged. Tomorrow they were coming to putty the windows, her mother said and she asked him whether he ought to close them. He said there was no need the evening was warm and in his country the windows were not puttied even in winter. Soon her father came up to them. He too was flooded with a sense of compassion at the news. But before he began to give vent to his lamentations he raised his eyebrows and said in a surprised voice, 'To Dijon? But I thought you were a Belgian.' Belgian but a French subject! And Neguerat began to relate the history of the emigration of his old people so amusingly that he might not have been the son of his old people. 'I only that he might have been reading it all from a book about foreigners. Excuse me for interrupting,' mother said. 'Zhenyu like you ought to close the window. Viki tomorrow they will come and putty the windows. Will you? That uncle of yours was a fine old ruffian! Did he do it morally or not?' 'Yes.' And he resumed his story. And he went on to discuss affairs and the papers which he had received the day before by post from the consulate. He informed that the girl would understand nothing and was striving to understand. So he turned to her and began to explain without showing any sign that this was his aim to avoid hurting her pride, what the military service was. 'Yes, yes.'

understand. Yes. I understand. Of course I do," Zhenia repeated mechanically and gratefully.

"But why go so far? Be a soldier here. Learn where everyone else does," she corrected herself, imagining the meadow which rose clear on the monastery hill.

"Yes, yes. I understand. Yes, yes, yes," Zhenia repeated; but the Lovers, finding themselves at a loose end and thinking that the Belgian was filling her head with useless details, interposed their own sleepy and simplifying observations. And suddenly the moment arrived when she began to pity all those who in the old days or still more recently, were the Negarats in far-off places, men of the dispersion who set out along the unexpected road which was being thrown down from the sky, in order to become soldiers here in Ekaterinburg. So well did he explain it to her. No one had explained it to her in that way. A veil of indifference, the hypnotic veil of perception was removed from the vision of white tents: regiments faded away and transformed themselves into a group of separate individuals in military uniform, and she began to be sorry for them at the same moment that their significance brought them into life and exalted them, brought them closer to her and discoloured them.

They took their leave. "I shall leave some of my books with Tsvetkov. He is the friend I was always talking about. Please make use of them in the future, madame. Your son knows where I am living: he sees the landlord's family; I shall give up my room to Tsvetkov. I shall warn him beforehand."

"We'll be pleased to see him. Tsvetkov, did you say?"

"Tsvetkov"

'By all means, let him come along. We shall be delighted to meet him. When I was younger I used to know the family, — and she looked at her husband who was standing in front of Negarat, his hands lying along the seam of his tightly fitting coat, while he distractedly waited for a convenient opening in which to make final arrangements with the Belgian about to morrow.

'Let him come. Only not now. I shall let him know. Yes take it, it's yours. I haven't finished yet. I cried over it. The doctor advises me to give up reading. So as to avoid the excitement,' and once more she looked at her husband, who hung his head, puffing and making a crackling sound with his collar as he became more and more interested in the problem : to whether he was wearing his boots on both legs and whether they were well cleaned.

'Well now don't forget your walking stick. I hope we shall see one more time again.'

'Oh, of course. Until today. What day is to day?' He was frightened as all those who go away in similar circumstances.

Wednesday. Vika. Wednesday? Vika, Wednesday? Wednesday I count. I either turn come at last. *Demain* and both walked down the stairs.

They walked and talked and on innumerable occasions she fell into a gentle sprint so as to avoid lagging behind.

Seriozha and in order to keep pace with him They walked very quickly and her coat fidgeted on her, because she rowed with her arms to help her move forward, but kept her hands in her pockets It was cold Under her goloshes the thin ice burst musically They were going on an errand for her mother to buy a present for the departing guest, and they were talking

"So they were taking him to the station?"

"Yes"

"But why did he sit in the straw?"

"What do you mean?"

"In the cart All of him, from the feet up People don't sit like that"

I've already told you It because he's a prisoner - a criminal

"Are they going to take him to prison?"

No to Perm We haven't got a prison Look where you're going'

Their way led them across the road and past the copper smith's shop During the whole of the summer the doors stood wide open and Zherdt used to associate the cross road with the peculiar friendly warmth which the open jaws of the workshop invited to it All through July, August and September carts would pull up, blocking the exits, peasants, mostly Tartars, would congregate in crowds, pails would roll on the ground and pieces of gutter piping, broken and rusted, and it was there, rather than anywhere else, that the blazing dense sun train formed the crowd into a gypsy encampment and painted the Tartars in gypsy colours and sank in the terrible dust at the hour when they slaughtered the chickens behind the neighbour-

ing wattle fence, and there the limbers, disengaged from under the carts, were plunged by the shafts into the dust with the rubbed pale plates of the coupling bolts.

Pails and scap iron lay in confusion and were now powdered with a faint frost. But the doors were shut tight, as though it was a holiday, against the cold and the cross-road was deserted, but through the circular venthole there came a smell which Zhema recognised, the smell of musty firedamp which broke into a clattering scream and striking the nostrils precipitated on the palate an inexpensive and effervescent fuzzy drink.

"And is the prison in Penn?"

"Yes. The central offices. I think it is better to go this way. nearer. It in Penn because that's the administrative town, while Katerinburg is only a provincial town. Very small."

The road in front of the private houses was faced with red brick and lined with bushes. On the road by traces of the weak, huddled sun Sciozha endeavoured to walk as noisily as possible.

"If you tickle burberry in spring, when it flowers, with a pin, it quickly flutters its leaves as though it was alive."

"I know."

"And you are afraid of being tickled?"

"Yes."

"That means your nerves are bad. The Ahmedyanovs say that anyone who is afraid of being tickled—"

And they went on. Zhenni running, Sciozha walking with unnatural strides, and her coat fidgeted on her. They saw Dikikh at the very moment when the wicket gate, which revolved like a turnstile on a shaft, barked their way

and prevented them from going on. They saw him in the distance he was coming out of the shop they were going into, separated from them by half the length of a block. Dikikh was not alone, behind him there walked a slight man who seemed to be trying to hide the fact that he was limping. It occurred to Zhanna that she had already seen him somewhere. They passed, without greeting one another. They turned away obliquely. Dikikh did not notice the children, he wore thigh boots, and often raised his hands with outspread fingers. He did not acquiesce and with all ten of them demonstrated that his companion (But where had she seen him? A long time ago. But where? It must have been in Perm in her childhood.)

'Stop!' Something was moving Serezhka. He dropped to one knee. 'Wait a moment.'

'Did it happen?'

'Yes, it did. Such idiots they can't beat a nail in properly.'

'Have you got it?'

'Wait a moment. I can't think where I know that man limping. Thank goodness!'

'I am it.'

'No, it's all right, think. He can. That's in the living room, an old one. It's not my fault. Come on. Wait a moment. I'm only brushing my knee. Now it's all right. Come on.'

I know him. He comes from the Akhmedov house. He is Negurat's friend. Don't you remember? I spoke about him. He brings some people together and they drink all night and there's a light in their window. Don't you remember when I spent a night with the Akhmedovs?

yanovs? On the birthday of Samoil. Well, doesn't that help? Now do you remember?"

She remembered. She realised she had made a mistake. In this case it was impossible to have seen the limping man in Perm, as she had at first imagined. But she continued to feel otherwise, and in her reticence with regard to these sensations, while sifting among her memories of Perm, she followed her brother in performing certain movements: she took hold of something, she overstepped something and looking around her, found herself in the half-light of counters, among shelves and packing-cases and fastidious greetings and servile attention . . . and . . . Seriozha was talking.

The name, which he wanted, of the bookseller who dealt in all kinds of tobacco, did not appear; but he put them at their ease and assured him that the promised Turgeniev had been sent from Moscow and was now on its way, and he had only just this moment—a moment ago—spoken about this same book with Mr. Tsvetkov, their tutor. His shiftiness and his error with regard to Tsvetkov amused the children; they took leave of him and went home with empty hands.

As they were leaving Zhenia turned to her brother with the question:

"Seriozha, I always forget! Do you know the street which can be seen from our wood-piles?"

"No, I have never been there before."

"Not true. I saw you myself."

"On the wood-pile? You . . . ?"

"I'm not talking about the wood-pile, but the street behind the Cherep-Savvich's garden."

"Oh, that! Of course! Straight ahead Behind the garden, right along There are sheds and firewood Wait a moment You mean our courtyard? That courtyard? Ours! How clever Whenever I went there I used to think how nice it would be to go in the wood piles and then from the wood piles to the attic There is a ladder there— I've seen it Are you sure it is really our courtyard?"

Senzha! will you show me the road there?

Again But the courtyard is over What is there to show You yourself?

Senzha! you still don't understand! I'm talking about the road only I'm talking about the courtyard I'm talking about the road Show me the way to the road Show me how to get there Show me Senza!

But I don't understand We went there today and we're going there again now

Really?

Yes And the copper smith? At the corner

Then the road covered in dust

Is that very near or are you talking about While the Chechep Sivich is at the end on the right Don't stand still or you'll be late for dinner It's lobster today

They spoke little nothing else The Akhmedyanovs had promised to teach him how to turn sunovir This led them to the question of older and he told her that it was a kind of oil which resembled butter and with it they soldered tin boxes and nail casings This tin was older'd on to it and the parts were brittle and the Akhmedyanovs knew all about this

They had to turn otherwise a line of carts would have held them back And they forgot she was remonstrant about

the unfrequented sidestreet, and he his promise to show her where it was. They passed close to the shop door, and it was there, while they were inhaling the warm, greasy smoke which derived from the scourings of copper candlesticks and copper mountings, that Zhenia suddenly remembered where she had seen the limping man and the three strangers, and what they were doing, and a moment later she realised that it was Tsvetkov, the man the bookseller had been talking about, who was the limping man.

VI

Negarat left in the evening. Father went to see him off. He returned late at night from the station. His appearance at the porter's lodge aroused an immense and not quickly appeased state of alarm. They came out with lanterns, they called out. Rain fell and the geese, which had been let loose, cackled.

The morning was cloudy and shaky. The moist grey street bounded like indiarubber, the foul rain quivered and splashed up mud; carriages sprang up and down and scattered mud on men in goloshes as they crossed the street.

Zhenia returned home. Echoes of the uproar at night were still being heard in the courtyard in the morning. They refused to allow her to go in the carriage. She walked towards her friend's house, after saying that she was going out to buy henupseed. But when she had gone halfway, she was sure she would not find the road from the shopping district to the Deffendovs, and turned back. And then she remembered that it was too early and in any case Lisa would be at school. She was wet through and trembling.

The wind lifted. But still it did not clear up. A cold white light flew along the road and like a leaf stuck to the soggy flagstones. Muddy clouds hurried away from the town, hustling giddily in a state of panic agitation, at the end of the square beyond the three branched street lamps.

The man who was changing his house was either very slovenly or very inexpedient. The furniture of his poorly furnished study was not loaded on to the lorry, but simply placed in it exactly as it had been placed in the room, and the covers of the armchairs, seen under the white dust covers sliding the boards in on a parquet floor, with every quiver of the vehicle. The dust covers were as white as snow although they were driven hard through. They caught one another sharply so that on looking at them everything else issuing in the same colour, the cobblestones gnawed by the bad weather, the freezing water in the ditches under the willow trees flying away from the stable, the horse lying after them, pieces of lead and even the horse in the tub which trembled, awkwardly bowing its greetings from the cart at everything which flew past.

The cart load was small. Involuntarily it directed attention to itself. A peasant walked along side and the lorry, lurching broadly, moved it a walking piece and knocked against the posts set up on the road. Above it, in croaking tatters, floated the drenched and leaden word town, giving birth inside the girl's head to a multitude of ideas as fugitive as the cold October light which was flying over the road and falling into the water.

"He will catch cold when he unpacks his things," she thought, at the sight of their unknown owner. And she

imagined a man—just a man walking fitteringly, with uneven gait, propping up his goods and chattels in the different corners of his new house. She was quick to imagine his movements and mannerisms especially how he would pick up a rag, hobble round the tub and begin to wipe away the clouded sediment of frost which lay on the leaves of the fig tree. And then he would catch cold shiver and develop a temperature. Sure to catch cold. Zhemka imagined this very vividly. Very vividly. The cart rumbled down the hill towards Isak. Zhemka hid to the left.

It derived probably from someone's heavy footsteps behind the door. The tea in the glass on the table by the bed rose and fell. A piece of lantern in the corner melted. The many strips on the willow paper were waving. They were swaying in pillars like the bottles full of syrup which stand in the shops behind signboards on which a Turk is smoking a pipe.

On which a Turk is smoking a pipe. Smoking a pipe.

It derived probably from some nightcap. The patient went to sleep again.

Zhemka fell ill the day after Negrit's a picture on the very day when she learned after a stroll that Alyosya had given birth to a boy during the night on the very day when at the sight of the lonely bird of furniture she decided that rheumatism lay in wait for the owner. For a fortnight she lay in a fever thickly spattered over the sweat with painful red poppet which burnt and clung to her eyelids and the corners of her lips. Perspiration worried

her and a sensation of monstrous obscenity mingled with the feeling of being stung. As though the fluid which made her swell was being poured into her by a summer wasp. As though its sting is thin as a grey hair, remained in her while she longed to take it out, more than once and in more than in ~~in~~. Now from the purple cheekbone, now from the stiffened shoulder aching under her chemise, now from somewhere else. Meanwhile she was convalescing. The feeling of weakness was manifest every where.

This feeling of weakness gave way at its own risk and peril, to a strange geometry of its own provoking a slight giddiness and a sensitiveness.

Hiving began for example with some episode on the counterclockwise this feeling of weakness began to construct upon it rows of suddenly increasing blank spaces which quickly became imminent void in the twilight tended to assume the shape of the square which lay at the basis of this manic play with space. Or else separating from the pattern of the willow pattern by pattern it drove the widths before the wall smoothly a coil substituting one for another and also in all the sensations harassing her with a regular and gradual growth in the dimensions. Or else it tortured the sick child with depths which went on without end beginning from the very beginning from its first tick on the parquet floor its own faithlessness, allowing the bear to fall silently into the abysses silent y, and with the bear went the girl. Her head was like a lump of sugar thrown into the abyss of an insipid and menacingly empty abyss and it dissolved and disappeared in it.

It derived from the heightened sensitivity of the labyrinth of her ears

It derived from someone's footsteps The lemon rose and fell The sunlight rose and fell on the wallpaper At last she woke up Her mother came in congratulated her on her recovery and produced on the girl the impression of someone reading strange thoughts While waking up, she had already heard something similar These were the congratulations of her own hands feet elbows, knees and she accepted them, as she stretched herself Their greetings even woke her up And there was her mother as well The coincidence was strange

The housewife came in and went out sit down and stood up She asked questions and received answers Some things were changed during her illness others were left unchanged These he did not touch though she did not leave in peace Her father was clearly unchanged Obviously her father had not changed The things which had changed were she herself Scirozhi the diffusion of light in the room the silence of the other and still something more Had there been a fall of snow No it fell a little melted from impossible to decide when I was without snow She hardly noticed whom she was questioning and what she was talking about Replies came hurriedly one after the other Healthy people come and went I was come in They were twins Then they remembered that measles does not come twice and they let her in Dikikh visited her She hardly noticed what replies came from whom When they had breakfast for dinner and he was alone with Ulyishi he thought of how they had laughed over her stupid questions in the kitchen Now she took

care not to ask such questions. She would ask sensible practical questions in the voice of someone who is grown up. She asked whether Aksinya had been pregnant again. The maid tinkled with a small spoon removed the glass and turned away. 'Dniling give her a rest now. She can't always be pregnant, Zhenchik.' And she ran away, forgetting to close the door and the whole kitchen roared as though the shelves of china had crashed down, and the laughter became a howl and it passed through the hands of the chumom and Hulim and blazed underneath their hands and clattered swiftly and furiously, as though they were beginning to fight after a quarrel but at that moment someone came up and closed the forgotten door.

She could not have asked about this. It was still more stupid.

VII

Will it thaw again? It would mean that they could go for a drive to dniv. It was still impossible to harness the sleigh. With a cold nose and shivering hands Zhenchik stood for hours by the little window. Dikikh had gone a short while before. Previously he had been displeased with her. How can one know when the birds are singing outside and the sky dries, but when the snowing dies down, the cocks begin to crow again? The clouds were rigged and mud turned like the hold ing you wrap round your knee. The day butted the windowpane with its snout, like a calf in its foaming stall. Is it not spring? But as by a hoop the winter lunch is intercepted by the dove

coloured frost, the sky grows hollow and fades away, the clouds breathe audibly with a whistling sound and flowing towards the wintry darkness of the north the fleeting hours tear the last leaves from the trees shear the lawns, break through the crevices cut through the breast. The muzzles of northern storms grow black behind the houses they point to the country and charged with the immensity of November.

But it is still only October. No one remembers such a winter. They say the winter crops have perished they are afraid of starving. As though some new wind were winging and encircling with a wind gutter piping and roof and hen coops. Over them will be smoke their snow here - there. But often neither. The deserted hollow checked twilight yearn to them. They stink their eve and the earth aches with the early lamp-light and the fire in the houses, just as the bed aches during long intermission on account of the fixities of the eve. Everything is strained and expectant the firewood is already piled in the kitchen, and for a fortnight the cloud have been stupefied with snow the sun is prominent with darkness. But who will the magician who has already enveloped everything, the eve sees within magic circles after an initiation and conjure up the winter who a part is already at the door?

And yet how they neglected it! Certainly no one paid any attention to the calendar in the schoolroom. They tore off the leaves of their calendar. But still the twenty ninth of August! Gosh! as Senozhi would have said. A red letter day Decollition of St John the Baptist. It was easy to lift it from the walls. Having nothing better to do, she amused her self by tearing up the leaves. She made

these movements in a spirit of boredom and quickly ceased to understand what she was doing, but from time to time she repeated to herself thirty to morrow - thirty first.

'This is the third day she hasn't been out of the house!' These words, resounding from the corridor, aroused her from her reverie and she realised how far she had entered into the work she was doing. She had passed the Annunciation. Her mother touched her hands "Say please Zhenya" the rest of the sentence vanished into the distance as though unspoken. Interrupting her mother is though in a dream Zhenya asked Madame Luvris to say "Decollation of John the Baptist". Her mother repeated the words, perplexed. She did not say, "Decollation? This is what Akim said?"

The next moment Zhenya was seized with amazement at what she had done. What was it? What had made her do it? What had put it into her head? Was it she, Zhenya, who had idea this? Or could he really have thought that her mother would...? How fantastic and improbable! Who had invented all this?

Her mother was still standing there. She did not believe her ears. She looked at her daughter with wide open eyes. This print made her very. The question was like a mockery twinkling in stood in the girl's eye.

Her dim forebodings came true. While they were driving, she heard clearly how the air was becoming silky, the clouds pulpy and the ring of the horse hooves was growing tenuous. They had not yet lit the fires when dry, grey flakes began to twirl and roam freely in the air. As soon as they passed the bridge, the separate snowflakes

disappeared and the snow began to fall in a solid coagulating mass Davletcha slid down from the coachbox and lifted the leather roof For Zhenia and Seriozha it became dark and close She wanted to rage like the foul weather which was rising all round her They knew that Davletcha was taking them home because once more they had the bridge under Vokorin's hooves The streets were unrecognisable there were simply no streets Night came down a moment later and the town, panic-stricken, moved countless thousands of thick, pale lips Seriozha leaned out and calling on his elbow gave orders that they should drive to the industrial school Zhenia was growing exhausted with excitement as she recognised all the secrets and delights of winter from the manner in which Seriozha's word resounded in the air Davletchi shouted in reply that they had to return home so as not to tire the horses the master and mistresses were going to the theatre and would have to drive by sleigh Zhenia remembered that the prices would be going up and they would be left alone She decided to stay up late at night comfortable with a lamp and a copy of the tales of Kot Murlikz, which was no for children She would have to get it from her mother Fedya And chocolate And cold sucking chocolate and listening to the wind sweeping down the street

The snow fell with increasing force The sky quieted and white unknown and countries toppled from the sky, impossible to keep out of their mysterious and terrible It was obvious that these territories falling from no one knew where had never heard about him and the earth,

arctic and blind, they covered the earth, neither seeing it nor knowing anything about it

They were exquisitely terrifying, these kingdoms, ravishingly satanic Zhennia revelled as she looked at them. The air reeled, seizing at whatever fell in the distance, with immense labour, the fields shuddered as though they had been struck with lashes. Everything became confused. Night rushed upon them a fierce night of ignobly churning grey hair which cut and blinded. Everything drove apart, with a scream disregarding the 'oil'. A shout and an echo disappeared, without meeting, a confusion of sounds borne upwards to various root, Snowstorm.

They stampeded for a long time in the hall, kicking the snow from their swollen white sheepskin coats. How much water flowed from their goloshes on to the chequered linoleum! Many egg shells were scattered on the table and the pepper pot extracted from the cruet had not been put in its place and pepper was strewn all over the table cloth, on the flowing yolks and the tin of unfinished sardines. Their parent had already finished supper but they were still sitting in the dining room, hurrying their slow children. They did not blame them they had taken supper earlier because they were going to the theatre. Mother could not make up her mind. She did not know whether to go or not, and sat there in melancholy state. Looking at her Zhennia remembered that, strictly speaking, she herself could not be said to be happy - at best she managed to unclasp the malignant hook - but on the contrary she was rather melancholy, and going into the dining room, she asked where they had taken the hazel nut tart. Iather

looked at mother and said no one was compelling them to go and they had better stay at home. But we're going,' mother said. We must have a change and the doctor has allowed it. We must make up our minds. But where's the tart? Zhennia asked again and she heard the reply that tarts don't run away, that one has also to eat what comes before a tart that one does not begin with tarts and it was in the cupboard as if she had come here for the first time in her life and did not know their usual ways so her father said and again turning to her mother, he repeated: We must make up our minds. It's decided we go and merrily smiling at Zhennia her mother went away to dress. But Seryozha, tapping his spoon on the edge and looking closely because he was afraid of missing it with a hissiness like in a thought preoccupied with his father that the weather had changed so suddenly and he should bear that in mind and he began to think from his drooping eyes something indecent uppermost he began to fidget and took his handkerchief from the pocket of his light formal trousers then blew his nose. His father hadn't noticed him without endearing the condiments. He took up his spoon and looked straight at his father ruddy and white clean by the drive and said: On our way out we saw the friend of Nekrasov. Do you know him? I am, his father asked distractedly. We don't know that man, Zhennia retorted hotly. Viki! a voice sounded from the bedroom. Father got up and went to the voice. In the doorway Zhennia collided with Ulyash who was burning in the burning lamp. Soon in adjoining door bang! It was Seryozha going to his room. He had surprised himself during the

day his sister loved the idea that the friend of the Akhmedyinovs should act like a boy, when it was possible to say of him that he was in his school uniform

The doors swung They stamped out in gumboots At last they had gone The letter said Up to now she hadn't been selfish and if they wanted anything they should ask her as before ' but when the dear sister overladen with greetings and kind regard , began to distribute them among her numerous relations Ulvish became once Juliana, thanked her merrily turned down the limp and went away, bearing the letter a small bottle of ink and what remained of the glossy paper

Zhenia returned to the problem She did not confine the repeating decimals between brackets She continued the division writing down one set of numbers after another She could not foresee the end The repeating decimals in the quotient grew and grew What if incalculable returns? flashed through her mind Today Dikikh said something about infinity she could not understand what she was doing She felt that many things had already happened to her either in the day and also she wanted to sleep or cry but he could not think what it was and what it was called because it was not in her power to think carefully The noise outside the window died away The snowstorm was gradually dying down Decimals were completely new to her There is not sufficient margin on the right So decided to begin again and write more carefully checking each link It was very quiet in the street She was afraid of forgetting the number he had taken down from the next house and of not being able to retain the product in her head The window won't shut away, she

thought, continuing to pour threes and sevens into the fathomless quotient,—but I shall hear them in time, silence all round, they won't come up quickly, in fur coats, and her mother with child, but the important thing is that 3773 keeps on recurring, one can simply write it down or cancel it out. Suddenly she remembered that Dikikh had actually told her earlier in the day, "You mustn't keep them but simply throw them away." She got up and went to the window.

It grew light outside. Rare snowflakes came sailing out of the dark night. They swarmed towards the street lamp, swim round it wriggled and fell out of sight. Others swam up and took their place. The street glittered, paved with a carpet of new whiteness which promised good sleighing. It was whit, it glistened, it was sweet, like gingerbread in the fables. Zheri stood by the window, looking at the rags and the figures, which the Hans Andersen sheen of the snowflake produced on the limp post. She stood there for a while and then went into her mother's room for the tales of Kot Murlki. She went in without a light. It was possible to see. The root of the sled poured into the room a white moving heap. The beds froze under the mounds of the huge roof and they shone resplendently. Here in disorderly scattered more sills. The tiny blouses gave off an oppressive scent of cold and unipits. The cupboard sinkt of violet blue black like the night outside like the warmth and darkness in which all these frozen particles moved. One of the metal globes on the bed gleamed like a single bead. The other was extinguished because a shirt had been thrown over it. Zheri screwed up her eyes the bead moved away from the floor and

swam towards the wardrobe Zhenia remembered why she had come With the book in her hands she walked to wards one of the windows of the bedroom The night was starry Winter had arrived in Ekaterinburg She glanced at the courtyard and began to think of Pushkin She decided to ask her tutor to make her write a composition about Onegin

Seriusha wanted to talk He said Have you scented yourself Give me some All day he had been very nice to her Very ruddy in the face She thought there would never be another evening like this She wanted to be alone

Zhenia withdrew into her room and took up the book of tales She read one story and began another, holding her breath She was absorbed in it and did not hear her brother going to bed on the other side of the wall A strange game took possession of her face She was not conscious of it Now her face spread like a fan her lips parted and her death pale pupils, rooted to the page with terror refused to rise, afraid of finding this thin, behind the windowpane Now her head began to nod in sympathy with the print, as though it was applauding her like a head which admired someone's behaviour and rejoiced in the turn of affairs She read slowly when she came to the description of the lakes and plunged headlong into the dream of a scene at night with a lump of snow clinging to the one on which the illumination depended At one place the hero lost his way and cried out intermittently listening for an answer and hearing only the echo of his own voice Zhenia had to clear her throat because of the inaudible guttural cry which stood there The name *Winter* — not a Russian name — helped her out of her stupor She laid the book aside and

began to think "So this is what winter is like in Asia What are the Chinese doing on a dark night like this?" Zhenia's eyes fell on the clock 'Really it must be terrifying to be with the Chinese in the darkness' Once more she looked at the clock and became frightened At any moment her parents might appear It was already twelve o'clock She unclipped her boots and remembered that she had to put the hook back in its place

Zhenia jumped up She sat up on the bed, staring straight in front of her It was not a thief, there are many of them and they stamp their feet and talk loudly, as in the daytime Suddenly a piercing cry broke out, and they shuffled something forward overturning the chairs It was a woman's cry Zhenia gradually recognises them all, every one except the woman An incredible scamper of feet broke out Doors began to bang When one of the more distant doors started banging it was as though they were choking the woman But it swung open again and the sound scalded the house with a burning writhing scream Zhenia's hand stood on and the woman was her mother she realised Ulyashki was wailing and after once hearing her father's voice she did not hear it any more They were pushing Seriozha somewhere and he was shouting, Don't dare to lock the door! whereupon Zhenia, barefooted wearing only her nightshirt rushed into the corridor Her father nearly knocked her over He was still in his pyjamas, and as he ran he was shouting something to Ulyashki Papa! She saw him running out of the bathroom with a white jug "Pipi 'Where's Iva?' he shouted as he ran, in a voice which was not his own Splashing water over the

floor he disappeared behind the door and when a moment later, he appeared in shirt sleeves and without a waist-coat, Zhenia found herself in Ulvash's arms, and she did not hear the words which were spoken despairingly in a deep, heart rending whisper

'What is the matter with mother?' In stead of replying, Ulvisha repeated over and over again in one breath, "Don't, don't Zhenitshka darling go to sleep sleep rest, lie on your side i h i h m God! darling! Don't, don't" she repeated, sheltering her as though she was a child trying to move away don't don't but why don't—she did not speak and her face was wet and her hair tousled. In the third door behind her a lock clicked.

Zhenia lit a match to see how long it would be before dawn. It was exactly one o'clock. She waited. Had she slept for less than an hour? But the noise had not died down there in her parents room. Crowing broke out, hatched out hot at it. It was followed immediately by a limitless ageless silence. Hushed footsteps broke into it, and frequent grunted conversations. Then a bell rang. Then mother followed by words quarrels orders—there were so many that it was almost as though the rooms were blazing with voices like tables at under a thousand candlesticks.

Zhenia fell asleep. She slept with fear in her eyes. She dreamed there were guests. She counted them and always miscalculated. Always there were one too many. And when ever she discovered that she had made a mistake she was as panic stricken as when she realized that it was not just anyone but her mother.

How could one not rejoice at the clear, sunlit morning. Seriozha thought of games in the courtyard, snowballs, mock battles with the neighbouring children. They served tea in the classroom. They told them—the floor polishers were in the dining room. Their father entered. At once it was obvious that he knew nothing about the floor polishers. Their father told them the true cause of the changes which had been made. Their mother was ill. Silence was required. Ravens flew over the white shrouded street with wide, croaking cries. A small sledge ran past, led by a small mare. She was not yet accustomed to her new snaffle and dragged her pace. "You are going to the Defendants, I have already arranged it. And you?" "Why?" Zhemchuk interrupted him. But Seriozha guessed why and anticipated his father.

"So as not to catch the infection" he explained to his sister. The street gave him no peace. He ran up to the little window as though they were beckoning him from there. The Lutin, walking along in his new clothes, was as spruce and bind come as a pheasant. He wore a sheep-skin cap. His uncoated sheepskin glowed more warmly than leather. He walked with a waddling movement swinging his body because the crimson garment of his boot stood in no relation to the construction of a human foot, for the design broke apart, paying little attention to whether they were legs or teacups, or tiles from the roof of the porch. But most remarkable of all—meanwhile the groans which were being uttered weakly in the bedroom increased, and his father went into the corridor, forbidding them to follow—but most remarkable of all were the clear traces he drew with the clean and narrow toes of his boots on the smooth field. Against these sculptured and orderly

rows, the snow seemed whiter more satiny "Here's a letter You'll give it to the Defendant Himself? Under stand? Well, get ready They'll bring you all here Go down by the back stairs The Akhunccyanovs are waiting for you"

"Are they really?" the son asked nonchalantly

"Yes, you will dress in the kitchen He spoke absent mindedly and without hurrying led them into the kitchen where their sheepskin coats hats and mittens lay in a huge heap on a stool From the stains came a rush of winter air Ayoyk the frozen cry of the passing lights remained in the air They were in a hurry and could n't get their arms in the sleeves There came from their clothes the scent of cupboard, and sleepy fur What are you fussing about?" "Don't put it on the edge It will fall over What is the news?" She's still glooming the round gathered up her apron and bent down throwing some logs under the flames of the chittering kitchen range It's not my work, she complained indignantly and set it off on her round of the rooms A bittered black pail contained scattered pieces of broken glass and yellow prescriptions The towels were impregnated with dishevelled and crumpled blood The towels shone They wanted to be trodden down like smouldering flames Blank water was boiling in the saucepans All round stood white breakers and wonderfully shaped mortars in a chemist's shop In the shadows the small Hilm was chopping up ice "Is there much left over from the summer?" said his ached "There'll soon be the new ice Give me one You're not breaking it up properly Why not properly? I must break it up For the bottles"

"Well, are you ready?"

But Zhenia was still running about the house. Seriozha went to the stairs, and while he was waiting for his sister, he began to drum with a log on the iron banisters.

VIII

At the Deffendovs they sat down to supper. The grandmother, making the sign of the cross, fell back into her armchair. The lamp glowed dully and smoked: at one moment they were turning the screw too tightly, at another, they left it too loose. The dry hand of Deffendov often stretched towards the screw, and when he slowly let himself fall into his chair, as he withdrew his hand from the lamp, his hands were shaking with a vibrating movement, not at all the movement of an old man—as though he was lifting a wineglass filled to the brim. The ends of his fingers trembled at the fingernails.

He spoke in a clear, level voice, as though he formed his conversation not with sounds, but composed his words from the alphabet, and he pronounced everything, including the accents.

The swollen neck of the lamp was on fire, surrounded by tendrils of geranium and heliotrope. Cockroaches came to warm themselves against the warm glass and the hour hands advanced. Time crept as in winter. Time festered. In the courtyard it became numb, putrid. Below the window it scurried, tripped along, doubling and trebling in will-o-the-wisps.

Deffendova placed some liver on the table. The dish

steamed, seasoned with onions. Doffendov said something, often repeating the words 'I recommend' and Lisa cackled uninterrupted, but Zhennia did not hear them. Since the day before she had wanted to cry. Now she thirsted after tears. There in her short coat, which had been made according to her mother's instructions.

Doffendov understood what was the matter with her. He tried to amuse her. But he began to talk to her as he would talk to a small child. Soon afterwards he came to grief at the opposite extreme. His joking questions frightened and confused her. He groped blindly into the soul of his daughter's young friend as though he was asking of her heart how old it was. He conceived this plan after faultlessly detecting one of Zhennia's characteristics, of playing upon the one he had noticed and of helping the child to forget about her home. And in doing this he reminded her that she was among strangers.

Suddenly she broke down. She stood up, childishly confused, and she muttered, 'Thank you very much. I have eaten enough really. Could I look at the pictures?' And blushing darkly at the sight of their general perplexity, she added, holding her head towards an adjacent room, 'Walter Scott? Could I?

'Go away, my dear. Go away!' the grandmother murmured, inviting Lisa to her chair with her eyebrows. 'The poor child —' she turned to her son when the two halves of the claret coloured curtain closed behind Zhennia.

The grim series of magazines weighed down the book shelves and underneath them glowed the faint gold of a complete series of Kiramzin. A rose coloured lamp de-

scended from the ceiling, forsaking a pair of shabby arm-chairs. The small carpet, merging into complete darkness, surprised her feet.

Zhenia imagined herself going in, sitting down and bursting into tears. Tears started from her eyes, but grief did not break through. How to pull aside this loneliness which weighed down upon her from the previous day like a beam? Tears possessed no power over it—they could not lift the beam. To help them she began to think of her mother.

For the first time in her life, preparing to sleep among strangers, she measured the depth of her attachment to this precious person—the dearest in the world.

Suddenly she heard Ilya laughing behind the curtain. 'Ekh, what a fidget what a devil you are!' the old grandmother coughed up swinging from side to side. Zhenia was surprised at the thought that she once imagined she loved this girl whose laughter resounded so close to her, at once so far away and so unnecessary. And something in her turned over giving her the strength to cry at the same moment that her mother entered fully into her consciousness—her mother still suffering, still surrounded by the events of the previous day like someone remaining on the platform among the crowd which had come to see people off, while the train of time bore Zhenia away.

But really it was this penetrating glance, which was utterly unbearable—this glance which Midunc always bestowed on her while sitting in the classroom. It crept a way into her memory and refused to leave. Everything Zhenia now suffered lay concentrated in this glance. As though it was something which ought to be taken, something pre-

cious which they had forgotten and considered negligible

One might lose one's senses at this thought, so tumultuous was its drunken and mischievous bitterness, and its everlastingness Zhenia stood by the window and cried noiselessly, tears flowed and she did not wipe them away, her hands were working, although she was holding nothing Her hands were held erect violently vigorously and obstinately

A sudden thought occurred to her She suddenly felt that she was terribly like her mother This feeling was combined with a sensation of vivid certainty, sufficiently powerful to contrive that the idea should become reality, if it was not already reality and make her similar to her mother only by the force of a sweetly obliterating state of mind This feeling entered into her so sharply that she began to groan It was the feeling of a woman perceiving from within herself inwardly her outward charm Zhenia herself could not judge in account of what had happened She felt this for the first time In one thing only she was not mistaken Thus ignited turning away from her daughter and the governess Madame Lovers once stood by the window and bit her lip biting her loquaciously against her gloved palm

She went back to the Dostyakovs drunk with tears and transfigured she wilked act in her own way but in a changed way wide dramatically disjoined and new As he saw her coming Dostyakov realised that the conception he had formed of the girl during her absence was in no way justified He would attempt to make a few one the moment he was not disturbed by the sunown

Dostyakova, going into the kitchen for a tray laid the

samovar on the floor and all their glances were concentrated on the gleaming copper, as though it were alive, possessing a mischievous waywardness which vanished the moment they placed it on the table. Zhenia took her place. She decided to enter into conversation with all of them. Vaguely she felt that the choice of the conversation now lay with her. Or else they would maintain her in her former isolation, not noticing that her mother was there, with her and in herself. And this shortsightedness on their part would be painful to her, but still more painful to her mother. As though encouraged by this last idea—"Vassa Vasilievna"—she turned to Deffendova, who was with immense difficulty drawing the samovar to the edge of the tray.

"Could you have a child?" Lisa did not immediately reply to Zhenia. "Sch, not so loud, don't raise your voice so. Well, of course, like evry other girl." She spoke in intermittent whispers. Zhenia did not see the face of her friend. Lisa searched on the table for a match, but did not find one.

She knew much more about it than Zhenia; she knew everything; as children know things, learning from strange words. In such cases those natures which are particularly beloved by their Creator revolt, stir up rebellion and turn wild. One cannot go through this experience without exhibiting pathological phenomena. It would be contrary to nature: childish madness at this age is only the seal of a deep normality.

Once in a corner, Lisa was told in a whisper about different terrors and uglinesses. She did not choke at what she

had heard, but bore everything in her brain along the street and brought it with her to the house. On the way she lost nothing of what was said to her and she took care to preserve all the foulness. She knew everything. Her organism did not burst into flame, her heart did not begin to beat alarm and her soul did not strike blows on her mind, because it dared to recognise something apart from her, not from her own lips, without asking her permission.

"I know" (You don't know anything, Lisa was thinking) "I know" I heard repeated "I'm not talking about that, but this- don't you feel that you . well . walk a step and suddenly hear a child and well " "Do come in," Lisa replied harsly, overcoming her laughter "You've certainly found a place to shout in. They'll hear you outside "

The conversation took place in Lisa's room. Lisa spoke so quietly that they could hear the water dripping from the basin. She had already found the matches, but she was slow in lighting them, incapable of giving a serious expression to her dimming cheeks. She did not want to hurt her friend. She pined the girl's ignorance, because he did not know that one could speak of these things otherwise than by means of expressions which could not be mentioned here at home before an acquaintance who was not going to school. She lit the lamp. Insensibly the pul was full to overflowing and Lisa hurriedly wiped the floor concealing a new fit of laughter in her apron and in macking the cloth, until at last she broke out into open laughter, having at last discovered a real excuse. She had dropped her comb into the pul

During these days she did nothing except think of her family and wait for the hour when they would come to fetch her. During the day, after Isa had gone to school and the old grandmother remained alone in the house, Zhernia dressed and walked by herself in the street.

Life in the suburb bore little resemblance to life in the places where the Lovers were accustomed to live. For the greater part of the day her life was empty and boring. There was nothing for the eye to revel in. It encountered nothing which was not fit to become either a rod or a broom. The coal was lobbing. The thickened dish water was poured into the street and it once became white having turned into ice. At certain hours the streets were full of ordinary people. Workmen crawled in the snow like cockroaches. Doors of popular tea rooms were pulled apart and from them there burst a soapy cloud, as from a laundry. Strange as though it had become warmer in the street, as though it had turned into spring, when men in cheering with beat backs down the street and then felt shoes and primitive stockings flashed at them. The pigeons were not afraid of the crowd. They flew along the road in search of food. Milletseed oats and sunflower seed were spread on the pavement in the snow. A rink still shone with grease and warmth. And this heat and polish fell into mouths rinsed with cognac. The grease inflamed their throats. Afterwards it escaped by way of their pulsating chest. Perhaps it was this that warmed the street.

And then suddenly it became empty. Twilight fell. The peasant sledges drove without passengers. Low sledges moved swiftly loaded with long bearded men sunk in their fur coats running amuck throwing them over their backs,

clasping them with the caresses of a bear. From them there fell tufts of dull coloured hay on the street and the slow, sweet thaw of distant sleigh bells. The merchants vanished at the end of the road, beyond the grove of small birch trees, which from their resembled palms torn apart.

Hither came the crows who, croaking expansively, flew above the home of the Lovers. Only here they did not croak. Here, shouting and flapping their wings, they scurried to the fence wall and there suddenly, as though at a given signal, threw themselves at the trees and hollering and elbowing, took their place on the bare branches. One felt then how late—how late it was in all the world. So late indeed that it could be expressed by no clock.

So a week passed and it the second week, on Thursday at dawn, she again saw him. His bed was empty. When she woke up, Zhena heard the wicket gate as it banged behind her. She got up and without lighting a light went to the little window. It was still dark. She felt that the sky, the branches of the trees and the dog's romping were as oppressive as on the previous day. The overclouded weather had lasted for three days, which were without the strength to remove it from the triste street, like a cast-iron cauldron from a rugged floorboard.

The lamp burnt in the window across the road. Two bars of light fell on a horse and lay on its tufted pasterns. Shadows moved on the snow, the arms of a ghost wrapped in a fur coat moved, the light moved in a curtained window. The horse stood motionless, dreaming.

Then she saw him. Immediately he recognised him by his silhouette. The little man lifted his lamp and began

to move away with it Behind him moved the two brilliant bars of white light, which contracted and expanded, and after the bars moved the sleighs which quickly flashed by and even more quickly plunged into darkness, as they moved slowly behind the house toward the porch

It was strange that Tvetkov should continue to come into her field of vision here in the suburbs But Zhenia was not amazed It made little impression upon her Soon the lamp reappeared moving smoothly, smoothly across all the curtains it began to move back again until suddenly it paused behind the curtain on the window sill from where it had been removed

It was on the Thursday On the Friday they came for her

ix

Ten days after she had returned home after more than three weeks' holiday had interrupted the customary course of her life Zhenia learned the rest from her teacher After lunch the doctor packed his things and went away And she asked him to pay her respects to the house in which he had examined her in the pump and all the streets and Kania ran He expressed the hope that it would no longer be necessary to summon him from Perm She went with him to the gate the man who had made her tremble so much on the first morning after her journey from the Dostoevskys—while her mother slept and they refused to let her see her, and when she asked what illness her mother was suffering from he began by reminding her of the night when her parents went to the theatre And how at the end of the play they went out and the stallion

"Vikormish?"

"Yes, if that's his name Well then, Vikormish began to stamp and trample underfoot, and he trampled down a man who chanced to be passing by

"Trampled to death?"

"Unfortunately, yes,

"But mother "

"But mother "

"Your mother suffered a nervous breakdown . . ." He smiled, barely able to adapt for the girl his own Latin "partus praecoxatus"

"And then my dead brother was born?

"Who told you? Yes."

"And then in front of them all! Or did they find it already dead? Don't tell me! Oh how terrible! Now I understand He was already dead, otherwise I would have heard him You see, I was riding Late at night So I would have heard But when did he live? Doctor, do such things happen? I even went into the bedroom He was dead He must have been dead!"

How lucky it was that she had seen the man from the Dostyakovs the day before at dawn, while the accident at the theatre took place three weeks ago How happy she was to have recognised him Confusedly she thought that if she had not seen him all this time, she would now, after hearing the doctor's words, believe that it was the lame man who had been trampled underfoot at the theatre

And now, after staying with them all that time and becoming one of them, the doctor was going In the evening her tutor arrived It was washing day In the kitchen they were putting the laundry through the mangle The hoar-

frost left the window-pane and the garden came closer to the window, and becoming entangled in the lace curtains approached the table. Into the conversation came short, rumbling sounds from the mangle. Dikikh, like everyone else, found that she had changed. And she noticed the change in him.

"Why are you so sad?"

"Am I? It is quite possible I have lost a friend."

"So you are sad too? So many deaths— and everything so suddenly—" she sighed.

But he had no time to say what he knew, before something inexplicable occurred. Suddenly the girl followed other thoughts about the number of deaths, obviously forgetting the calmer argument which could be adduced from the limp she had seen that morning, she said anxiously "Wait a moment. You went to the tobacconist the day Negirat was leaving. I saw you with someone. Was it him?" She was afraid to say Tsvetkov.

Dikikh became silent as he heard the intonation of these words, he searched in his memory until at last he remembered that they really went there for some paper and to ask for a complete set of *Iurginev* for Madame Luvers; and in fact he was there while the dead man was there. She shuddered, and tears sprang from her eyes. But the important thing was still to come.

When, after telling her with prolonged silences in which they heard the squeal of the mangle, what sort of youth he had been and from what a good family he was descended, Dikikh lit his cigarette and Zhenia remembered with horror that this was the interval which separated her tutor from the repetitions of the doctor's story, and when

he made an attempt to utter a few words, among which was the word 'theatre,' Zhenia screamed in a voice which was not her own and threw herself out of the room

Dikikh listened Except for the sound of the mangle, there was no other sound in the house He stood up, exactly like a stork He pulled a long face and raised one leg, ready to go to her help He hurried in search of the girl, deciding that there was no one at home and that she had fainted And while he was knocking in the dark against noddles of wood, wool and metal, the girl sat in a corner and cried He continued his search but in his thoughts he was already lifting her If dead from the carpet He shuddered when, behind his elbow, a loud voice cried out in tears "I'm here Look out for the cupboard Wait for me in the classroom I'll be there immediately "

The curtains fell to the floor and the starlit winter light beyond the window reached the floor, and below, waist-deep in the snowdrifts, trailing the glittering flails of their branches in the deep snow, the thick trees rambled towards the clear light of the window And somewhere beyond the wall, tightly drawn together by the sheets, backwards and forwards came the heavy groans of the mangle How can we explain this tremendous sensitivity? the tutor muttered "Obviously the dead man stood in an important relation to the girl She has completely changed" He had explained recurring decimals to a child but the girl who had just this minute sent him into the classroom and this was the affair of a month? Obviously the dead man had somehow produced a deep and indelible impression upon her There was a name for this kind of sentiment How strange! He gave her lessons every other day and un-

derstood nothing She was so very sympathetic, and he was desperately sorry for her But when will she cry her eyes out and come out of it all? Probably all the others were away He was sorry for her from the bottom of his soul A remarkable night

He was mistaken The sentiment he imagined played no part in the affair But he was not entirely mistaken The sentiments which lay concealed in all this were ineffaceable They went deeper than he supposed They lay outside the girl's control because they were deeply alive and significant and their significance lay in the fact that it was the first time another man entered her life, a third person, entirely indifferent to her without a name or even a fortuitous name inspiring neither hatred nor love, but the one whom the commandments bore in mind when they said Thou shalt not murder, thou shalt not steal, and other things They said You who are individual and alive must not commit against the confused and universal that which you do not want it to do to you Dikikh was mistaken when he thought there was a name for sentiments of this kind There is no name

Zhenia cried because she considered herself guilty in everything It was she who had introduced him into the life of the family on the day when she saw him behind the strange garden, and saw him unnecessarily, purposelessly, thoughtlessly and she began to meet him afterwards at every step, directly and obliquely, and even, as it happened on the last occasion against all probability

When she saw the book Dikikh was taking from the shelf, she knit her brows and said, No I don't want to do

lessons from it to day Put the book back in its place I'm
sorry Forgive me "

And without further words Lermontov was squeezed by
the same hand into a disorderly row of classics

(1918)

I translated by Robert Payne

SELECTED POEMS

Translated by C. M. Bowra

Sparrow Hills

Kisses on the breast, like water from a pitcher!
Not always, not ceaseless spouts the sunmer's well
Nor shall we raise up the hurdy gurdy's clamour
Each night from the dust with feet that stamp and trail

I have heard of age,—those hideous forebodings!
When no wife will lift its hands up to the stars
If they speak you doubt it. No face in the meadows,
No heart in the pools, and no god in the firs

Rouse your soul to frenzy. Let to dry come foaming.
It's the world's midday. Have you no eyes for it?
Look how in the heights thoughts recte into white
bubbles
Of fir cones woodpeckers, clouds, pine needles, heat

Here the rails are ended of the city tram cars
Further, pines must do. Further, trams cannot pass
Further, it is Sunday. Plucking down the branches,
Skipping through the clearings, slipping on the grass

Sifting midday light and Whitsunday and walking
Wodds would have us think the world is always so,
They're so planned with thickets, so inspired with spaces,
Fallen from the clouds on us, like chintz below

Summer

Athirst for insects, butterflies,
And stains we long had waited,
And round us both were memories
Of heat, mint, honey planted

No clock chimed, but the flail rang clear
From dawn to dusk and planted
Its dreams of stings into the air,
The weather was enchanted

Strolled sunset to its heart's content,
They yielded to cicadas
And stars and trees its government
Of gardens and of larders

The moon in absence out of sight,
Not shade but baulks was throwing
And softly, softly the shy night
From cloud to cloud was flowing

From dream more than from roof, and more
Forgetful than faint hearted,
Soft rain was shuffling at the door
And smell of wine corks sputtered

So smelt the dust. So smelt the grass
And if we chanced to heed them,
Smell from the gentry's teaching was
Of brotherhood and freedom.

The councils met in villages;
Weren't you with those that held them?
Bright with wood-sorrel hung the days,
And smell of wine-corks filled them.

In the Wood

A lilac heat was heavy on the meadow,
High in the wood cathedral's darkness swelled.
What in the world was left still for their kisses?
It was all theirs, soft wax in fingers held.

Such is the dream—you do not sleep, but only
Dream that you thirst for sleep, that someone lies
Asleep, and through his dream beneath his eyelids
Two black suns scar the lashes of his eyes.

Rays flowed, and with the ebbing flowed the beetles:
Upon his cheeks the dragon flies' gloss stirs.
The wood was full of careful scintillations
As under pincers at the clockmaker's.

It seemed he slumbered to the tick of figures,
While in harsh amber high above they set
Their nicely tested clocks up in the ether
And regulate and move them to the heat.

They shift them round about, and shake the needles,
Scatter shadow, and swing, and bore a place
For darkness like a mast erected upward
In day's decline upon its blue clock-face.

It seems that ancient happiness flits over;
It seems sleep's setting holds the woodland close.
Those who are happy do not watch clocks ticking,
But sleep, it seems, is all this couple does.

Poem

The air is whipped by the frequent rain-drops;
The ice is grey and mangy. Ahead
You look for the skyline to awaken
And start; you wait for the drone to spread.

As always, with overcoat unbuttoned,
With muffler about his chest undone,
He pursues before him the unsleeping
Silly birds and chases them on.

Now he comes to see you and, dishevelled,
The dripping candles he tries to snuff,
Yawns and remembers that now's the moment
To take the hyacinth's night-cap off.

Out of his senses, ruffling his hair-mop,
Dark in his thoughts' confusion, he
Leaves you quite dumbfounded with a wicked
Stupid tale that he tells of me.

Spasskoye

Unforgettable September is strewn about Spasskoye,
Is to-day not time to leave the cottage here?
Beyond the fence Echo has shouted with the herdsman,
And in the woods has made the axe's stroke ring clear.

Last night outside the park the chilling marshes shivered.
The moment the sun rose it disappeared again.
The hare-bells will not drink of the rheumatic dew-drops,
On birches dropsy swells a dirty lilac stain.

The wood is melancholy. What it needs is quiet
Under the snows in bear-dens' unawaking sleep.
And there among the boles inside the blackened fences
Jaws of the columned park, like a long death-list, gape.

The birchwood has not ceased to blot and lose its colour,
To thin its watery shadows and grow sparse and dim.
He is still mumbling,—you're fifteen years old again now,
And now again, my child, what shall we do with them?

So many of them now that you should give up playing.
They're like birds in bushes, mushrooms along hedges.
Now with them we've begun to curtain our horizon
And with their mist to hide another's distances.'

On his death-night the clown hears tumult, typhus-stricken
The gods' Homeric laughter from the gallery.
Now from the road, in Spasskoye, on the timbered cottage
Looks in hallucination the same agony.

Poem

Stars raced headlong Seaward headlands lathered
Salt spray blinded Eyes dried up their tears
Darkness filled the bedrooms Thoughts raced headlong
To Sahara Sphinx turned patient ears

Candles guttered Blood, it seemed, was frozen
In the huge Colossus Lips at play
Swelled into the blue smile of the desert
In that hour of ebb night sank away

Seas were stirred by breezes from Morocco
Simoon blew Archangel snored in snows
Candles guttered First text of The Prophet
Dried, and on the Ganges dawn arose

January 1919

That year! How often 'Out you fall!'
That old year's whisper at my window said
The new year makes an end of all
And brings a Dickens Christmas tale instead

He murmurs "Shake yourself forget"
Mercury rises with the sun outside,
Just as the old year strychnine et
And fell down in the glass from cyanide

For by his hand and by his dawn
And by his hair that indolently stirs

Outside the window Peace is drawn
From birds and roofs as from philosophers

Now here he comes, lies in the light
That shines from panels and from snow out there.
He's boisterous and impolite,
Shouts, calls for drink,—it is too much to bear

He's off his head With him he brings
The hubbub of the yard What can you do?
In all the world no sufferings
Are such that they will not be cured by snow.

May It Be

Dawn shakes the candle, shoots a flame
To light the wren and does not miss
I search my memories and proclaim
"May life be always fresh as this!"

Like a shot dawn rang through the night,
Bang bang it went In swooning flight
The wads of bullets flame and hiss
May life be always fresh as this

The breeze is at the door again
At night he shivered, wanted us
He froze when daybreak came with rain
May life be always fresh as this

He is astonishingly queer
Why rudely past the guteman press?

Of course he saw "No entrance here"
May life be always fresh as this

Still with a handkerchief to shake,
While mistress still, chase all about,—
While yet our darkness does not break,
While yet the flames have not gone out

Poem

So they begin With two years gone
From nurse to countless tunes they scuttle
They chirp and whistle Then comes on
The third year, and they start to prattle

So they begin to see and know
In din of started turbines roaring
Mother seems not their mother now,
And you not you, and home is foreign

What meaning has the menacing
Beauty beneath the lilac seated,
If to steal children's not the thing?
So first they fear that they are cheated

So open fears Can he endure
A start to bear him in success,
When he's a Faust, a sorcerer?
So first his gipsy life progresses

So from the fence where home should lie
In flight above are found to hover

Seas unexpected as a sigh.
So first iambics they discover.

So summer nights fall down and pray
“Thy will be done” where oats are sprouting,
And menace with your eyes the day.
So with the sun they start disputing.

So verses start them on their way.

Poem

Love is for some a heavy cross,
But in you there is no contortion,
The key to life's enigma is
The charm that is your secret portion.

In spring rustling is heard again,
And news and truths that ripple running.
Your race has sprung from such a strain;
Like air, your mind is free from cunning.

Easy to wake, again to see,
To shake out the heart's wordy litter,
Nor henceforth choked in life to be,—
No need for skill in such a matter.

Poem

If I had known what would come later,
When first my stage career began,
The words will take to blood and slaughter,
Go for the throat and kill a man,

To play with such a tangled living,
Point blank refusal I'd have mad —
So far away was my beginning
My first concern was so afraid

But age is Rome, which in impatience
Of quips and somersaults, would cry
Not for an actor's recitations
But that in earnest he should die

Feelings dictate a line and send it,
A slave upon the stage and that
Means that the task of art is ended,
And there's a breath of earth and fate

Summer Day

In spring before the dawn we see
Heaps in the kitchen garden,
As pagans for fertility
Their festal altars builden

The fresh-cut clods flame in my plot;
In steams at early morning,
And all the earth becomes red-hot
Just like an oven burning.

I cast aside th^r shirt of mine
Where my earth-labour takes me;
The heat strikes down upon my spine
And like wet clay it bakes me.

I stand up where the sun's rays beat,
With scrcwed up eycs I burnish
Myself from head to foot with heat,
As with a fiery varnish

Night, bursting on the corridor
Comes to my sleeping quarter
And leaves me brimming like a jar
With lilac and with water.

The upper liver she wipes away
From cooling walls, and laden
With me for gift she offers me
To any country maiden

Spring 1944

This spring there is a change in everything.
More lively is the sparrows' not.
I shall not even try to tell of it,
How bright my soul is and how quiet.

My thoughts and writings are quite different,
And from the choir's loud octaves singing
The mighty voice of earth is audible
Of liberated countries ringing.

The breath of spring across this land of ours
Wipes winter's marks from off its spaces
And washes off black rings that tears have made
Round red eyes of Slavonic faces

The grass is waiting everywhere to burst,
And though in ancient Prague the alleys
Are silent, each more crooked than the rest,
They'll burst in song soon, like the gullies

From Czech, Moravian and Serbian,
By the soft hands of spring uplifted,
Tales tear away the sheet of lawlessness
And burst with buds where snow has drifted

All will be dim in the mist of fairy-tales,
Like patterns on the wall that dazzle
In golden chambers where the Boyars lived
Or on the great church of St Basil

A dreamer and a thinker in the night,
Moscow is dearer than the world Her dower
Is to be home and source of everything
With which the centuries will flower

Translated by Babette Deutsch

“The Drowsy Garden”

The drowsy garden scatters insects
Bronze as the ash from braziers blown
Level with me and with my candle,
Hang flowering worlds, their leaves full grown

As into some unheard of dogma
I move across into this night,
Where a worn poplar age has grizzled
Screens the moon's strip of fallow light,

Where the pond lies an open secret,
Where apple bloom is surf and sigh,
And where the garden a lake dwelling
Holds out in front of it the sky

The Ural, for the First Tune

Without an accoucheuse, in darkness, pushing her
Blind hands against the night, the Ural fastness, torn and
Half dead with agony, was screaming in a blur
Of mindless pain, as she was giving birth to morning

And brushed by chance, tall ranges far and wide
Loosed toppling bronze pell-mell in thunder-colored rum-
bling.

The train panted and coughed, clutching the mountain-
side,

And at that sound the ghosts of fir trees shied and
stumbled.

The smoky dawn was a narcotic for the peaks,
A drug with which the fire-breathing dragon plied them,
As when a specious thief upon a journey seeks
To lull his fellow travelers with opium slipped them slyly.

They woke on fire. The skies were poppy-colored flame,
Whence Asiatics skied like hunters after quarry,
To kiss the forests' feet the eager strangers came
And thrust upon the firs the regal crowns they carried.

Arrayed in majesty, by rank the firs arose,
Those shaggy dynasts, their grave glory clamant,
And trod the orange velvet of the frozen snows
Spread on a tinsel'd cloth and richly damasked

Spring

How many buds, how many sticky butts
Of candles, April kindled, now are glued
Fast to the boughs! The park is redolent
Of puberty. The woods' retorts are rude.

The forest's throat is caught in a thick knot
Of feathered throats a lassoed buffalo
Bellowing in the nets as organs pant
Wrestlers who groan sonatas, deep and slow.

Oh, poetry, be a Greek sponge supplied
With suction pads, a thing that soaks and cleaves,
For I would lay you on the wet green bench
Out in the garden, among sticky leaves

Grow sumptuous frills, fabulous hoopskirts, swell,
And suck in clouds, roulades, ravines, until
Night comes, then, poetry, I'll squeeze you out
And let the thirsty paper drink its fill.

Three Variations

When consummate the day hangs before you,
Each detail to be scanned at your ease,
Just the ultry chatter of squirrels
Resounds in the resinous trees

And storing up strength in their languor.,
The ranked piney heights are adrowsc
While the freckled sweat is pouring
From the peeling forest's boughs

Miles thick with torpor muscate the gardens
The catalepsy of the valleys' rage

Is weightier, more threatening than a tempest,
Fiercer than hurricane's most savage raid

The storm is near The dry mouth of the garden
Gives off the smell of nettles, roofs, and fear,
And of corruption and the cattle & bellow
Rises columnar in the static air

3

Now tatters of denuded clouds
Grow on each bush in tasseled groves
Damp nettles fill the garden's mouth
It smells of storms and treasure troves

The shrubs are tired of lament
In heaven arched prospects multipl'd
Like web toed birds on swampy ground
The barefoot azure treads the sky

And willow branches and the leaves
Of oaks, and trunks beside the spring,
Like lips the hand has not wiped dry,
Are glistening, are glistening

Improvisation

A flock of keys I had feeding out of my hand,
To clapping of wings and croaking and feathery fight,
On tiptoe I stood and stretched out my arm, and the sleeve
Rolled up, so I felt at my elbow the nudging of night.

And the dark. And a pond in the dark, and the lapping of waves.

And the birds of the species I love you that others deny
Would be killed, so it seemed, before the savage black beaks,

The strong and the strident, were ever to falter and die.

And a pond And the dark. And festive the palpitant flares
From pipkins of midnight pitch. And the boat's keel gnawed

By the wave. And always the greedy noise of the birds
Who fighting over the elbow fluttered and cawed.

The gullets of dams were agurgle, gulping the night.
And the mother birds, if the fledglings on whom they dote

Were not to be fed, would kill, so it seemed, before
The roulades would die in the strident, the crooked throat.

Out of Superstition

The cubbyhole I live in is a box
Of candied orange peel.

Soiled by hotel rooms till I reach the morgue—
That's not for me, I feel.

Out of pure superstition I have come
And settled here once more.

The wallpaper is brown as any oak,
And there's a singing door.

I kept one hand upon the latch, you tried
To fight free of the nets,
And forelock touched enchanted forelock, and
Then lips touched violets.

O softy, in the name of times long gone,
You play the old encore:
Your costume like a primrose chirps "Hello"
To April as before.

It's wrong to think—you are no vestal: you
Brought in a chair one day,
Stood on it, took my life down from the shelf
And blew the dust away.

"Waving a Bough"

Waving a bough full of fragrance,
In the dark, with pure good to sup,
The water the storm had made giddy
Went running from cup to cup.

From chalice to chalice rolling,
It slid along two and hung,
One drop of agate, within them,
Shining and shy it clung.

Over the meadowsweet blowing,
The wind may torture and tear
At that drop—it will never divide it,
Nor the kissing, the drinking pair.

They laugh and try to shake free and
Stand up, each straight as a dart,
But the drop will not leave the stigmas,
Wild horses won't tear them apart.

"Fresh Paint"

I should have seen the sign "Fresh paint,"
But useless to advise

The careless soul, and memory's stained
With cheeks, calves, hands, lips, eyes.

More than all failure, all success,
I loved you, for your skill
In whitening the yellowed world
As white cosmetics will

Listen, my dark, my friend by God,
All will grow white somehow,
Whiter than madness or lamp shades
Or bandage on a brow

Definition of the Soul

To fly off, a ripe pear in a storm,
With one leaf clinging on as it must.
Mad devotion! It quitted the branch!
It will choke with its throat full of dust!

A ripe pear, more aslant than the wind.
What devotion! "You'll bray me? You're brash!"
Look! In beauty the thunder-spent storm
Has blazed out, crumbled down—sunk to ash

And our birthplace is burned to a crisp.
Say, fledgling, where now is your nest?
O my leaf, with the fears of a finch!
My shy silk, why still fight and protest?

Rest in concrement, song, unafraid.
Whither now? All striving is naught.
Ah, "here": mortal adverb! The throb
Of concrescence could give it no thought

Rupture

The piano, aquiver, will lick the foam from its lips.
The frenzy will wrench you, fell you, and you, undone,
Will whisper: "Darling!" "No," I shall cry, "what's this?
In the presence of music!" Of nearness there is none

Like twilight's, with the chords tossed into the fireplace
Like fluttering diaries, for one year, and two, and three.
O miraculous obit, beckon, b'ckon! You may
Well be astonished For—look—you are free

I do not hold you Go, yes, go elsewhere!,
Do good. Werther cannot be written again,
And in our time death's odor is in the air
To open a window is to open a vein

"Here the Trace"

Here the trace of enigma's strange fingernail shows.
"It is late Let me sleep, and at dawn I'll reread
And then all will be clear Till they wake me, there's none
Who can move the beloved as I move her, indeed!"

How I moved you! You bent to the brass of my lips
As an audience stirred by a tragedy thrills
Ah, that kiss was like summer It lingered, delayed,
Swelling slow to a storm as it topples and spills

As the birds drink, I drank Till I swooped still I sucked.
As they flow through the gullet, the stars seem to stop.
But the nightingales shuddering roll their bright eyes,
As they drain the vast vault of the night, drop by drop.

1918

Spring

I've come from the street, Spring, where the poplar stands
Amazed, where distance quails, and the house fears it will
fall,

Where the air is blue, like the bundle of wash in the hands
Of the convalescent leaving the hospital,

Where evening is empty a tale begun by a star
And interrupted, to the confusion of rank
On rank of clamorous eyes, waiting for what they are
Never to know, their bottomless gaze blank

1918

"We're Few"

We're few, perhaps three, hellish fellows
Who hail from the flaming Donetz,
With a fluid gray bark for our cover
Made of rain clouds and soldiers' soviets
And verses and endless debates
About art or it may be freight rates

We used to be people We're epochs
Pell mell we rush ca.avanwise
As the tundra to groans of the tender
And tension of pistons and ties
Together we'll rip through your prose,
We'll whirl, a tornado of crows,

And be off! But you'll not understand it
Till late So the wind in the dawn
Hits the thatch on the roof—for a moment—
But puts immortality on
At trees' stormy sessions, in speech
Of boughs the roof's shingles can't reach

1921

"You Pictures Flying'

You pictures flying slantwise in a hower
From the highway that blew the candle out,
I can't teach you to keep from rhyme and measure,
Deserting hooks and walls in your skew rout

281

Suppose the universe goes masked? Or even
That every latitude breeds some of those
Who are on hand to stop its mouth with putty
And seal it for the winter just suppose!

Yet objects tear their masks off, all their power
Leaks out, they leave their honor where it lies,
Should there be any reason for their singing,
Should the occasion for a shower arise

1922

Roosters

Nightlong the water labored breathlessly
Till morning came the rain burned linseed oil
Now vapor from beneath the lilac lid
Pours forth earth steams like shchee that's near the boil.

And when the grass, shaking itself, kaps up,
Oh, who will tell the dew how scared I am—
The moment the first cock begins to yawp,
And then one more, and then—the lot of them?

They name the years as these roll by in turn,
And on each darkness, as it goes they call,
Foretelling thus the change that is to come
To rain, to earth, to love—to each and all

1923

To a Friend

Come, don't I know that, stumbling against shadows,
Darkness could never have arrived at light?
Do I rate happy hundreds over millions
Of happy men? Am I a monster quite?

Isn't the Five Year Plan a yardstick for me,
Its rise and fall my own? But I don't quiz
In asking What shall I do with my thorax
And with what's slower than inertia is?

The great Soviet gives to the highest passions
In these brave days each one its rightful place,
Yet vainly leaves one vacant for the poet
When that's not empty, look for danger's face

Lyubka

Not long ago the rain walked through this clearing
Like a surveyor Now with tinsel but
The lily of the valley's leaves are weighted,
And water got into the musician's ears

These are the frigid fir trees' quondam nurslings,
Their ear lobes stretched with dew they shun the day,
And grow apart, single and solitary,
Even their odors separately disbursed

When it is teatime in the summer villas
The fog fills the mosquito's sul, and night,

Plucking the strings of a guitar but lightly,
Stands among pansies in a mistlike milk.

Then with nocturnal violet all is scented.
Faces and years. And thoughts. Every event
That from the thievish past can be commanded
And in the future taken from Fate's hand.

“We Were in Georgia”

From “Waves”

We were in Georgia. You can get this land
If hell is multiplied by paradise,
Barc indigence by tenderness, and if
A hothouse serves as pedestal for ice.

And then you'll know what subtle doses of
Success and labor, duty, mountain air
Make the right mixture with the earth and sky
For man to be the way we found him there.

So that he grew, in famine and defeat
And bondage, to this stature, without fault,
Becoming thus a model and a mold,
Something as stable and as plain as salt.

"The Caucasus"

The Caucasus lay spread before our gaze,
An unmade bed, it seemed, with tousled sheets;
The blue ice of the peaks more fathomless
Than the warmed chasms with their harbored heats.

Massed in the mist and out of sorts, it reared
The steady malice of its icy crests
As regularly as the salvoes spat
In an engagement from machine-gun nests.

And staring at this beauty with the eyes
Of the brigades whose task it was to seize
The region, how I envied those who had
Palpable obstacles to face like these.

O if we had their luck! If, out of time,
As though it peered through fog, this day of ours,
Our program, were of such substantial stuff,
And frowned down at us as this rough steep lours!

Then day and night our program would march on,
Setting its heel upon my prophecies,
Kneading their downpour with the very sole
Of its straight backbone in verities.

There would be no one I could quarrel with,
And not another hour would I give
To making verses: unbeknown to all,
No poet's life, but poems I would live.

"If Only, When I Made My Début"

If only, when I made my début,
There might have been a way to tell
That lines with blood in them can murder,
That they can flood the throat and kill,

I certainly would have rejected
A jest on such a sour note,
So bashful was that early interest,
The start was something so remote.

But age is pagan Rome, demanding
No balderdash, no measured breath,
No fine feigned parody of dying,
But really being done to death

A line that feeling sternly dictates
Sends on the stage a slave, and, faith,
It is good bye to art forever
Then, then things smack of soil and Fate.